THE

PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

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CONTAINING

PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE.
TWELFTH-NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL.
WINTER's TALE.

DUBLIN:

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PERICLES.

Perſons Repreſented.

Antiochus, *king of* Antioch.
Pericles, *prince of* Tyre.
Helicanus, } *two lords of* Tyre.
Eſcanes, }
Simonides, *king of* Pentapolis*.
Cleon, *governor of* Tharſus.
Lyſimachus, *governor of* Mitylene.
Cerimon, *a lord of* Epheſus.
Philemon, *ſervant to* Cerimon.
Thaliard, *ſervant to* Antiochus,
Leonine, *ſervant to* Dionyza.
Marſhall.
A Pandar, and his wife.
Boult, *their ſervant.*
Gower, *as chorus.*

The daughter of Antiochus.
Dionyza, *wife to* Cleon.
Thaiſa, *daughter to* Simonides.
Marina, *daughter to* Pericles *and* Thaiſa.
Lychorida, *nurſe to* Marina.
Diana.

Lords, ladies, knights, gentlemen, ſailors, pirates, fiſhermen, and meſſengers, &c.

SCENE, diſperſedly in various countries.

*—*Pentapolis.*] This is an imaginary city, and its name might have been borrowed from ſome romance. We meet indeed in hiſtory with *Pentapolitana regio*, a country in Africa, conſiſting of *five cities*; and from thence perhaps ſome noveliſt furniſhed the founding title of *Pentapolis*, which occurs likewiſe in the 37th chapter of *Kyng Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510, as well as in Gower.

That the reader may know through how many regions the ſcene of this drama is diſperſed, it is neceſſary to obſerve that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre* a city of Phœnicia in Aſia; *Tarſus* the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Aſia Minor; *Mitylene* the capital of Leſbos, an iſland in the Ægean Sea; and *Epheſus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the leſſer Aſia. STEEVENS.

"PENTAPOLIN of the naked arm" is the hero of a romance alluded to by Cervantes. See Skelton's *Don Quixote*, Vol. I. p. 144, 4to. 1612. MALONE.

PERICLES,

PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

Before the Palace of Antioch. *Enter* Gower.

To ſing a ſong that old was ſung[2],
From aſhes ancient Gower is come;

Aſſuming

[1] The ſtory on which this play is formed, is of great antiquity. It is found in a book, once very popular, entitled *Geſta Romanorum*, which is ſuppoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, 1775, to have been written five hundred years ago. The earlieſt impreſſion of that work (which I have ſeen) was printed in 1488; in that edition the hiſtory of *Appolonius King of Tyre* makes the 153d chapter. It is likewiſe related by Gower in his *Confeſſio Amantis*, lib. viii. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. The Rev. Dr. Farmer has in his poſſeſſion a fragment of a Mſ. poem on the ſame ſubject, which appears, from the hand-writing and the metre, to be more ancient than Gower. The reader will find an extract from it at the end of the play. There is alſo an ancient romance on this ſubject called *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, tranſlated from the French by Robert Copland, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 William Howe had a licence for printing "*The moſt excellent, pleaſant, and variable hiſtorie of the ſtrange adventures of Prince* Appolonius, Lucine *his wyfe, and* Tharſa *his daughter.*" The author of *Pericles* having introduced Gower in his piece, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that he chiefly followed the work of that poet. It is obſervable, that the hero of this tale is, in Gower's poem, as in the preſent play, called *prince* of Tyre; in the *Geſta Romanorum*, and Copland's proſe romance, he is entitled *king*. Moſt of the incidents of the

Aſſuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and pleaſe your eyes.

It

the play are found in the *Conf. Amant.* and a few of Gower's expreſſions are occaſionally borrowed. However, I think it is not unlikely, that there may have been (though I have not met with it) an early proſe tranſlation of this popular ſtory, from the *Geſt. Roman.* in which the name of Appolonius was changed to Pericles; to which, likewiſe, the author of this drama may have been indebted. In 1607 was publiſhed at London, by Valentine Sims, "The patterne of paineful adventures, containing the moſt excellent, pleaſant, and variable hiſtorie of the ſtrange accidents that befel unto Prince Appolonius, the lady Lucina his wife, and Tharſia his daughter, wherein the uncertaintie of this world and the fickle ſtate of man's life are lively deſcribed. Tranſlated into Engliſh by T. Twine, Gent." I have never ſeen the book, but it was without doubt a re-publication of that publiſhed by W. Howe in 1576.

Pericles was entered on the Stationers' books, May 20, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the firſt folio edition of Shakſpeare's plays; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and then it was publiſhed not by Blount, but by Henry Goſſon; who had probably anticipated the other, by getting a haſty tranſcript from a playhouſe copy. There is, I believe, no play of our author's, perhaps I might ſay, in the Engliſh language, ſo incorrect as this. The moſt corrupt of Shakſpeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itſelf. The metre is ſeldom attended to; verſe is frequently printed as proſe, and the groſſeſt errors abound in almoſt every page. I mention theſe circumſtances, only as an apology to the reader for having taken ſomewhat more licence with this drama than would have been juſtifiable, if the copies of it now extant had been leſs diſfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or tranſcriber. The numerous corruptions that are found in the original edition in 1609, which have been carefully preſerved and augmented in all the ſubſequent impreſſions, probably aroſe from its having been frequently exhibited on the ſtage. In the four quarto editions it is called *the much admired play* of PERICLES PRINCE of TYRE; and it is mentioned by many ancient writers as a very popular performance; particularly, by the author of a metrical pamphlet, entitled *Pymlico or Run Redcap*, in which the following lines are found:

"Amaz'd I ſtood, to ſee a crowd
"Of civil throats ſtretch'd out ſo loud:
"As at a new play, all the rooms
"Did ſwarm with gentles mix'd with grooms;

"So

It hath been ſung at feſtivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales[3];

And

" So that I truly thought all theſe
" Came to ſee *Shore* or *Pericles*."

In a former edition of this play I ſaid, on the authority of another perſon, that this pamphlet had appeared in 1596: but I have ſince met with the piece itſelf, and find that *Pymlico*, &c. was publiſhed in 1609. It might, however, have been a re-publication.

The prologue to an old comedy called *The Hog has loſt his Pearl*, 1614, likewiſe exhibits a proof of this play's uncommon ſucceſs. The poet ſpeaking of his piece, ſays

" ——— if it prove ſo happy as to pleaſe,
" We'll ſay 'tis fortunate, like *Pericles*."

By *fortunate*, I underſtand *highly ſucceſsful*. The writer can hardly be ſuppoſed to have meant that *Pericles* was popular rather from accident than merit; for that would have been but a poor eulogy on his own performance.

An obſcure poet, however, in 1652, inſinuates that this drama was ill received, or at leaſt that it added nothing to the reputation of its author:

" But Shakſpeare, the plebeian driller, was
" Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and muſt not paſs."

Verſes by J. Tatham, prefixed to Richard Brome's *Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*, 4to. 1652.

The paſſages above quoted ſhew that little credit is to be given to the aſſertion contained in theſe lines; yet they furniſh us with an additional proof that *Pericles*, at no very diſtant period after Shakſpeare's death, was conſidered as unqueſtionably his performance.

In *The Times diſplayed in Six Seſtiads*, 4to. 1646, dedicated by S. Shephard to Philip Earl of Pembroke, p. 22. Seſtiad. VI. Stanza 9, the author thus ſpeaks of our poet and the piece before us.

" See him, whoſe tragick ſcenes Euripides
" Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
" Compare great Shakſpeare; Ariſtophanes
" Never like him his fancy could diſplay:
" Witneſs *The Prince of Tyre* his *Pericles*:
" His ſweet and his to be admired lay
" He wrote of luſtful Tarquin's rape, ſhows he
" Did underſtand the depth of poeſie."

For the diviſion of this piece into ſcenes I am reſponſible, there being none found in the old copies.—See the notes at the end of the play. MALONE.

The hiſtory of *Appolonius King of Tyre* was ſuppoſed by Mark Welſer, when he printed it in 1595, to have been

tranſlated

And lords and ladies of their lives[4]
Have read it for reſtoratives.
The purpoſe is to make men glorious,
Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius[5].

If,

tranſlated from the Greek a thouſand years before. [Fabr. Bib. Gr. v. 6. p. 821.] It certainly bears ſtrong marks of a Greek original, though it is not (that I know) now extant in that language. The rythmical poem, under the ſame title, in modern Greek, was re-tranſlated (if I may ſo ſpeak) from the Latin—απο Λαλινικης εις Ρωμαϊκην γλωσσαν. *Du Freſne*, Index Author. *ad Gloſſ. Græc.* When Welſer printed it, he probably did not know that it had been publiſhed already (perhaps more than once) among the *Geſta Romanorum*. In an edition, which I have, printed at Rouen in 1521, it makes the 154th chapter. Towards the latter end of the XIIth century *Godfrey of Viterbo*, in his *Pantheon* or Univerſal Chronicle, inſerted this romance as part of the hiſtory of the third Antiochus, about 200 years before Chriſt. It begins thus [Mſ. *Reg.* 14. C. xi.]:

Filia Seleuci regis ſtat clara decore,
Matreque defunctâ pater arſit in ejus amore.
Res habet effectum, preſſa puella dolet.

The reſt is in the ſame metre, with one pentameter only to two hexameters.

Gower, by his own acknowledgment, took his ſtory from the *Pantheon*; as the author (whoever he was) of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, profeſſes to have followed Gower.

TYRWHITT.

[2] —*that* old *was ſung*,] I do not know that *old* is by any author uſed adverbially. We might read,

To ſing a ſong *of* old was ſung,—

i. e. *that* of old, &c.

But the poet is ſo licentious in the language which he has attributed to Gower in this piece, that I have not ventured to make any change. MALONE.

[3] *It hath been ſung at feſtivals,*
On Ember eves, and holy ales;] i. e. ſays Dr. Farmer, by whom this emendation was made, *church-ales*. The old copy has—holy *days*. Gower's ſpeeches were certainly intitled to rhyme throughout. MALONE.

[4] —*of their lives*—] The old copies read—*in* their lives. The emendation was ſuggeſted by Dr. Farmer.

MALONE.

[5] *The* purpoſe *is to make men glorious,*
Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius.] There is an irregularity of metre in this couplet. The ſame variation is obſervable in *Macbeth*:

"I am

If, you, born in theſe latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man ſing,
May to your wiſhes pleaſure bring,[4]
I life would wiſh, and that I might
Waſte it for you, like taper-light.
This Antioch then, Antiochus the great
Built up; this city, for his chiefeſt ſeat;
The faireſt in all Syria;
(I tell you what mine authors ſay[6]:)
This king unto him took a pheere[7],
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face[8],
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to inceſt did provoke:
Bad child, worſe father! to entice his own
To evil, ſhould be done by none.
By cuſtom, what they did begin[9],
Was, with long uſe, account no ſin[1].

The

" I am for the air; this night I'll ſpend
" Unto a diſmal and a fatal end."

The old copies read—The *purchaſe*, &c. Mr. Steevens ſuggeſted this emendation. MALONE.

[6] *(I tell you what mine authors ſay:)*] This is added in imitation of Gower's manner, and that of Chaucer, Lydgate, &c. who often thus refer to the original of their tales. Theſe choruſes reſemble Gower in a few other particulars. STEEVENS.

[7] —*unto him took a* pheere,] This word, which is frequently uſed by our old poets, ſignifies a *mate* or companion. The old copies have—*peer*. For the emendation I am anſwerable. Throughout this piece, the poet, though he has not cloſely copied the language of Gower's poem, has endeavoured to give his ſpeeches ſomewhat of an antique air. MALONE.

[8] —full *of face*,] i. e. completely, exuberantly beautiful. A *full fortune*, in *Othello*, means a *complete*, a *large one*. MALONE.

[9] By *cuſtom what they did begin*,] All the copies read unintelligibly, *But* cuſtom, &c. MALONE.

[1] —account *no ſin*.] *Account* for accounted. So, in *K. John*, *waſt* for *waſted*:

" Than

The beauty of this ſinful dame,
Made many princes thither frame[2],
To ſeek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleaſures play-fellow:
Which to prevent, he made a law,
(To keep her ſtill, and men in awe[3],)
That whoſo aſk'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, loſt his life:
So for her many a wight * did die,
As yon grim looks do teſtify[4].

What

" Than now the Engliſh bottoms have *waſt* o'er.
STEEVENS.

Again, in Gaiſcoine's *Complaint of Philomene*, 1575:

" And by the lawde of his pretence
" His lewdneſs was *acquit*."

The old copies read—*account'd*. For the correction I am anſwerable. MALONE.

[2] —*thither* frame,] i. e. ſhape or direct their courſe thither. MALONE.

[3] (*To keep her ſtill, and men in awe,*)] The meaning, I think, is not,—*to keep her and men in awe*,—but, *to keep her ſtill* to himſelf,—*and to deter others from demanding her in marriage*. MALONE.

* —*many a wight*—] The quarto, 1609, reads—many *of* wight. Corrected in the folio. MALONE.

[4] *As yon grim looks do teſtify.*] Gower muſt be ſuppoſed here to point to the heads of thoſe unfortunate wights, which, he tells us, in his poem, were fixed on the gate of the palace at Antioch:

" The fader, whan he underſtood
" That thei his doughter thus beſought,
" With all his wit he caſt and ſought
" Howe that he mighte ſynde a lette;
" And ſuch a ſtatute then he ſette,
" And in this wiſe his lawe taxeth,
" That what man his doughter axeth,
" But if he couth his queſtion
" Aſſoyle upon ſuggeſtion,
" Of certeyn things that befell,
" The which he wolde unto him tell,
" He ſhoulde in certeyn leſe his hede:
" And thus there were many dede,
" *Her heades ſtondinge on the gate*;
" Till at laſt, long and late,
" For lack of anſwere in this wiſe,
" The remenant, that wexen wyſe,
" Eſchewden to make aſſaie." MALONE.

" What

What enſues*, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cauſe who beſt can juſtify[5]. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and Attendants.*

Ant. Young prince of Tyre[6], you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the taſk you undertake.
Per. I have, Antiochus; and with a ſoul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praiſe,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [*Muſick.*
Ant. Bring in our daughter cloathed like a bride,[7]
For

* *What enſues,*—] So the folio. The original copy has—What *now* enſues. MALONE.

[5] —*who* beſt can *juſtify.*] i. e. *which* (the judgment of your eye) beſt can *juſtify*, i. e. prove its reſemblance to the ordinary courſe of nature. So afterwards:

When thou ſhalt kneel, and *juſtify* in knowledge,—.

STEEVENS.

[6] *Young* prince *of Tyre,*] It does not appear in the preſent drama that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince*, therefore, throughout this play, we are to underſtand prince *regnant*. See Act II. ſc. iv. and the epitaph in Act III. ſc iii. In the *Geſta Romanorum*, Appollonius is *king* of Tyre; and Appolyn, in Copland's tranſlation from the French, has the ſame title. Our author, in calling Pericles a prince, ſeems to have followed Gower. MALONE.

[7] *Bring in our daughter cloathed like a bride,*] All the copies read:

Muſick, *bring in our daughter clothed like a bride.*

The metre proves deciſively that the word *muſick* was a marginal

For embracements even of Jove himſelf;
At whoſe conception, (till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her preſence[s],)

The

marginal direction, inſerted in the text by the miſtake of the tranſcriber or printer. MALONE.

[s] *For embracements even of* Jove *himſelf*;
At whoſe *conception*, (*till* Lucina *reign'd*,
Nature this dowry gave to glad her *preſence*,) &c. Perhaps the two laſt lines ſhould be tranſpoſed; *whoſe conception*, otherwiſe, will be the conception of the antecedent, *Jove*, and the dowry will have been beſtowed to glad the antecedent *Lucina*. The ſenſe of the ſpeech, however managed, will not be very clear without a ſlight alteration, *her* inſtead of *whoſe*.

" Bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride,
" For embracements even of Jove himſelf.
" Nature this dowry gave to glad her preſence—
" At *her* conception, till Lucina reign'd,
" The ſenate-houſe of planets all did ſit
" To knit in her their beſt perfections."

Bring forth, (ſays Antiochus) our daughter, &c. Nature beſtowed this advantage to make her preſence welcome.—From her conception, to the inſtant of her birth, the ſenate-houſe of planets were ſitting in conſultation how beſt ſhe might be adorned.

The thought is expreſſed as follows in *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510. " —For nature had put nothynge in oblyvyon at the fourminge of her, but as a chef operacyon had ſet her in the ſyght of the worlde."

In the ſucceeding ſpeech of Pericles, perhaps another tranſpoſition is neceſſary. We might therefore read:

See where ſhe comes, apparell'd like *the king*,
Graces her ſubjects, and her thoughts *the ſpring*
Of every virtue, &c.

Antiochus had commanded that his daughter ſhall be cloathed in a manner ſuitable to the bride of Jove; and thus dreſt in royal robes, ſhe may be ſaid to be apparelled *like the king*. STEEVENS.

In the ſpeech now before us, the words *whoſe* and *her* may, I think, refer to the daughter of Antiochus, without greater licence than is taken by Shakſpeare in many of his plays. So, in *Othello*: " Our general caſt us thus early for the love of his *Deſdemona*: *whom* [i. e. our general] let us not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her." I think the conſtruction is, " at whoſe conception the ſenate-houſe of planets all did ſit," &c. and that the words, " till Lucina reign'd, Nature," &c. are parenthetical. MALONE.

The

The ſenate-houſe of planets all did ſit,
To knit in her their beſt perfections[9].

Enter the daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See, where ſhe comes, apparell'd like the ſpring?
Graces her ſubjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face, the book of praiſes, where is read
Nothing but curious pleaſures[1], as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd[2], and teſty wrath

Could

[9] *The ſenate-houſe of planets, all did ſit,*
To knit in her their beſt perfections.] We have here a ſentiment expreſſed with leſs affectation in *Julius Cæſar*:

" ———the elements
" So mix'd in him, that nature might ſtand up,
" And ſay to all the world, This was a man."

STEEVENS.

[1] *Her face, the book of praiſes, where is read*
Nothing but curious pleaſures,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Read o'er the *volume* of young Paris' *face*,
" And find *delight* writ there with beauty's pen."

Again in *Macbeth*:

" Thy *face*, my thane, is as a *book*, where men
" May *read* ſtrange matters."

Again in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" Study his bias leaves, and makes his *book* thine *eyes*,
" Where all thoſe *pleaſures* live, that art could comprehend."

The ſame image is alſo found in his *Rape of Lucrece* and in *Coriolanus*. *Praiſes* is here uſed for *beauties*, the cauſe of admiration and praiſe. MALONE.

[2] *Sorrow were ever ras'd,*—] Our author has again this expreſſion in *Macbeth*:

" *Raſe* out the written *troubles* of the brain."

The ſecond quarto, 1619, and all the ſubſequent copies, read, *rackt*. The firſt quarto *racte*,—which is only the old ſpelling of *ras'd*; the verb being formerly written *race*. Thus in *Dido Queen of Carthage*, by Marlowe and Naſhe, 1594:

" But I will take another order now,
" And *race* the eternal regiſter of time."

The

Could never be her mild companion[3].
Ye gods that made me man, and ſway in love,
That have inflam'd deſire in my breaſt[4],
To taſte the fruit of yon celeſtial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am ſon and ſervant to your will,
To compaſs ſuch a boundleſs happineſs[5]!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be ſon to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee ſtands this fair Heſperides[6],
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view

Her

The metaphor in the preceding line—"Her face, the *book* of praiſes," ſhews clearly that this was the author's word. MALONE.

[3] —*her* mild *companion*.] By her *mild companion* Shakſpeare meant the companion of her mildneſs. MASON.

[4] *That have inflam'd* deſire *in my breaſt*,] It ſhould be remembered that *deſire* was ſometimes uſed as a triſyllable. MALONE.

[5] *To compaſs ſuch a* boundleſs *happineſs!*] All the old copies have—*bondleſs*. The reading of the text was furniſhed by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[6] *Before thee ſtands this fair* Heſperides,] In the enumeration of the perſons, prefixed to this drama, which was firſt made by the editor of Shakſpeare's plays in 1664, and copied without alteration by Mr. Rowe, the daughter of Antiochus is, by a ridiculous miſtake, called *Heſperides*, an error to which this line ſeems to have given riſe.—Shakſpeare was not quite accurate in his notion of the *Heſperides*, but he certainly never intended to give this appellation to the princeſs of Antioch; for it appears from *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act IV. ſcene the laſt, that he thought *Heſperides* was the name of the *garden* in which the golden apples were kept; in which ſenſe the word is certainly uſed in the paſſage now before us:

"For valour, is not love a Hercules,
"Still climbing trees in the *Heſperides*?"

In the firſt quarto edition of this play, this lady is only called *Antiochus' daughter*. If Shakſpeare had wiſhed to have introduced a female name derived from the *Heſperides*, he has elſewhere ſhown that he knew how ſuch a name ought to be formed; for in *As you like it* mention is made of "*Heſperia*, the princeſs' gentlewoman." MALONE.

Her

Her countleſs glory[7], which deſert muſt gain;
And which, without deſert, becauſe thine eye
Preſumes to reach, all thy whole heap muſt die[8].
Yon ſometimes famous princes[9], like thyſelf,
Drawn by report, advent'rous by deſire,
Tell thee with ſpeechleſs tongues, and ſemblance pale,
That, without covering, ſave yon field of ſtars,
Here they ſtand martyrs, ſlain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks adviſe thee to deſiſt
From going on death's net[1], whom none reſiſt.
Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itſelf,
And by thoſe fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I muſt[2]:
For death remember'd ſhould be like a mirrour,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to truſt it, error.
I'll make my will then; and as ſick men do,
Who know the world, ſee heaven, but feeling woe[3],
Gripe

[7] *Her* countleſs *glory*,—] The *countleſs* glory of a face ſeems a harſh expreſſion; but the poet, probably, was thinking of the ſtars, the *countleſs* eyes of heaven, as he calls them in page 19. MALONE.

[8] —*all thy whole* heap *muſt die.*] i. e. the whole maſs muſt be deſtroyed. There ſeems to have been an oppoſition intended. *Thy whole heap*, thy body, muſt ſuffer for the offence of a *part*, thine *eye*. The word *bulk*, like *heap* in the preſent paſſage, was uſed for *body* by Shakſpeare and his contemporaries. MALONE.

The old copies read—all *the* whole heap. I am anſwerable for this correction. MALONE.

[9] *Yon ſometimes famous princes.*]—See before, p. 12, n. 4. MALONE.

[1] From *going on* death's net,] The old copies read, I think corruptly, *for* going, &c. MALONE.

I would read—*in* death's net. PERCY.

[2] —*like to them, to what I muſt*:] That is,—to prepare this body for that ſtate to which I muſt *come*. MALONE.

[3] *Who know the world, ſee heaven, but feeling woe,*] The meaning may be—*I will act as ſick men do; who having had experience of the pleaſures of the world, and only a viſionary and diſtant proſpect of heaven*, have neglected the latter for the former; *but* at length, *feeling themſelves decaying, graſp no longer at temporal pleaſures, but prepare calmly for futurity*. MALONE.

—*Read*

Gripe not at earthly joys, as erſt they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince ſhould do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unſpotted fire of love to you.
To the daughter of Antiochus.
Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the ſharpeſt blow.

Ant. Scorning advice.—Read the concluſion then[4];
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As theſe before thee, thou thyſelf ſhalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all ſaid yet, may'ſt thou prove proſperous!
Of all ſaid yet, I wiſh thee happineſs[5]!

Per. Like a bold champion, I aſſume the liſts,
Nor aſk advice of any other thought
But faithfulneſs, and courage.

[He reads the Riddle[6].]

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's fleſh, which did me breed:
I ſought

[4] —*Read the concluſion then*;] This and the two following lines are given in the firſt quarto to Pericles; and the word *Antiochus*, which is now placed in the margin, makes part of his ſpeech. There can be no doubt that they belong to *Antiochus*. MALONE.

[5] *Daugh.* Of *all ſaid yet, may'ſt thou prove* proſperous!
Of *all ſaid yet, I wiſh thee* happineſs!] As this lady utters ſo little, it is natural to wiſh that little were more eaſy to be underſtood. Perhaps we ought to read in both lines—*For* all ſaid yet—.

On account of all thou haſt hitherto ſaid, (ſays ſhe) I wiſh thee proſperity and happineſs. Her conſcience muſt ſuppreſs a farther wiſh in his behalf; for it ſhould be remembered that Pericles could exceed only by his juſt interpretation of a riddle which tended to reveal her inceſtuous commerce with her father. Her wiſh indeed, with poetical juſtice, is accompliſhed. He is *proſperous* in atchieving a more worthy bride, and is diſmiſſed to *happineſs* at the concluſion of the play. STEEVENS.

Said is here apparently contracted for *aſſay'd*, i. e. tried, attempted. PERCY.

[6] The riddle is thus deſcribed in Gower: *Queſtio regis Antiochi.—Scelere vehor, maternâ carne veſcor, quero patrem meum, matris meæ virum, uxoris meæ filium.*

" With felonie I am upbore,
" I ete, and have it not forlore,

" My

I ſought a huſband, in which labour,
I found that kindneſs in a father.
He's father, ſon, and huſband mild,
mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, reſolve it you[7].

Sharp phyſick is the laſt[8]: but O you powers,
That give heaven countleſs eyes to view men's acts[9],
Why cloud they not[1] their ſights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glaſs of light, I lov'd you, and could ſtill,
[*takes hold of the hand of the Princeſs.*
Were not this glorious caſket ſtor'd with ill:
But I muſt tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait[2],
That

" My moders fleſhe whoſe huſbonde
" My fader for to ſeche I fonde,
" Which is the ſonne eke of my wife,
" Hereof I am inquiſitife.
" And who that can my tale ſave,
" All quite he ſhall my doughter have.
" Of his anſwere and if he faile,
" He ſhall be dead withouten faile." MALONE.

[7] *As you will live, reſolve it you.*] This duplication is common in our ancient writers. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

" I'll drink no more, for no man's pleaſure, I."
MALONE.

[8] *Sharp* phyſick *is* the laſt:] i. e. the intimation in the laſt line of the riddle that his life depends on reſolving it; which he properly enough calls *ſharp phyſick*, or a bitter potion.
PERCY.

[9] *That give heaven countleſs* eyes *to view men's acts,*] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" ——— who more engilds the night,
" Than all yon firy oes and *eyes* of light."
MALONE.

[1] ———*countleſs eyes*—
Why cloud *they not*—] So, in *Macbeth:*

" ——— ſtars, *hide* your fires,
" Let not light ſee, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *For he's no man on whom perfections wait,*] Means no more than—*he's no honeſt man*, that knowing, &c.
MALONE.

That knowing ſin within, will touch the gate,
You're a fair viol, and your ſenſe the ſtrings;
ho, finger'd to make man his lawful muſick[3],
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at ſo harſh a chime:
Good ſooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life[4],
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the reſt. Your time's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your ſentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the ſins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourſelf too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more ſecure to keep it ſhut, than ſhewn;
For vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows duſt in others' eyes, to ſpread itſelf[5];

And

[3]—*to make man*—] i. e. to produce *for* man, &c. MALONE.

[4] *Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,*] This is a ſtroke of nature. The inceſtuous king cannot bear to ſee a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves. His jealouſy reſembles that of Antony:

" ——to let him be familiar with
" My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly ſeal,
" And plighter of high hearts." STEEVENS.

[5] *For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,*
Blows duſt in others' eyes, to ſpread itſelf; &c.] That is, *which* blows duſt, &c.

The man who knows of the ill practices of princes, is unwiſe if he reveals what he knows; for the publiſher of vicious actions reſembles the wind, which, while it paſſes along, blows duſt into men's eyes.—When the blaſt is over, the eye that has been affected by the duſt, ſuffers no farther pain, but can ſee as clearly as before; ſo by the relation of criminal acts, the eyes of mankind (though they are affected, and turn away with horror,) are opened, and ſee clearly what before was not even ſuſpected: but by expoſing the crimes of others, the relater ſuffers himſelf; as the breeze paſſes away, ſo the breath of the informer is gone; he dies for his temerity. Yet, to ſtop the courſe of ventillation of the air, would hurt the eyes; and to prevent informers

And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the ſore eyes ſee clear;
To ſtop the air would hurt them. The blind mole caſts
Copp'd hills[6] towards heaven, to tell, the earth is throng'd
By man's oppreſſion[7]; and the poor worm doth die for't[8].
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove ſtray, who dares ſay, Jove doth ill.
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worſe, to ſmother it.
All love the womb that their firſt being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.
Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head[9]! he has found the meaning;—

But

formers from divulging the crimes of men would be prejudicial to mankind.

Such, I think is the meaning of this obſcure paſſage.

Mr. Maſon is of opinion that there ſhould be no point after the word *clear*, and that the meaning is this: "The breath is gone, and the eyes, though ſore, ſee clear enough to ſtop for the future the air *that* would annoy them. "*The eye, though ſore,*" he thinks relates to thoſe princes, who feel themſelves hurt by the publication of their ſhames, and will of courſe prevent a repetition of it, by deſtroying the perſon who divulged it." MALONE.

[6] Copp'd *hills*—] i. e. riſing to a top or head. *Copped* Hall, in Eſſex, was ſo named from the lofty pavilion on the roof of the old houſe, which has been ſince pulled down. The upper tire of maſonry that covers a wall is ſtill called the *copping* or *coping*. High-crowned hats were anciently called *copatain* hats. STEEVENS.

[7] —*the earth is* throng'd
By man's oppreſſion;] Perhaps we ſhould read—*wrong'd*. STEEVENS.

[8] —*and the* poor worm *doth die for't.*] I ſuppoſe he means to call the *mole*, (which ſuffers in its attempts to complain of man's injuſtice) *a poor worm*, as a term of commiſeration. Thus in the *Tempeſt*, Proſpero ſpeaking to Miranda, ſays,

"*Poor worm!* thou art infected."

The mole remains ſecure till he has thrown up thoſe hillocks, which by pointing out the courſe he is purſuing, enable the vermin-hunter to catch him. STEEVENS.

[9] *Heaven, that I had thy head!*] The ſpeaker may either mean

But I will gloze with him[1]. Young prince of Tyre,
Though, by the tenour of our ſtrict edict*,
Your expoſition miſ-interpreting[2],
We might proceed to cancel of your days[3];
Yet hope, ſucceeding from ſo fair a tree
As your fair ſelf, doth tune us otherwiſe:
Forty days longer we do reſpite you[4];

If

mean to ſay, *O, that I had thy ingenuity!* or, *O, that I had thy head ſever'd from thy body!* The latter, I believe is the meaning. MALONE.

[1] *But I will gloze with him.*] So Gower:

" The king was wondre ſorie tho,
" And thought, if that he ſaid it oute,
" Then were he ſhamed all aboute:
" *With ſlie wordes and with ſelle*
" He ſayth: My ſonne I ſhall thee telle,
" Though that thou be of littel witte, &c. MALONE.

* —our *ſtrict edict*,] The old copy has—*your* ſtrict edict. Corrected in the folio. MALONE.

[2] *Your expoſition miſinterpreting*,] Your expoſition of the riddle being a miſtaken one; not interpreting it rightly. MALONE.

[3] —*to* cancel *of your days*;] The quarto, 1609, reads—to *counſel* of your days; which may mean, *to deliberate how long you ſhall be permitted to live.* But I believe that *counſel* was merely an errour of the preſs, which the editor of the folio, 1664, corrected by reading to *cancel off* your days. The ſubſtitution of *off* for *of* is unneceſſary; for *cancel* may have been uſed as a ſubſtantive. *We might proceed to the* cancellation or deſtruction of *your life.* Shakſpeare uſes the participle *cancell'd* in the ſenſe required here, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

" An *expir'd* date, *cancell'd* ere well begun."

The following lines in *K. Richard III.* likewiſe confirm the reading that has been choſen:

" *Cancel* his bond of *life*, dear God, I pray,
" That I may live to ſay the dog is dead." MALONE.

To omit the article *the* was formerly a practice not uncommon. So, in *Titus Andronicus*: " Aſcend, fair queen, Pantheon," i. e. *the* Pantheon. STEEVENS.

Again, in *K. Lear*:

" Hot queſtriſts after him met him *at gate*." MALONE.

[4] Forty *days longer we do reſpite you*; In the *Geſta Romanorum*, *Confeſſio Amantis*, and the Hiſtory of *Kyng Apolyn*,

If by which time our ſecret be undone,
This mercy ſhews, we'll joy in ſuch a ſon:
And until then, your entertain ſhall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* ANTIOCHUS, *his daughter, and Attendants.*

Per. How courteſy would ſeem to cover ſin
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in ſight.
If it be true that I interpret falſe,
Then were it certain, you were not ſo bad,
As with foul inceſt to abuſe your ſoul;
Where now you are both a father and a ſon,
By your untimely claſpings with your child,
(Which pleaſure fits an huſband, not a father;)
And ſhe an eater of her mother's fleſh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like ſerpents are, who though they feed
On ſweeteſt flowers, yet they poiſon breed.
Antioch, farewel! for wiſdom ſees, thoſe men
Bluſh not in actions blacker than the night,
Will ſhun no courſe to keep them from the light[5].
One ſin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to luſt, as flame to ſmoke.
Poiſon and treaſon are the hands of ſin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the ſhame:

Then,

polyn, thirty days only are allowed for the ſolution of this queſtion. It is difficult to account for this minute variation, but by ſuppoſing that our author copied ſome tranſlation of the *Geſta Romanorum* hitherto undiſcovered. MALONE.

[5] ——*for wiſdom ſees thoſe men*
Bluſh not in actions blacker than the night,
Will ſhun *no courſe to keep them from the light.*] All the old copies read—will *ſhew*—, but *ſhew* is evidently a corruption. The word that I have ventured to inſert in the text, in its place, was ſuggeſted by theſe lines in a ſubſequent ſcene, which appear to me ſtrongly to ſupport this emendation:

"And what may make him *bluſh* in being *known*,
"He'll *ſtop* the *courſe* by which it might be known."

We might read *'ſchew* for *eſchew*, if there were any inſtance of ſuch an abbreviation being uſed.

The expreſſion is here, as in many places in this play, elliptical: *for wiſdom ſees* that *thoſe* who *do not bluſh to commit*

Then, leſt my life be cropp'd to keep you clear[6],
By flight I'll ſhun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for which we mean
To have his head.
He muſt not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth ſin
In ſuch a loathed manner:
And therefore inſtantly this prince muſt die;
For by his fall my honour muſt keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highneſs call?
Ant. Thaliard, you are of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes her private actions[7] to your ſecreſy;
And for your faithfulneſs we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poiſon, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou muſt kill him
It fits thee not to aſk the reaſon why,
Becauſe we bid it. Say, is it done*?
Thal. My lord, 'tis done.

mit actions blacker than the night, will not ſhun any courſe, in order to preſerve them from being made publick. MALONE.

[6] —*to keep you* clear,] To prevent any ſuſpicion falling on you. So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— always thought, that I
" Require a *clearneſs*." MALONE.

[7] Partakes *her private actions*—] Our author in *The Winter's Tale* uſed the word *partake* in the active ſenſe, for *participate*:

" ——— your exultation
" *Partake* to every one." MALONE.

* *Say, is it done?*— We might point differently:
It fits thee not to aſk the reaſon why:
Becauſe we bid it, ſay is it done? MALONE.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ant. Enough.—
Let your breath cool your ſelf, telling your haſte.
Meſ. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [Exit *Meſ.*
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and as * an arrow, ſhot
From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, ſo thou ne'er return,
Unleſs thou ſay, Prince Pericles is dead.
Thal. My lord, if I can get him within my piſtol's length, I'll make him ſure enough: ſo farewell to your highneſs. [*Exit.*
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no ſuccour to my head[8]. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, *and other Lords.*

Per. Let none diſturb us: why ſhould this charge of thoughts[9]?

*—*and* as —] Thus the folio. The quartos read—and like an arrow. MALONE.

[8] *My heart can lend no ſuccour to my head.*] So the king in *Hamlet*:

" —— till I know 'tis done,
" How ere my haps, my joys were ne'er begun."

MALONE.

[9] —— *why ſhould this* charge *of thoughts?*] The quarto, 1609, reads—*chāge*. The emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Stevens. The folio 1664, for *chāge* ſubſtituted *change*. *Charge* is printed for *charge* in *As you like it*, 1623, Act I. ſc. iii. and in *Coriolanus*, Act V. ſc. iii.

Thought

The ſad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy[1],
By me ſo us'd a gueſt, as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief ſhould ſleep) can breed me quiet!
Here pleaſures court mine eyes, and mine eyes ſhun them,
And danger, which I feared is at Antioch,
Whoſe arm ſeems far too ſhort to hit me here:
Yet neither pleaſure's art can joy my ſpirits,
Nor yet the other's diſtance comfort me.
Then it is thus; the paſſions of the mind,
That have their firſt conception by miſ-dread,
Have after-nouriſhment and life by care;
And what was firſt but fear what might be done[2],
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done[3].
And ſo with me;—the great Antiochus
('Gainſt whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's ſo great, can make his will his act,)
Will think me ſpeaking, though I ſwear to ſilence;
Nor boots it me to ſay, I honour him[4],

If

Thought was formerly uſed in the ſenſe of melancholy. MALONE.

In what reſpect are the thoughts of Pericles *changed?* I would read "—*charge* of thoughts," i. e. weight of them, burthen, preſſure of thought. So afterwards in this play:

"Patience, good ſir, even for this *charge*."

The firſt copy reads *chage*. STEEVENS.

[1] *The ſad companion*, dull-ey'd melancholy,—] So in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue
"But moody and *dull melancholy*,
"Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?"

MALONE.

—dull-ey'd *melancholy*,] The ſame compound epithet occurs in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"I'll not be made a ſoft and *dull ey'd* fool."

STEEVENS.

[2] —*but fear what might be done*,] But fear *of* what might happen. MALONE.

[3] —*and* cares *it be not done*.] And *makes proviſion* that it may not be done. MALONE.

[4] —*to ſay, I honour* him,] *Him* was ſupplied by Mr. Rowe, for the ſake of the metre. MALONE.

And

If he ſuſpect I may diſhonour him:
And what may make him bluſh in being known,
He'll ſtop the courſe by which it might be known;
With hoſtile forces he'll o'er-ſpread the land,
And with the oſtent of war will look ſo huge[5],
Amazement ſhall drive courage from the ſtate;
Our men be vanquiſh'd, ere they do reſiſt,
And ſubjects puniſh'd, that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myſelf,
(Who wants no more[6], but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,
Makes both my body pine, and ſoul to languiſh,
And puniſh that before, that he would puniſh.

1. *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your ſacred breaſt!

2. *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us, Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
They do abuſe the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up ſin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a ſpark,

[5] *And with the* oſtent *of war will look ſo huge,*] The old copies read—And with the *ſtent* of war. The emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and is confirmed by a paſſage in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"Like one well ſtudied in a ſad *oſtent*,
"To pleaſe his grandam."

Again in *King Richard II.*

"With *oſtentation* of deſpiſed *arms*." MALONE.

[6] *Which care of them, not pity of myſelf,*
(Who wants *no more*, &c.] The quarto 1609, has—Who *once* more, which muſt have been a corruption. I formerly thought the poet might have written—who *owe* no more, but am now perſuaded that he wrote, however ungrammatically, "who *wants* no more," i. e. which *ſelf wants* no more; has no other wiſh or deſire, but to protect its ſubjects. The tranſcriber's ear, I ſuppoſe, deceived him in this as in various other inſtances. It ſhould be remembered that *ſelf* was formerly uſed as a ſubſtantive, and is ſo uſed at this day by perſons of inferior rank, who frequently ſay—*his ſelf*. Hence, I ſuppoſe, the author wrote *wants* rather than *want*. MALONE.

He means to compare the head of a kingdom to the ſummit of a tree. As it is the office of the latter to ſcreen each plant

To which that breath[7] gives heat and ſtronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When ſignior Sooth[8] here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or ſtrike me, if you pleaſe;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us elſe; but let your cares o'er-look
What ſhipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
Haſt moved us: what ſeeſt thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be ſuch a dart in princes' frowns,
How durſt thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven from whence
They have their nouriſhment?

Per. Thou know'ſt I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. I have ground the axe [*kneeling.*
Myſelf; do but you ſtrike the blow.

Per. Riſe, prythee riſe; ſit down, thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid,
That kings ſhould let their ears hear their faults hid[9]!
Fit counſellor, and ſervant for a prince,

Who

plant that grows beneath it from the injuries of weather, ſo it is the duty of the former to protect thoſe who ſhelter themſelves under his government. STEEVENS.

7 *To which that* breath—] i. e. the breath of flattery. The old copy reads—that *ſpark*; the word, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) being accidentally repeated by the compoſitor. He would read—that *wind*. MALONE.

8 *When ſignior Sooth*—] A near kinſman of this gentleman is mentioned in the *Winter's Tale*: "—and his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour, by *ſir Smile*, his neighbour." MALONE.

9 *That kings ſhould* let *their ears hear their faults hid!*] Heaven forbid, that kings ſhould ſtop their ears, and ſo prevent them from hearing their ſecret faults!—To *let* formerly ſignified to *hinder*. MALONE.

Where

Who by thy wiſdom mak'ſt a prince thy ſervant,
What would'ſt thou have me do?
Hel. To bear with patience ſuch griefs,
As you yourſelf do lay upon yourſelf.
Per. Thou ſpeak'ſt like a phyſician, Helicanus;
That miniſter'ſt a potion unto me,
That thou would'ſt tremble to receive thyſelf.
Attend me then; I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'ſt[1], againſt the face of death,
I ſought the purchaſe of a glorious beauty,
From whence an iſſue I might propagate[2],
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to ſubjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The reſt (hark in thine ear) as black as inceſt;
Which by my knowledge found, the ſinful father
Seem'd not to ſtrike, but ſmooth[3]: but thou know'ſt this,
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants ſeem to kiſs.
Which fear ſo grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who ſeem'd my good protector: and being here,
Bethought me what was paſt, what might ſucceed:
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decreaſe not, but grow faſter than the years;
And ſhould he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth[4],)
That I ſhould open to the liſt'ning air,
How

[1] Where, as *thou know'ſt*,] The old copies have—*Whereas*, which had the ſame meaning as *where*. It is frequently thus uſed by our ancient writers. Probably, however, as Mr. Maſon has obſerved, the poet meant here two diſtinct words; *where as*. MALONE.

[2] *From whence an iſſue*—] From whence I might propagate an iſſue, *that* are arms, &c. MALONE.

I do not underſtand this paſſage. A line ſeems wanting to complete the ſenſe. It might be ſupplied thus:

——— a glorious beauty,
(From whence an iſſue I might propagate;
For royal progeny are general bleſſings,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to ſubjects.)
Her face, &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *Seem'd not to ſtrike, but* ſmooth:] To *ſmooth* formerly ſignified to *flatter*. MALONE.

[4] *And ſhould he* doubt it, *(as no doubt he doth)*] The quarto 1609, reads,

And

How many worthy princes' bloods were ſhed,
To keep his bed of blackneſs unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Muſt feel war's blow, who ſpares not innocence[5]:
Which love to all (of which thyſelf art one,
Who now reprov'ſt me for it)—

Hel. Alas, ſir!

Per. Drew ſleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Muſings into my mind, with thouſand doubts
How I might ſtop this tempeſt, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them[6].

Hel. Well, my lord, ſince you have given me leave to ſpeak,
Freely will I ſpeak. Antiochus you fear,
And juſtly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by publick war, or private treaſon,
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot;

Or

And ſhould he *doo't*, as no doubt he doth—

from which the reading of the text has been formed. The repetition is much in our author's manner, and the following words, to lop that *doubt*, render this emendation almoſt certain. MALONE.

Here is an apparent corruption. I ſhould not heſitate to read—*doubt on't*—or, *doubt it*. To *doubt* is to remain in ſuſpence or uncertainty.—Should he *be in doubt* that I ſhall keep this ſecret, (as there is no doubt but he is,) why, to "lop that doubt," i. e. to get rid of that painful uncertainty, he will ſtrive to make me appear the aggreſſor, by attacking me firſt as the author of ſome ſuppoſed injury to himſelf.

STEEVENS.

[5] —*who* ſpares *not innocence*:] Thus the eldeſt quarto. All the other copies read corruptly—*who* fears *not innocence*.

MALONE.

[6] *I thought it princely charity* to grieve them.] That is, to lament their fate. The eldeſt quarto reads *to grieve* for *them*.—But a rhyme ſeems to have been intended. The reading of the text was furniſhed by the third quarto, 1630, which, however, is of no authority. MALONE.

whoſe

Or till the deſtinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day ſerves not light more faithful than I'll be.
Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But ſhould he wrong my liberties in my abſence—
Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.
Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharſus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whoſe letters I'll diſpoſe myſelf.
The care I had and have of ſubjects' good,
On thee I lay, whoſe wiſdom's ſtrength can bear it[7].
I'll take thy word for faith, not aſk thine oath;
Who ſhuns not to break one, will ſure crack both*:
But in our orbs we'll live ſo round and ſafe[8],
That time of both this truth ſhall ne'er convince[9];
Thou ſhew'ſt a ſubject's ſhine[1], I a true prince.
[*Exeunt.*

[7] *whoſe wiſdom's ſtrength can bear it.*] Pericles, transferring his authority to Helicanus during his abſence, naturally brings the firſt ſcene of *Meaſure for Meaſure* to our mind. MALONE.

* *Will* ſure *crack both:*] Thus the folio. The word *ſure* is not found in the quarto. MALONE.

[8] *But in our orbs* we'll *live ſo round and ſafe,*] The firſt quarto reads—*will* live. For the emendation I am anſwerable. The quarto of 1619 has—*we* live. The firſt copy may have been right, if, as I ſuſpect, the preceding line has been loſt. MALONE.

But in our orbs, &c.

———in ſeipſo totus teres atque *rotundus*. Horace. STEEVENS.

[9] —*this truth ſhall ne'er* convince;] Overcome. MALONE.

[1] *Thou ſhew'ſt a ſubject's* ſhine, *I a true prince.*] *Shine* is by our ancient writers frequently uſed as a ſubſtantive. So in *Chloris*, or *the Complaint of the paſſionate deſpiſed Shepheard*, by W. Smith, 1596:

" Thou glorious ſunne, from whence my leſſer light
" The ſubſtance of his chryſtal *ſhine* doth borrow."

This ſentiment is not much unlike that of Falſtaff:—I ſhall think the better of myſelf and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here muſt I kill king Pericles; and if I do it not, I am ſure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive, he was a wiſe fellow, and had good diſcretion, that being bid to aſk what he would of the king, deſired he might know none of his ſecrets. Now do I ſee he had ſome reaſon for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Huſh, here come the lords of Tyre. [*retires.*

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other Lords.*

Hel. You ſhall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre,
Further to queſtion me of your king's departure.
His ſeal'd commiſſion, left in truſt with me,
Doth ſpeak ſufficiently, he's gone to travel.
Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aſide.*
Hel. If further yet you will be ſatisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give ſome light unto you.
Being at Antioch.—
Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aſide.*
Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cauſe I know not,)
Took ſome diſpleaſure at him, at leaſt he
Judg'd ſo, and doubting leſt he had err'd or ſinn'd,
To ſhew his ſorrow, he would correct himſelf;
So puts himſelf unto the ſhipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
Thal. Well, I perceive [*Aſide.*
I ſhall not be hang'd now, although I would[2];
But

[2] —*although I would*;] So *Autolicus*, in *The Winter's Tale*: "If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee, fortune would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops bounties into my mouth." MALONE.

But ſince he's gone, the king's ſeas muſt pleaſe[3]:
He 'ſcap'd the land, to periſh at the ſea.—
I'll preſent myſelf. Peace to the lords of Tyre!
Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
Thal. From him I come
With meſſage unto princely Pericles;
But, ſince my landing, I have underſtood
Your lord has betook himſelf to unknown travels;
My meſſage muſt return from whence it came.
Hel. We have no reaſon to deſire it[4],
Commended to our maſter, not to us:
Yet, ere you ſhall depart, this we deſire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feaſt in Tyre[5].

[*Exeunt.*

[3] —*the king's ſeas muſt pleaſe*:] i. e. muſt *do their pleaſure*; muſt treat him as they will. A rhyme was perhaps intended. We might read in the next line,

He 'ſcap'd the land, to periſh *on* the *ſeas*.

So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"I will bring you gain, or *periſh on the ſeas*."

MALONE.

[4] *We have no reaſon to deſire it*,] Thus all the old copies. Perhaps a word is wanting. We might read,

We have no reaſon to deſire it *told*—

Your meſſage being addreſſed to our maſter, and not to us, there is no reaſon why we ſhould deſire you to divulge it. If, however, *deſire* be conſidered as a triſyllable, the metre, though, perhaps, not the ſenſe, will be ſupplied.

MALONE.

[5] *Yet, ere you ſhould depart, this we deſire,—*
As friends to Antioch, we may feaſt in Tyre.] Thus alſo Agamemnon addreſſes Æneas in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"Yourſelf ſhall *feaſt* with us, before you go,
"And find the welcome of a noble foe." MALONE.

SCENE IV.

Tharſus. *A Room in the Governour's Houſe.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, *and Attendants.*

Cle. My Dionyza, ſhall we reſt us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills, becauſe they do aſpire,
Throws down one mountain, to caſt up a higher.
O my diſtreſſed lord, even ſuch our griefs are:
Here they're but felt, unſeen with miſchief's eyes[6],
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher riſe.

Cle.

[6] *Here they're but felt*, unſeen *with miſchief's eyes*, &c.] The quarto, 1609, reads—*and* ſeen. The words *and ſeen*, and that which I have inſerted in the text, are ſo near in ſound, that they might eaſily have been confounded by a haſty pronunciation, or an inattentive tranſcriber. By *miſchief's eyes*, I underſtand, "the eyes of thoſe who would feel a malignant pleaſure in our misfortunes, and add to them by their triumph over us." The eye has been long deſcribed by poets as either propitious, or malignant and unlucky. Thus in a ſubſequent ſcene in this play:

"Now the good gods throw their *beſt eyes* upon it!"

MALONE.

—*unſeen* with miſchief's eyes,] i. e. the eyes of malignity, which render ſorrow or diſgrace more bitter. I think the ſame kind of reaſoning is diſcoverable in one of the ſongs in *As you Like it*:

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
"Thou art not ſo unkind
"As man's ingratitude;
"*Thy tooth is not ſo keen*,
"*Becauſe thou art not ſeen*,
"Although thy breath be rude."

The lines printed in Italicks are thus elegantly and forcibly explained by Dr. Johnſon.

Then

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not ſay, he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famiſh?
Our tongues and ſorrows too,* ſound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes too weep;
Till lungs[7] fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven ſlumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helpers to comfort them[8].
I'll then diſcourſe our woes, felt ſeveral years,
And wanting breath to ſpeak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my beſt, ſir,

Cle. This Tharſus, o'er which I have the government,
A city, on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches ſtrew'd herſelf even in the ſtreets[9];

Whoſe

Thou winter wind, ſays the Duke, *thy rudeneſs gives the leſs pain*, as thou art not ſeen; *thou art an enemy that doſt not brave us with thy preſence, and whoſe unkindneſs is therefore not aggravated by inſult.*

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher riſe.

This line is introduced to illuſtrate the former, in which our author has obſerved that ſolitude affords us the juſt meaſure of our misfortunes, without aggravation. But theſe misfortunes (he adds) if topp'd, (i. e. attempted to be reduced) increaſe, like trees which ſhoot the higher in conſequence of having felt the pruning-knife. STEEVENS.

* *Our tongues and ſorrows* too—] The original copy has—*to*, here and in the next line; which cannot be right. *To* was often written by our old writers for *too*; and in like manner *too* and *two* were confounded. The quarto of 1619 reads —*to* in the firſt line. I think Cleon means to ſay—*Let* our tongues and ſorrows too found deep, &c. MALONE.

[7] —*till* lungs—] The old copy has—*tongues*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[8] *They may awake their helpers to comfort them.*] Thus the old copy. Perhaps however we ſhould read—*helps*. So before:

" ———————— be my *helps*,
" To compaſs ſuch a boundleſs happineſs!"

MALONE.

[9] *For riches ſtrew'd* herſelf *even in the ſtreets*;] I ſuppoſe we ſhould read—*themſelves*. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare

Whoſe towers bore heads ſo high, they kiſs'd the clouds[1],
And ſtrangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whoſe men and dames ſo jetted and adorn'd[2],
Like one another's glaſs[3], trim them by[3]:
Their tables were ſtor'd full, to glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was ſcorn'd, and pride ſo great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But ſee what heaven can do! By this our charge,
Theſe mouths, whom but of late, earth, ſea, and air,
Were all too little to content and pleaſe,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,

As

Shakſpeare generally uſes *riches* as a ſingular noun. So, in *Othello*:

"The *riches* of the ſhip *is* come aſhore."

Again, *ibidem*:

"But *riches* fineleſs *is* as poor as winter."—

Again, in his 87th Sonnet:

"And, for *that riches*, where is my deſerving?"

MALONE.

[1] —*bore heads ſo high, they* kiſs'd the clouds,] So in *Hamlet*.

"——like the herald Mercury,
"New-lighted on a *heaven-kiſſing* hill."

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"Threat'ning *cloud-kiſſing* Ilion with annoy."

Again, more appoſitely in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"Yon *towers*, whoſe wanton *tops* do *buſs* the *clouds*."

MALONE.

[2] —*ſo* jetted *and adorn'd*,] To *jet* is to ſtrut, to walk proudly. So in *Twelfth Night*: "Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he *jets* under his advanced plumes!" STEEVENS.

[3] *Like one another's glaſs, to trim them by*;] The ſame idea is found in *Hamlet*. Ophelia, ſpeaking of the prince, ſays, he was

"The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,
"The obſerv'd of all obſervers."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"A ſample to the youngeſt; to the more mature,
"*A glaſs that feated them.*"

Again, in *the Second Part of King Henry IV.*

"————He was indeed the *glaſs*,
"Wherein the noble youth did *dreſs* themſelves."

MALONE.

As houſes are defil'd for want of uſe,
They are now ſtarv'd for want of exerciſe:
Thoſe palates, who, not us'd to hunger's ſavour[4],
Muſt have inventions to delight the taſte,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Thoſe mothers who, to nouzle up their babes[5],
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat thoſe little darlings whom they lov'd.
So ſharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who firſt ſhall die to lengthen life:
Here ſtands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many ſink, yet thoſe which ſee them fall,
Have ſcarce ſtrength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witneſs it.

Cle. O, let thoſe cities, that of plenty's cup[6]

And

[4] *Thoſe palates, who, not us'd to hunger's ſavour,*] The paſſage is ſo corrupt in the old copy, that it is difficult even to form a probable conjecture about it. It reads—who not *yet too ſavers younger*. The words which I have inſerted in the text, afford ſenſe, and are not very remote from the traces of the original letters; and *ſavour* and *hunger* might eaſily have been tranſpoſed. We have in a ſubſequent ſcene:

" All *viands*, that I eat, do ſeem un*ſavoury*."

I do not, however, propoſe this emendation with the ſmalleſt confidence; but it may remain till ſome leſs exceptionable conjecture ſhall be offered. MALONE.

Here is a groſs corruption. I would boldly read,

——who not yet *being ſlaves to hunger*.

STEEVENS.

[5] —*to* nouzle *up their babes*,] read—*nurſle*. A fondling is ſtill called a *nurſling*. To *nouzle*, or as it is now written *nuzzle*, is to go with the noſe down like a hog. So Pope:

" The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
" Drops to a third, who *nuzzles* cloſe behind."

STEEVENS.

In an ancient poem entitled *The ſtrange Birth, honourable Coronation and moſt unhappie Death of famous Arthur, King of Brytaine*, 1601, I find the word *nuzzle* uſed nearly in the ſame manner as in the text:

" The firſt fair ſportive night that you ſhall have,
" Lying ſafely *nuzled* by faire Igrene's ſide."—

Again, more poſitely, *ibidem*:

" Being *nuzzled* in effeminate delights,"—.

I have therefore retained the reading of the old copy.

MALONE.

[6] *O, let thoſe cities, that of plenty's cup*, &c.] A kindred thought is found in *King Lear*:

" ——Take

And her proſperities ſo largely taſte,
With their ſuperfluous riots, hear theſe tears!
The miſery of Tharſus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?
Cle. Here.
Speak out thy ſorrows, which thou bring'ſt, in haſte,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.
Lord. We have deſcried, upon our neighbouring ſhore,
A portly ſail of ſhips make hitherward.
Cle. I thought as much.
One ſorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may ſucceed as his inheritor[7];
And ſo in our's: ſome neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our miſery,
Hath ſtuff'd the hollow veſſels with their power[8],
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conqueſt of unhappy me[9],

Whereas

" ——Take phyſick, pomp!
" Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
" That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
" And ſhew the heavens more juſt." MALONE.

Again, *ibidem*:

" Let the *ſuperfluous* and luſt-dieted man," &c.
MALONE.

7 *One ſorrow never comes, but brings an heir,*
That may ſucceed as his inheritor;] So in *Hamlet*:
" ——ſorrows never come as ſingle ſpies,
" But in battalions." STEEVENS.

Again, *ibidem*:

" One woe doth tread upon another's heels,
" So faſt they follow." MALONE.

8 *Hath ſtuff'd the hollow veſſels with their power*,] The quarto 1609, reads, *That* ſtuff'd, &c. The context clearly ſhews that we ought to read *Hath* inſtead of *That*.—By *power* is meant *forces*. The word is frequently uſed in that ſenſe by our ancient writers. So, in *King Lear*:

" —— from France there comes a *power*
" Into this ſcatter'd kingdom." MALONE.

I would read.
Hath ſtuff'd *theſe* hollow veſſels, &c. STEEVENS.

9 —*of unhappy* me,] I believe a letter was dropped at the preſs, and would read—of unhappy *men*, &c. MALONE.

Whereas no glory's got to overcome[1].

Lord. That's the leaſt fear; for by the ſemblance[2]
Of their white flags diſplay'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou ſpeak'ſt like him's untutor'd to repeat[3],
Who makes the faireſt ſhow, means moſt deceit,
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear[4]?
The ground's the loweſt, and we are half way there:
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace conſiſt[5];
If wars, we are unable to reſiſt.

Enter

[1] *Whereas no glory's*—] *Whereas*, it has been already obſerved, was anciently uſed for *where*. MALONE.

[2] *That's the leaſt fear; for, by the ſemblance*—] It ſhould be remembered that *ſemblance* was pronounced as a triſyllable—*ſemble-ance*. So, our author in *the Comedy of Errors*:

"And theſe two Dromios, one in *ſemblance*."

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *reſembleth* is a quadriſyllable:

"O, how this ſpring of love *reſembleth*"—.

MALONE.

[3] *Thou ſpeak'ſt like* him's *untutor'd to repeat*,] The quarto, 1609, reads—like *himnes* untutor'd to repeat. I ſuppoſe the author wrote—*him is*—an expreſſion which, however elliptical, is not more ſo than many others in this play.

MALONE.

We ſhould read—*him who is*, and regulate the metre as follows:

——— thou ſpeak'ſt
Like *him who is* untutor'd to repeat, &c.

The ſenſe is—*Deluded by the pacifick appearance of this navy, you talk like one who has never learned the common adage*, "that the faireſt outſides are moſt to be ſuſpected."

STEEVENS.

[4] *What need we fear?*] The earlieſt copy reads and points thus:

What needs we *leave our* grounds the loweſt?

The reading which is inſerted in the text, is that of the ſecond quarto, printed in 1619. MALONE.

[5] —*if he on peace* conſiſt;] If he *ſtands* on peace.—A Latin ſenſe. MALONE.

Enter PERICLES, *with Attendants.*

Per. Lord governor, for ſo we hear you are,
Let not our ſhips and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miſeries as far as Tyre,
And ſeen the deſolation of your ſtreets:
Nor come we to add ſorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And theſe our ſhips you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horſe, war ſtuff'd within,
With bloody views expecting overthrow[6],
Are ſtor'd with corn, to make your needy bread[7],
And give them life, whom hunger ſtarv'd, half dead.
All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we will pray for you.
Per. Ariſe, I pray you, riſe;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourſelf, our ſhips, and men.
Cle. The which when any ſhall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulneſs in thought[8],

Be

[6] *And theſe our ſhips you happily may think*
Are like the Trojan horſe, war ſtuff'd within,
With bloody views expecting overthrow.] i. e. *which* you happily, &c. The old copy reads:

And theſe our ſhips you happily may think,
Are like the Trojan horſe, *was* ſtuff'd within
With blody *veines*, &c.

For the emendation of this corrupted paſſage the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. So, as he has obſerved, in a former ſcene:

"Hath *ſtuff'd* the hollow veſſels with their power."

MALONE.

[7] *—to make your needy bread,*] i. e. to make bread for your needy ſubjects. PERCY.

[8] *Or pay you with unthankfulneſs in* thought,] I ſuſpect the author wrote:

Or pay you with unthankfulneſs in *aught*,
Be it our wives, &c.

If we are unthankful to you in any one inſtance, or refuſe, ſhould there be occaſion, to ſacrifice any thing for your ſervice, whether our wives, our children, or ourſelves, may the

curſe

Be it our wives, our children, or ourſelves,
The curſe of heaven and men ſucceed their evils!
Till when (the which, I hope, ſhall ne'er be ſeen,)
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feaſt here a while,
Until our ſtars that frown, lend us a ſmile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you ſeen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to inceſt bring:
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men ſhould be,
Till he hath paſt neceſſity.
I'll ſhew you thoſe, in trouble's reign,
Loſing a mite, a mountain gain[9].
The good in converſation
(To whom I give my benizon)
Is ſtill at Tharſus, where [1] each man

Thinks

curſe of heaven, and of mankind, &c.—*Aught* was anciently written *ought*. *Our wives*, &c. may however refer to *any* in the former line; I have therefore made no change. MALONE.

[9] *I'll ſhew you thoſe*, &c.] I will now exhibit to you perſons, who, after ſuffering ſmall and temporary evils, will at length be bleſſed with happineſs.—I ſuſpect our author had here in view the title of the chapter in *Geſta Romanorum*, in which the ſtory of Appollonius is told; though I will not ſay in what language he read it. It is this: "De tribulatione temporali, quæ in gaudium ſempiternum poſtremo commutabitur." MALONE.

[1] *The good in converſation*
(To whom I give my benizon)

Is

Thinks all is writ he ſpoken can[2]:
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his ſtatue to make him glorious[3]:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought to your eyes; what need ſpeak I?

Dumb ſhew.

Enter at one door, Pericles, *talking with* Cleon; *all the train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter* Pericles: Pericles *ſhews the letter to* Cleon; *then gives the Meſſenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt* PERICLES, CLEON, *&c. ſeverally.*

Good

Is ſtill at Tharſus, where, &c.] This paſſage is confuſedly expreſſed. Gower means to ſay—The good prince (on whom I beſtow my beſt wiſhes) is ſtill engaged in converſation at Tharſus, where every man, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *Thinks all is writ he ſpoken can:*] Pays as much reſpect to whatever Pericles ſays, as if it were holy *writ.* "As true as the *goſpel,*" is ſtill common language. MALONE.

Writ may certainly mean *ſcripture*; the holy writing, by way of eminence, being ſo denominated. We might however read—*wit*, i. e. wiſdom. So Gower, in this ſtory of *Prince Appolyn,*

"Though that thou be of littel *witte.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *Gild his ſtatue to make him glorious:*] This circumſtance, as well as the foregoing, is found in the *Conf. Amant.*

"*Appolinus,* whan that he herde
"The miſchefe, howe the citee ferde,
"All freliche of his owne gifte
"His wheate among hem for to ſhifte,
"The whiche by ſhip he had brought,
"He yave, and toke of hem right nought.
"But ſithen fyrſt this worlde began,
"Was never yet to ſuche a man
"More joye made than thei hym made;
"For thei were all of hym ſo glade,
"That *thei for ever in remembrance*
"*Made a figure in reſemblance*
"*Of hym,* and in a common place
"Thei ſet it up; ſo that his face
"Might ever maner man beholde,
"So as the citee was beholde:
"It was of laton *over-gylte*;
"Thus hath he nought his yefte ſpilte."

All

Good Helicane hath ſtaid at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; for though he ſtrive
To killen bad, keeps good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' deſire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre[4]:
How Thaliard came full bent with ſin,
And had intent to murder him[5];
And that in Tharſus was not beſt*
Longer for him to make his reſt:
He knowing ſo[6], put forth to ſeas,
Where when men been, there's ſeldom eaſe;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make ſuch unquiet, that the ſhip
Should houſe him ſafe, is wreck'd and ſplit;

And

All the copies read— *Build* his ſtatue, &c. MALONE.

Build *his ſtatue to make him glorious:*] Read *gild.* So, in *Gower:*

" It was of laton over-*gylte.*"

Again, in *King Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: " —in remembraunce they made an ymage or ſtatue of *clene gold,*" &c.

The ſame blunder has been repeated by the printer in a ſubſequent ſcene:

" This jewel holds his *building* on my arm—

where I have corrected it again—*gilding.* STEEVENS.

[4] *Good Helicane* hath *ſtaid at home,—*
And, to fulfil his prince' deſire,
Sends word *of all that haps in Tyre:*] The old copy reads:

Good Helicane *that* ſtaid at home—
Sav'd one of all, &c.

The emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[5] *And* had intent *to murder him;*] The quarto, 1609, reads,

And *hid in Tent* to murder him.

This is only mentioned, to ſhew how inaccurately this play was originally printed, and to juſtify the liberty that has been taken in correcting the preceding paſſage. The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1619. MALONE.

* —was *not beſt*—] The conſtruction is, And that for him to make his reſt longer in Tharſus, was not beſt; i. e. his beſt courſe. MALONE.

[6] *He* knowing *ſo,*—] i. e. ſays Mr. Steevens, by whom this emendation was made, " he being thus informed." The old copy has—He *doing* ſo. MALONE.

And he, good prince, having all loſt,
By waves, from coaſt to coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught eſcapen'd[7] but himſelf;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him aſhore, to give him glad[8];
And here he comes: what ſhall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this long's the text. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Pentapolis. *An open place by the ſea-ſide.*

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

Per. **Yet ceaſe your ire, you angry ſtars of heaven[9]!**

Wind,

[7] *Ne aught* eſcapen'd *but himſelf*;] It ſhould be printed either *eſcapen* or *eſcaped*. Our anceſtors had a plural number in their tenſes, which is now loſt out of the language; i. e. in the preſent tenſe,

I eſcape	We eſcapen
Thou eſcapeſt	Ye eſcapen
He eſcapeth	They eſcapen.

But it did not, I believe, extend to the preter-imperfects, otherwiſe than thus: They *didden* [for *did*] eſcape. PERCY.

I do not believe the text to be corrupt. Our author in this inſtance ſeems to have followed Gower:

" —and with himſelfe were in debate,
" *Thynkende* what he had lore," &c.

I think, I have obſerved many other inſtances of the ſame kind in the *Confeſſio Amantis*. MALONE.

[8] —*to give him glad*;] Should we not read—to *make* him glad. PERCY.

[9] *Yet ceaſe your ire, you angry* ſtars *of heaven!*
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man

Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance, that muſt yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the ſea hath caſt me on the rocks,
Waſh'd me from ſhore to ſhore, and left me breath[1],
Nothing to think on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffice the greatneſs of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes:
And having thrown him from your watry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter

Is but a ſubſtance, &c.] I would read:
——ye angry *ſtores* of heaven,
Wind, rain, and thunder! remember, &c.
So Milton, Paradiſe Loſt. b. ii. l. 175.
" ———what, if all
" Her *ſtores* were open'd, and this firmament
" Of hell ſhould ſpout her cataracts of fire,—."
Again, b. vi. l. 764.
" His quiver with three-bolted thunder *ſtor'd*."
So Addiſon in his *Cato*:
" Some hidden thunder in the *ſtores of heaven*."
In ſtrictneſs, the old reading wants ſomewhat of propriety, becauſe there are no *ſtars* beſide thoſe *of heaven*. We ſay properly—the *ſands of the ſea*, and the *fiſhes of the ſea*, becauſe there are likewiſe *ſands of the earth*, and *fiſhes that live in freſh water*; but *ſtars* are to be found *only* in thoſe regions of which *wind*, *rain*, and *thunder* are the acknowledged *ſtores*. So, in *King Lear*:
" All the *ſtor'd* vengeances *of heaven* fall
" On her ingrateful top!" &c. STEEVENS.

The amendment propoſed by Mr. Steevens, is unneceſſary, nor is there any impropriety in the paſſage as it ſtands; for though there be no ſtars except thoſe of heaven, ſome of theſe ſtars were ſuppoſed to be angry or malignant, and others to be favourable and proſperous. The emphaſis in ſpeaking muſt be laid on the word *angry*. MASON.

[1] —*and left* me *breath*,] The quarto, 1609, reads—and left *my* breath. I read—and left *me* breath;—that is, left me life, only to aggravate my misfortunes, by enabling me to think on the death that awaits me.

This ſlight change, in ſome meaſure, removes the abſurdity that Mr. Steevens has juſtly remarked in this paſſage as it ſtands in the old copy. The rhyme, I believe, was intended; for in many of our old plays rhyme ſeems to have been thought an ornament, whenever it could be commodiouſly introduced. MALONE.

The

Enter three Fiſhermen[2].

1. *Fiſh.* What, ho, Pilche[3]!
2. *Fiſh.* Ha, come, and bring away the nets.

1. *Fiſh.*

The interpoſition of rhime in the middle of this ſpeech, and the awkwardneſs of imputing *thought* to *breath*, incline me to believe here is ſome corruption. Perhaps the author wrote

——left my *breaſt*
Nothing to think on, &c.—

To revolve any thing in the *breaſt* or *boſom* is a phraſe ſufficiently authoriſed. So Milton, Par. Loſt, b. ix. v. 288:

" *Thoughts*, which how found they *harbour* in thy *breaſt*?" STEEVENS.

[2] This ſcene ſeems to have been formed on the following lines in the *Confeſſio Amantis*:

" Thus was the younge lorde all alone,
" All naked in a poure plite.—
" There came a fiſher in the weye,
" And ſigh a man there naked ſtonde,
" And whan that he hath underſtonde
" The cauſe, he hath of hym great routh;
" And onely of his poure trouth,
" Of ſuch clothes as he hadde
" With great pitee this lorde he cladde:
" And he hym thonketh as he ſholde,
" And ſayth hym that it ſhall be yolde
" If ever he gete his ſtate ageyne;
" And praith that he wolde hym ſeyne,
" If nigh were any towne for hym.
" He ſayd, ye, Pentapolim,
" Where both kynge and quene dwellen.
" Whan he this tale herde tellen,
" He gladdeth hym, and gan beſeche,
" That he the wey hym wolde teche."

Shakſpeare, delighting to deſcribe the manners of ſuch people, has introduced three fiſhermen, inſtead of one, and extended the dialogue to a conſiderable length. MALONE.

[3] *What* ho! Pilche!] All the old copies read—What *to pelche*. The latter emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt. For the other I am reſponſible. *Pilche*, as he has obſerved, is a leathern coat. The context confirms this correction. The firſt fiſherman appears to be the maſter, and ſpeaks with authority, and ſome degree of contempt, to the third fiſherman,

1. *Fiſh.* What, Patch-breech, I ſay!

3. *Fiſh.* What ſay you, maſter?

1. *Fiſh.* Look how thou ſtirreſt now: come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion[4].

3. *Fiſh.* 'Faith, maſter, I am thinking of the poor men that were caſt away before us, even now.

1. *Fiſh.* Alas, poor ſouls, it grieved my hearts to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day,, we could ſcarce help ourſelves.

3. *Fiſh.* Nay, maſter, ſaid not I as much, when I ſaw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled[6]? they ſay, they are half fiſh, half fleſh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be waſh'd. Maſter, I marvel how the fiſhes live in the ſea.

1. *Fiſh.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich miſers to nothing ſo fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him[7], and at laſt devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping, till they've ſwallow'd the whole pariſh, church, ſteeple, bells and all.

Per.

man, who is a ſervant.—His next ſpeech, *What, Patch-breech, I ſay!* is in the ſame ſtyle. The ſecond fiſherman ſeems to be a ſervant likewiſe; and after the maſter has called —What, *ho*, Pilche!—(for ſo I read,) explains what it is he wants:—*Ha, come, and bring away the nets.* MALONE.

[4] —*with a wannion.*] A phraſe of which the meaning is obvious, though I cannot explain the word at the end of it. It is common in many of our old plays. STEEVENS.

[5] *Alas, poor ſouls! it grieved my heart*—] So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "*O the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls!* Sometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em;—now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt, and anon ſwallowed with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land-ſervice—To ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone; *how he cry'd to me for help*," &c MALONE.

[6] —*when I ſaw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?*] The riſing of porpuſes near a veſſel at ſea, has long been conſidered as the fore-runner of a ſtorm. So, in *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, by Webſter, 1623J: "He lifts up his noſe, like a foul *porpus* before a ſtorm." MALONE.

[7] —*as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him,*—] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" ———like

Per. A pretty moral.

3. *Fiſh.* But, maſter, if I had been the ſexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2. *Fiſh.* Why, man?

3. *Fiſh.* Becauſe he ſhould have ſwallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept ſuch a jangling of the bells, that he ſhould never have left, till he caſt bells, ſteeple, church, and pariſh, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3. *Fiſh.* We would purge the land of theſe drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny ſubject of the ſea[8]
Theſe fiſhers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watry empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honeſt fiſhermen.

2. *Fiſh.* Honeſt! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, ſcratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it[9].

Per.

" ——like ſcaled ſculls
" Before the belching whale." STEEVENS.

[8] —*the* finny *ſubject of the ſea*—] Old copies—*fenny*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

This thought is not much unlike another in *As you like it*:

" —this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
" Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
" Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing."
STEEVENS.

[9] *Honeſt! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, ſcratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it.*] The old copy reads—if it be a day fits you, *ſearch out* of the calendar, and *nobody look after it.*

Part of the emendation ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens, is confirmed by a paſſage in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, quoted by Mr. Maſon:

" ——I fear ſhrewdly, I ſhould do ſomething
" That would quite *ſcratch* me out of the calendar."
MALONE.

The preceding ſpeech of Pericles affords no apt introduction to the reply of the fiſherman. Either ſomewhat is omitted that cannot now be ſupplied, or the whole paſſage is obſcured by more than common depravation.

It

Per. Nay, ſee, the ſea hath caſt upon your coaſt—

2. *Fiſh.* What a drunken knave was the ſea, to caſt thee in our way[1]!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vaſt tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him:
He aſks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1. *Fiſh.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2. *Fiſh.* Can'ſt thou catch any fiſhes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2. *Fiſh.* Nay, then thou wilt ſtarve ſure: for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unleſs thou can'ſt fiſh for't.

It ſhould ſeem that the prince had made ſome remark on the badneſs of the day. Perhaps the dialogue originally ran thus:

Per. Peace be at your labour, honeſt fiſhermen;
The day is rough and thwarts your occupation.

2. *Fiſh.* Honeſt! good fellow, what's that? If it be *not* a day fits you, *ſcratch it* out of the calendar, and nobody *will* look after it.

The following ſpeech of Pericles is equally abrupt and inconſequent:

May ſee the ſea hath caſt upon your coaſt.

The folio reads,

*Y'*may ſee the ſea hath caſt *me* upon your coaſt.

I would rather ſuppoſe the poet wrote,

Nay, ſee the ſea hath caſt upon your coaſt——

Here the *fiſherman* interpoſes. The prince then goes on

A man, &c. STEEVENS.

May not here be an alluſion to the *dies honeſtiſſimus* of Cicero?——If you like the day, find it out in the Almanack, and nobody will take it from you. FARMER.

Some difficulty, however, will remain, unleſs we ſuppoſe a preceding line to have been loſt; for Pericles (as the text ſtands) has ſaid nothing about the day. I ſuſpect that in the loſt line he wiſh'd the men *a good day*. MALONE.

[1] *—to caſt thee in our way!*] He is playing on the word *caſt*; which anciently was uſed both in the ſenſe of *to throw*, and *to vomit*. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——yet I made a ſhift to *caſt* him."

It is uſed in the latter ſenſe above: "——till he *caſt* bell s, &c. *up again*." MALONE.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man throng'd up with cold[2]: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may ſuffice
To give my tongue that heat, to aſk your help;
Which if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray ſee me buried.

1. *Fiſh.* Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here[3]; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handſome fellow! Come, thou ſhalt go home, and we'll have fleſh for holy-days, fiſh for faſting days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks[4]; and thou ſhalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, ſir.

2. *Fiſh.* Hark, you, my friend, you ſaid you could not beg.

Per.

[2] *A man throng'd up with cold:*——] I ſuſpect that this, which is the reading of all the copies, is corrupt. We might read,

A man *ſhrunk* up with cold;——

(It might have been anciently written *ſhronk*.) So in *Cymbeline*:

" The *ſhrinking* ſlaves of *winter*." MALONE.

Throng'd up with cold may mean only moleſted by it, as by the preſſure of a crowd. With this ſituation Apemantus threatens Timon:

" —— I'll ſay thou haſt gold:
" Thou wilt be *throng'd* to ſhortly.

Throng'd might alſo be uſed by Pericles to ſignify ſhrunk into a heap, ſo as to have one part *crowded* into another. STEEVENS.

[3] *I have a gown here*; &c.] In the proſe hiſtory of *Kynge Appolyn of Tyre*, already quoted, the fiſherman gives him " one halfe of his blacke *mantelle* for to cover his body with." STEEVENS.

[4] —*fleſh for* holy-days, *fiſh for faſting days, and* more-o'er *puddings and flap-jacks*;] In the old copy this paſſage is ſtrangely corrupted. It reads—fleſh for *all days*, fiſh for faſting days, and *more, or* puddings and flap-jacks. Dr. Farmer ſuggeſted to me the correction of the latter part of the ſentence: for the other emendation I am reſponſible. Mr. Maſon would read—fleſh for *ale-days*: but this was not, I think, the language of the time; though *ales* and *church-ales* was common. MALONE.

In

Per. I did but crave.

2. *Fiſh.* But crave? then I'll turn craver too, and ſo I ſhall 'ſcape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2. *Fiſh.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would with no better office, than to be beadle. But, maſter, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the Fiſhermen.*

Per. How well this honeſt mirth becomes their labour?

1. *Fiſh.* Hark, you, ſir, do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1. *Fiſh.* Why I'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1. *Fiſh.* Ay, ſir, and he deſerves ſo to be call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, ſince he gains from his ſubjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court diſtant from this ſhore?

1. *Fiſh.* Marry, ſir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to juſt and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my deſires, I could with to make one there.

1. *Fiſh.* O ſir, things muſt be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for,—his wife's ſoul[s].

In ſome counties a *flapjack* ſignifies an apple-puff: but anciently it ſeems to have meant a *pancake*. STEEVENS.

[s] —*and what a man cannot get*, &c.] This paſſage, in its preſent ſtate, is to me unintelligible. We might read—"O ſir, things muſt be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may *not* lawfully deal for;—his wife's ſoul."

Be content; things muſt be as Providence has appointed; and what a man's ſituation in life does not entitle him to aſpire to, he ought not *to attempt;—the affections of a woman in a higher ſphere than his own.*

Soul

Re-enter the two Fiſhermen, drawing up a net.

2. *Fiſh.* Help, maſter, help; here's a fiſh hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't[6], 'tis come at laſt, and 'tis turn'd to a ruſty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me ſee it.
Thanks fortune, yet, that after all my croſſes*,
Thou giv'ſt me ſomewhat to repair myſelf;
And, though it was mine own[7], part of mine heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this ſtrict charge, (even as he left his life,)
Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a ſhield
'Twixt me and death; (and pointed to this brace[8]:)

For

Soul is in other places uſed by our author for *love*.—Thus in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" —— we have with ſpecial *ſoul*
" Elected him, our abſence to ſupply." MALONE.

Things muſt be (ſays the ſpeaker) *as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not ſure to compaſs, he has yet a juſt right to attempt*.—Thus far the paſſage is clear. The fiſherman may then be ſuppoſed to begin a new ſentence.—*His wife's ſoul*—but here he is interrupted by his comrades. He might otherwiſe have proceeded to ſay—*The good will of a wife indeed is one of the things which is difficult of attainment. A huſband is in the right to ſtrive for it, but after all his pains may fail to ſecure it*.—I wiſh his brother fiſhermen had called off his attention before he had had time to utter his laſt three words. STEEVENS.

The fiſherman means, I think, to ſay, "What a man cannot get, there is no law againſt giving, to ſave his wife's ſoul from purgatory." FARMER.

[6] —bots *on't*,—] The *bots*, are the worms that breed in horſes. This comick execration was formerly uſed in the room of one leſs decent. It occurs in *King Henry IV.* and in many other old plays. MALONE.

* —*after all* my *croſſes*,] For the inſertion of the word *my* I am anſwerable. MALONE.

[7] *And, though it was mine own*,] i. e. And *I thank you*, though it was my own. MALONE.

[8] —*this* brace:] The *brace* is the armour of the arm. Avant—*bras*. Fr. STEEVENS.

For that it ſav'd me, keep it; in like neceſſity,
The which the gods protect thee from! 't may defend thee[9].
It kept where I kept, I ſo dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough ſeas, that ſpare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given it again:
I thank thee for it; my ſhipwreck now's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1. *Fiſh.* What mean you, ſir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was ſometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his ſake I wiſh the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your ſovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune's better[1],
I'll pay your bounties; till then, reſt your debtor.

1. *Fiſh.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll ſhew the virtue I have borne in arms.

1. *Fiſh.* Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2. *Fiſh.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough ſeams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, ſir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it*.

Per. Believe it, I will.
By your furtherance I am cloath'd in ſteel[2];
And

[9] *The which the gods protect thee* from!—] The old copies read, unintelligibly,

The which the gods protect thee, *fame* may defend thee.

I am anſwerable for the correction.—The licence taken in omitting the pronoun before *have*, in a ſubſequent line of this ſpeech, was formerly not uncommon. MALONE.

[1] *And if that ever my low fortune's better,*] Mr. Maſon thinks that *better* is here uſed as a verb, and that the line ſhould be printed thus:

And if that ever my low *fortunes* better,—.

MALONE.

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Now

Re-enter the two Fiſhermen, drawing up a net.

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And for his ſake I wiſh the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your ſovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
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[2] *By your furtherance I am cloath'd in ſteel*;] The line is ſo weak, I ſhould wiſh to read,

Now

And ſpite of all the rupture of the ſea[3],
This jewel holds his biding on my arm[4];
Unto thy value I will mount myſelf
Upon a courſer, whoſe delightful ſteps
Shall make the gazer joy to ſee him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of baſes[5].

2. *Fiſt.*

Now by your furtherance I am cloath'd in ſteel.

STEEVENS.

[3] *And ſpite of all the* rupture *of the ſea,*] We might read (with Dr. Sewel)

—ſpite of all the *rapture* of the ſea,—

That is, notwithſtanding that the ſea hath *raviſh'd* ſo much from me. So afterwards:

" Who, looking for adventures in the world,
" Was by the rough ſeas *reft* of ſhips and men."

Again, in the *Life and Death of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

" Till envious fortune and the ravenous ſea
" Did *rob*, diſrobe, and *ſpoil* us of our own."

But the old reading is ſufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

I am not ſure but that the old reading is the true one. We ſtill talk of the *breaking* of the ſea, and the *breakers*. What is the *rupture* of the ſea, but another word for the *breaking* of it? *Rupture* means any ſolution of continuity.

STEEVENS.

[4] *This jewel holds his* biding *on my arm*;] The old copy reads—his *building*. *Biding* was, I believe, the poet's word.

MALONE.

Perhaps *gilding*; (which was formerly written *guilding*.) He is ſpeaking of ſome jewel of value, which in the ſhipwreck had adhered to his arm. Any ornament of enchaſed gold was anciently ſtyled a *jewel*. So in Markham's *Arcadia*, 1607: She gave him a *very fine jewel*, wherein was ſet a moſt rich diamond." Pericles means to ſell his bracelet, that with the price it brings he may purchaſe a horſe; and rejoices on finding that the brightneſs of the toy is undiminiſhed.

STEEVENS.

[5] —*a pair of* baſes.] i. e. armour of the legs. *Baſ.* Fr. So, in *Hudibras*:

" Nor ſhall it e'er be ſaid, that wight,
" With gauntlet blue and *baſes* white,
" And round blunt truncheon," &c. STEEVENS.

Baſes, however, alſo ſignified the *houſings* of a horſe, and may have been uſed in that ſenſe here. So, in Fairfax's tranſlation of Taſſo's Godfrey of Bulloigne;

" And

2 *Fiſh.* We'll ſure provide: thou ſhalt have my belt gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myſelf.

Per. Then honour be but a gaol to my will;
This day I'll riſe, or elſe add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A publick Way, or Platform, leading to the Liſts. A Pavilion by the ſide of it, for the reception of the King, Princeſs, Lords, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph[6]?

1. *Lord.* They are, my liege;
And ſtay your coming, to preſent themſelves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready[7]; and our daughter here,

In

" And with his ſtreaming blood his *baſis* dide."
MALONE.

[6] *Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?*] In *Gower's* poem, and *Kynge Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510, certain gymnaſtick exerciſes only are performed before the Pentapolitan monarch, antecedent to the marriage of *Appollinus*, the Pericles of this play. The preſent tournament, however, as well as the dance in the next ſcene, ſeems to have been ſuggeſted by a paſſage of the former writer, who, deſcribing the manner in which the wedding of Appollinus was celebrated, ſays,

" The *knightes* that be yonge and proude,
" Thei *juſte* firſt, and after *daunce*."

A *triumph* formerly ſignified any magnificent ſhew or proceſſion. MALONE.

[7] *Return them, we are ready;*] i. e. return them notice, that we are ready, &c. PERCY.

In honour of whoſe birth theſe triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to ſee, and ſeeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaſeth you, my royal father to expreſs
My commendations great, whoſe merit's leſs.

Sim. It's fit it ſhould be ſo; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itſelf:
As jewels loſe their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renowns, if not reſpected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device[8].

Thai. Which, to preſerve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he paſſes over the ſtage, and his ſquire preſents his ſhield to the Princeſs.

Sim. Who is the firſt that doth prefer himſelf?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his ſhield
Is a black Ethiop reaching at the ſun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*[9].

Sim.

[8] *'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain*
The labour of each knight, in his device.] The old copy reads—to *entertain*, which cannot be right. Mr. Steevens ſuggeſted the emendation. MALONE.

The ſenſe would be clearer were we to ſubſtitute, both in this and the following inſtance, *office*. *Honour*, however, may mean her ſituation as *queen of the feaſt*, as ſhe is afterwards denominated.

The idea of this ſcene appears to have been caught from the Iliad, book iii. where Helen deſcribes the Grecian leaders to her father-in-law Priam. STEEVENS.

[9] *The* word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*] What we now call the *motto*, was ſometimes termed the *word* or *mot* by our old writers. *Le mot.* Fr. So, in Marſton's Satires, 1599:

" ———Fabius' perpetual golden coat,
" Which might have *ſemper idem* for a *mot*."

Theſe latin mottos may perhaps be urged as a proof of the learning of Shakſpeare, or as an argument to ſhew that he was not the author of this play; but tournaments were ſo faſhionable and frequent an entertainment in the time of queen Elizabeth, that he might very eaſily have been furniſhed with theſe ſhreds of literature. MALONE.

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*The ſecond knight paſſes.*

Who is the ſecond, that preſents himſelf?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father?
And the device he bears upon his ſhield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:
The motto thus, in Spaniſh, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça*[1].

[*The third knight paſſes.*

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch; and his device,
A wreath of chivalry: the word, *Me pompæ provexit apex*[2].

[*The fourth knight paſſes.*

Sim. What is the fourth[3]?

Thai. A burning torch[4], that's turn'd upſide down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which ſhews that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth knight paſſes.*

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-ſtone try'd:

The

[1] —*Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.*] That is: *more by ſweetneſs than by force.* The author ſhould have written *Mas per dulçura*, &c. *Piu* in Italian ſignifies *more*; but, I believe, there is no ſuch Spaniſh word. MALONE.

[2] *Me pompæ provexit apex.*] All the old copies have *Me Pompey*, &c. Whether we ſhould amend theſe words as follows—me pompæ provexit apex,—or correct them thus—me Pompei provexit apex, I confeſs my ignorance. A *wreath of chivalry*, in its common ſenſe, might be the deſert of many knights on many various occaſions; ſo that its particular claim to honor on the preſent one is not very clearly aſcertained. If the wreath declares of itſelf that it was once the ornament of *Pompey's* helm, perhaps here may be ſome alluſion to thoſe particular marks of diſtinction which he wore after his bloodleſs victory over the Cilician pirates:

"Et victis cedat *piratica laurea* Gallis."

STEEVENS.

[3] *What is the fourth?*] i. e. What is the fourth device. MALONE.

[4] *A burning torch*, &c.] This device and motto may have been taken from Daniel's tranſlation of *Paulus Jovius*, in 1585, in which they are found. Signat. H. 7 b. MALONE.

The motto thus, *Sic ſpectanda fides.*

[*The ſixth knight paſſes.*

Sim. And what's the ſixth and laſt, the which the knight himſelf
With ſuch a graceful courteſy deliver'd?

Thai. He ſeems to be a ſtranger; but his preſent
Is a wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac ſpe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral:
From the dejected ſtate wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flouriſh.

1. *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward ſhew
Can any way ſpeak in his juſt commend:
For, by his ruſty outſide he appears,
To have practis'd more the whipſtock, than the lances.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a ſtranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, ſtrangely furniſhed.

3. *Lord.* And on ſet purpoſe let his armour ruſt
Until this day, to ſcour it in the duſt.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us ſcan
The outward habit by the inward man[6].
But ſtay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great ſhouts; and all cry,* The mean knight.

[5] —*the* whipſtock—] i. e. the carter's whip. See note on *Twelfth Night.* STEEVENS.

[6] *The outward habit by the inward man.*] i. e. that makes us ſcan the inward man by the outward habit.

This kind of inverſion was formerly very common. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" ———that many may be meant
" By the fool multitude." MALONE.

Why ſhould we not read—

The *inward* habit by the *outward* man.

The words were accidentally miſplaced. In the proſe romance already quoted, the king ſays: " —the habyte maketh not the relygious man." STEEVENS.

In my copy this line is quoted in an old hand as Mr. Steevens reads. FARMER.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, *Lords, Knights, and Attendants.*

Sim. Knights,
To ſay you are welcome, were ſuperfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds[7],
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in ſhew commends itſelf.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feaſt:
You are princes, and my gueſts.
Thai. But you, my knight and gueſt;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happineſs.
Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit[8].
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artiſt[8], art hath thus decreed,
To make ſome good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd ſcholar. Come, queen o'the feaſt,
(For, daughter, ſo you are[9], here take your place:
Marſhal the reſt, as they deſerve their grace.

Knights,

[7] To *place*, &c.] The quarto, 1609, reads—*I* place, and this corrupt reading was followed in that of 1619, and in the folio, 1664. The emendation is taken from the folio, 1685. MALONE.

[8] —*than* my *merit*.] Thus the original quarto, 1609. The ſecond quarto has—*by* merit. MALONE.

[8] *In framing* an artiſt,—] We might better read—In framing artiſts.—MALONE.

[9] —*Come* queen o'the feaſt,
(*For, daughter*, ſo you are,) So, in *The Winter's Tale*:
"——preſent

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your preſence glads our days; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marſh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. *Knight.* Contend not, ſir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low deſpiſe [1].

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, ſir, ſit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
Theſe cates reſiſt me, ſhe not thought upon [2].

That.

" ———preſent yourſelf,
" That *which you are, miſtreſs o'the feaſt.*"

STEEVENS.

[1] That *neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,*
Envy *the great, nor* do *the low deſpiſe.*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1619. The firſt quarto reads:

" *Have* neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
" *Envies* the great, nor *ſhall* the low deſpiſe."

MALONE.

[2] *By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,*
Theſe cates reſiſt me, ſhe *not thought upon.*] All the copies read " —*he* not thought upon," and theſe lines are given to Simonides. In the old plays it is obſervable, that declarations of affection, whether diſguiſed or open, are generally made by both the parties; if the lady utters a tender ſentiment, a correſponding ſentiment is uſually given to her lover. Hence I conclude that the author wrote,

—*ſhe* not thought upon:

and that theſe lines belong to Pericles. If *he* be right, I would read,

" ———he *now* thought upon."

The prince recollecting his preſent ſtate, and comparing it with that of Simonides, wonders that he can eat. In Gower, where this entertainment is particularly deſcribed, it is ſaid of *Appolinus*, the Pericles of the preſent play, that

" He ſette and caſt about his eie,
" And ſaw the lordes in eſtate,
" And with hym ſelfe were in debate
" Thynkende what he had lore;
" And ſuch a ſorowe he toke therefore,
" That he ſat ever ſtille and *thought*,
" *As he which of no meate rought.*"

So

Thai. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do ſeem unſavoury,
Wiſhing him my meat[3]: ſure he's a gallant gentleman.
Sim. He's but a country gentleman; he has
Done no more than other knights have done:
He has broken a ſtaff, or ſo; ſo let it paſs.
Thai. To me he ſeems like diamond to glaſs.
Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes ſit like ſtars about his throne,
And he the ſun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but, like leſſer lights,
Did vail their crowns to his ſupremacy;
Where now his ſon's like a glow-worm in the night[4],
The which hath fire in darkneſs, none in light:
Whereby

So in *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: "—at the laſt he ſate him down at the table, and, *without etynge*, he behelde the noble company of lordes and grete eſtates.—Thus as he looked all about, a grete lorde that ſerved at the kynges table, ſayde unto the kynge, Certes ſyr, this man wolde gladly your honour, for he *dooth not ete*, but beholdeth hertely your noble magnyfycence, and is in poynt to weep."

The words *reſiſt me*, however, do not well correſpond with this idea. Perhaps they are corrupt. MALONE.

—*theſe cates* reſiſt *me*,——] i. e. go againſt my ſtomach. STEEVENS.

[3] *Wiſhing him my meat*:] I am afraid that a jingle is here intended between *meat* and *mate*. The two words were, I believe, in our author's time, generally, and are at this day in Warwickſhire, pronounced alike. The addreſs to *Juno* countenances this ſuppoſition. MALONE.

Surely the plain meaning is, that ſhe had rather have a huſband than a dinner; that ſhe wiſhes Pericles were in the place of the proviſions before her; regarding him (to borrow a phraſe from Romeo) as *the deareſt morſel of the earth*. So, in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*:

" —If thou couch
" But one night with her—
" Thou ſhalt remember nothing more, than what
" That *banquet* bids thee to." STEEVENS.

[4] *Where now his* ſon's *like a glow-worm in the night*,] The old copies read—Where now his *ſon*, &c.—But this is ſcarcely intelligible. The ſlight change that has been made, affords an eaſy ſenſe. *Where* is, I ſuppoſe, here, as in many other places, uſed for *whereas*.

The

Whereby I ſee that time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave[5],
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry knights?

1. *Knight.* Who can be other in this royal preſence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's ſtor'd unto the brim[6],
(As you do love, fill to your miſtreſs' lips,)
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pauſe a while;
You knight doth ſit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a ſhew might countervail his worth,
Note it not you, Thaiſa?

Thai. What is it
To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, ſhould live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them: and princes, not doing ſo,

Are

The peculiar property of the glow-worm, on which the poet has here employed a line, he has in *Hamlet* happily deſcribed by a ſingle word:

"The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
"And 'gins to pale his *uneffectual* fire. MALONE.

[5] *For he's their parent, and he is their grave,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The earth, that's nature's *mother*, is her *tomb*;
"What is her burying *grave*, that is her *womb*."

Milton has the ſame thought:

"The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."

In the text the ſecond quarto has been followed. The firſt reads:

He's *both* their parent and he is their grave."
MALONE.

[6] —*that's* ſtor'd *unto the brim*,] The quarto, 1609. reads —that's *ſtur'd* unto the brim. MALONE.

If *ſtirr'd* be the true reading, it muſt mean that *dances* to the brim. But I rather think we ſhould read—*ſtor'd*, i. e. repleniſhed. So before in this play:

"Their tables were *ſtor'd* full."

Again:

"Were not this glorious caſket *ſtor'd* with ill."

Again:

"—theſe

Are like to gnats, which make a ſound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at[7].
Therefore to make his entrance more ſweet[8],
Here ſay, we drink this ſtanding bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a ſtranger knight to be ſo bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How! do as I bid you, or you'll move me elſe.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not pleaſe me better. [*Aſide.*

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we deſire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage[9].

Thai. The king, my father, ſir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wiſhing it ſo much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he deſires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms* ;)—

Who

" ——theſe our ſhips
" Are *ſtor'd* with corn—." STEEVENS.

[7] *Are wonder'd at.*] i. e. when they are found to be ſuch ſmall inſignificant animals, after making ſo great a noiſe. PERCY.

[8] *Therefore to make his* entrance *more ſweet.*] *Entrance* was ſometimes uſed by our old poets as a word of three ſyllables. MALONE.

[9] *Of whence he is, his name and parentage.*] So, in the *Conf. Amant.*

" His doughter——
" He bad to go on his meſſage,
" And fonde for to make him glade,
" And ſhe did as her father bade;
" And goth to him the ſofte paas,
" And aſketh whens and what he was,
" And praithe he ſhulde his thought leve."
MALONE.

* being *in arts and arms*;] The old copies have—*been* I am reſponſible for the correction; and for the introduction of the words *has been* in the following ſpeech. MALONE.

Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough ſeas reft of ſhips and men,
And, after ſhipwreck, driv'n upon this ſhore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himſelf Pericles,
A Gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the ſeas has been bereft
Of ſhips and men, and caſt upon this ſhore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we ſit too long on trifles,
And waſte the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are addreſt[1],
Will very well become a ſoldier's dance.
I will not have excuſe, with ſaying, this
Loud muſick is too harſh[2] for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*

So, this was well aſk'd; 'twas ſo well perform'd.
Come, ſir; here's a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard[3], you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;

And

[1] *Even in your armours, as you are* addreſt,] As you are accoutred, prepared for combat. So, in *K Henry V.*

" To-morrow for the match are we *addreſt*."

The word *very* in the next line was inſerted by the editor of the folio. MALONE.

[2] *I will not have excuſe, with ſaying,* this
Loud muſick is too harſh ——] i. e. the loud noiſe made by the claſhing of their armour.

The dance here introduced is thus deſcribed in an ancient *Dialogue againſt the Abuſe of Dancing*, bl. let. no date:

" There is a daunce called Choria,
" Which joy doth teſtify;
" Another called Pyrricke
" Which warlike feats doth try;
" For men in armour geſtures made,
" And leapt, that ſo they might,
" When need requires, be more prompt
" In publique weale to fight." MALONE.

[3] *And have* often *heard,*] I have inſerted the word *often*, which was probably omitted by the careleſſneſs of the compoſitor. MALONE.

And that their meaſures are as excellent.
Per. In thoſe that practiſe them, they are my lord.
Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be deny'd
[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*
Of your fair courteſy.—Unclaſp, unclaſp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the beſt. [*to* Pericles.] Pages and lights, to conduct
Theſe knights unto their ſeveral lodgings: Your's, ſir,
We have given order to be next our own[2].
Per. I am at your grace's pleaſure.
Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his reſt;
To-morrow, all for ſpeeding to their beſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tyre. *A Room in the Governour's houſe.*

Enter HELICANUS, *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, Eſcanes; know this of me[3],
Antiochus from inceſt liv'd not free;
For which, the moſt high gods not minding longer
To with-hold the vengeance that they had in ſtore,
Due to this heinous capital offence;
Even

[2] —*to be next our own.*] So Gower:
"The keynge his chamberleyn let calle,
"And bad that he by all weye
"A chamber for this man purvei,
Whiche nigh his own chambre bee." MALONE.
[3] No, *Eſcanes*,—] I ſuſpect the author wrote——— *Know*, Eſcanes, &c. MALONE.

Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was ſeated in a chariot
Of an ineſtimable value, and
His daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and ſhrivel'd up
Thoſe bodies[4], even to loathing; for they ſo ſtunk,
That all thoſe eyes adorn'd them, ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand ſhould give them burials[5].

Eſca. 'Twas very ſtrange.

Hel. And yet but juſtice; for though
This king were great, his greatneſs was no guard
To bar heaven's ſhaft; but ſin had his reward.

Eſca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, has reſpect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It ſhall no longer grieve, without reproof.

3. *Lord.* And curſt be he that will not ſecond it!

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

1. *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are riſen to the top.
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not your prince you love.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not yourſelf then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us ſalute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll ſeek him out;
If in his grave he reſt, we'll find him there;

And

4 *A fire from heaven came, and ſhrivel'd up*
Thoſe bodies,] This circumſtance is mentioned by Gower:
" —— they hym tolde,
" That for vengeance as God it wolde,
" Antiochus, as men maie witte,
" With thonder and lightnyng is forſmitte.
" His doughter hath the ſame chance,
" So ben thei both in o balance." MALONE.

5 *That all thoſe eyes adorned them, ere their fall,*
Scorn now, &c.] The expreſſion is elliptical:
That all thoſe eyes which *adored them,* &c.
MALONE.

And be reſolv'd, he lives to govern us[6],
Or dead, gives cauſe to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us[8] to our free election.

2. *Lord.* Whoſe death's, indeed, the ſtrongeſt in our cenſure[9]:
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head[1],
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof[2],)
Soon will fall to ruin, your noble ſelf,
That beſt know'ſt how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus ſubmit unto,—our ſovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honour's cauſe; forbear your ſuffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wiſh, I leap into the ſeat,
Where's hourly trouble[3], for a minute's eaſe.

A twelve-

[6] *And be* reſolv'd, *he lives to govern us,*] *Reſolv'd* is ſatisfied, freed from doubt. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

" *Reſolve* your angry father, if my tongue," &c.

MALONE.

[8] *And* leaves *us*—] The quarto, 1609, reads—And *leave* us, which cannot be right. MALONE.

[9] *Whoſe death's indeed* the ſtrongeſt in our cenſure:] i. e. the moſt probable in our opinion. *Cenſure* is thus uſed in *King Richard III.*

" To give your *cenſure* in this weighty buſineſs."

STEEVENS.

The old copies read—Whoſe *death* indeed, &c.

MALONE.

[1] *And knowing this kingdom,* if *without a head,*] They did not *know* that the kingdom had abſolutely loſt its governour; for in the very preceding line this lord obſerves that it was only more *probable* that he was dead, than living. I therefore read, with a very ſlight change,—*if* without a head. The old copy, for *if*, has—*is*. In the next line but one, by ſupplying the word *will*, which I ſuppoſe was omitted by the careleſſneſs of the compoſitor, the ſenſe and metre are both reſtored. The paſſage as it ſtands in the old copy, is not, by any mode of conſtruction, reducible to grammar.

MALONE.

[2] *(Like goodly buildings* left *without a roof,)*] The ſame thought occurs in *K. Henry IV.* Part II:

" ——— leaves his part-created coſt
" A naked ſubject to the weeping clouds,
" And waſte for churliſh winter's tyranny."

STEEVENS.

[3] *Take I your wiſh, I leap into the* ſeat,
Where's

A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the abſence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I ſhall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go ſearch like nobles, like noble ſubjects,
And in your ſearch, ſpend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You ſhall like diamonds ſit about his crown.

1. *Lord.* To wiſdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And, ſince lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour———[4]

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll claſp hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever ſtands.

[*Exeunt.*

Where's hourly trouble, &c.] The old copy reads—into the *ſeas*; and it muſt be acknowledged that a line in *Hamlet*,

" Or to take arms againſt a *ſea* of *troubles*,"

as well as the rhyme, adds ſome ſupport to this reading: yet I have no doubt that the poet wrote,

———I leap into the *ſeat*;—

So, in *Macbeth*:

" ———I have no ſpur
" To prick the ſides of mine intent, but only
" *Vaulting* ambition, which *o'er-leaps* itſelf, &c,

On ſhip-board the pain and pleaſure may be in the proportion here ſtated: but the troubles of him who plunges *into the ſea* (unleſs he happens to be an expert ſwimmer) are ſeldom of an hour's duration. MALONE.

Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's eaſe,] So, in *K. Richard III.*

" And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen."

MALONE.

[4] *We with our travels will endeavour,*—] I ſuppoſe the author intended an abrupt ſentence. Mr. Steevens would read —will endeavour *it*. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, *reading a Letter*[5]; *the Knights meet him.*

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.
Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth, ſhe will not undertake
A married life: her reaſon to herſelf
Is only known, which from her by no means
Can I get.
2. *Knight.* May we not get acceſs to her, my lord?
Sim. 'Faith, by no means; ſhe hath ſo ſtrictly ty'd her
To her chamber, that it is impoſſible.
One twelve moons more ſhe'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath ſhe vow'd[6],
And on her virgin honour will not break it.
3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.
[*Exeunt.*
Sim. So.
They're well diſpatch'd; now to my daughter's letter: She

[5] In *The Hiſtorie of Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, "two *kinges ſones* pay their court to the daughter of *Archyſtrates* (the Simonides of the preſent play). He ſends two rolls of paper to her, containing their names, &c. and deſires her to chooſe which ſhe will marry. She writes him a letter, (in anſwer, of which Appolyn is the bearer,—that ſhe will have the man "whiche hath paſſed the dangerous undes and perylles of the ſea,—all other to refuſe." The ſame circumſtance is mentioned by Gower, who has introduced *three* ſuitors inſtead of *two*, in which our author has followed him. MALONE.

[6] *This by the eye of Cynthia hath ſhe vow'd,*] It were to be wiſhed that Simonides (who is repreſented as a blameleſs character) had hit on ſome leſs ſhameful expedient for the diſmiſſion of theſe wooers. Here he tells them as a ſolemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction of his own. STEEVENS.

She tells me here, ſhe'll wed the ſtranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, miſtreſs, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well :—nay, how abſolute ſhe's in't,
Not minding whether I diſlike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft, here he comes :—I muſt diſſemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much! Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your ſweet muſick this laſt night[7]: I do
Proteſt, my ears were never better fed
With ſuch delightful pleaſing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleaſure to commend;
Not my deſert.
Sim. Sir, you are muſick's maſter.
Per. The worſt of all her ſcholars, my good lord.

Sim.

[7] ——————*Sir, I am beholding to you,*
For your ſweet muſick, this laſt night:] Here alſo our author has followed Gower:

" She, to doone hir faders heſt,
" Hir harpe fet, and in the feſte
" Upon a chaire, whiche thei ſette,
" Hir ſelfe next to this man ſhe ſette.
" With harpe both and eke with mouth
" To him ſhe did all that ſhe couth,
" To make him chere; and ever he ſigheth,
" And ſhe him aſketh howe him liketh.
" Madame, certes well, he ſaied;
" But if ye the meaſure plaied,
" Whiche, if you liſt, I ſhall you lere,
" It were a glad thing for to here.
" A leve, ſir, tho quod ſhe,
" Nowe take the harpe, and lete me ſee
" Of what meaſure that ye mene.—
" He taketh the harpe, and in his wiſe
" He tempreth, and of ſuch aſſize
" Synginge he harpeth forth withall,
" That as a voice celeſtial
" Hem thought it ſowned in her ere,
" As though that it an angell were." MALONE.

Sim. Let me aſk you one thing. What do you think
Of my daughter, ſir?
Per. A moſt virtuous princeſs.
Sim. And ſhe is fair too, is ſhe not?
Per. As a fair day in ſummer; wond'rous fair.
Sim. Sir, my daughter, thinks very well of you;
Ay, ſo well, that you muſt be her maſter,
And ſhe'll be your ſcholar; therefore look to it.
Per. I am unworthy to be her ſchool-maſter[8].
Sim. She thinks not ſo; peruſe this writing elſe.
Per. What's here!
A letter, that ſhe loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the king's ſubtilty, to have my life. [*Aſide.*
O, ſeek not to entrap, my gracious lord[9],
A ſtranger and diſtreſſed gentleman,
That never aim'd ſo high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
Sim. Thou haſt bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
Per. By the gods, I have not;
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your diſpleaſure.
Sim. Traitor, thou lieſt.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor.
Per. Even in his throat, (unleſs it be the king*,)
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
[*Aſide.*
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never reliſh'd of a baſe deſcent[8].
I come

[8] —to be *her ſchool-maſter.*] Thus the quarto, 1619. The firſt copy reads——*for* her ſchoolmaſter. MALONE.

[9] —my *gracious lord,*] Old copies——*me.* I am anſwerable for the correction. MALONE.

* ——the *king,*] Thus the quarto, 1609. The ſecond copy has——*a* king. MALONE.

[8] *That never* reliſh'd *of a baſe deſcent.*] So, in *Hamlet:*

"That has no *reliſh* of ſalvation in it."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

"So well thy words become thee as thy wounds:
"They *ſmack* of *honour* both." MALONE.

I came unto your court, for honour's cauſe,
And not to be a rebel to her ſtate;
And he that otherwiſe accounts of me,
This ſword ſhall prove, he's honour's enemy.
Sim. No!
Here comes my daughter, ſhe can witneſs it[9].

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Reſolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er ſolicit, or my hand ſubſcribe
To any ſyllable that made love to you.
Thai. Why, ſir, ſay if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, miſtreſs, are you ſo peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aſide.*] I'll tame you;
I'll bring you in ſubjection. Will you,
Not having my conſent, beſtow your love
And your affections upon a ſtranger?
(Who, for aught I know, may be, nor can I think
The contrary, as great in blood as I myſelf.) [*Aſide.*
Therefore, hear you, miſtreſs; either frame your will
To mine—and you, ſir, hear you, either be
Rul'd by me, or I'll make you—man and wife:
Nay, come; your hands and lips muſt ſeal it too:
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes deſtroy;—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleas'd?
Thai. Yes, if you love me, ſir.
Per. Even as my life, my blood that foſters it[1].
Sim.

[9] No! *here comes my daughter, ſhe can witneſs it.*] Thus all the copies. Simonides, I think, means to ſay—Not *a rebel to our ſtate!—Here comes my daughter: ſhe can prove thou art one.* Perhaps, however, the author wrote—*Now here comes*, &c.—In *Othello* we find nearly the ſame words:

"Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it."

MALONE.

[1] *Even as my life, my blood that foſters it.*—Even as my life loves my blood that ſupports it.—The quarto, 1619, and the ſubſequent copies, read

"Even

Sim. What, are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, if it pleaſe your majeſty.
Sim. It pleaſeth me ſo well, that I'll ſee you wed;
And then, with what haſte you can, get you to bed.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now ſleep yſlaked hath the rout;
No din but ſnores[2], the houſe about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breaſt[3]
Of this moſt pompous marriage feaſt.
The cat with eyne of burning coal,

"Even as my life, *or* blood that foſters it."
The reading of the text is found in the firſt quarto.
MALONE.

[2] *Now ſleep yſlaked hath the* rout;
No din but ſnores, &c.] The quarto, 1609, and the ſubſequent copies, read:
No din but ſnores *about the houſe*.
As Gower's ſpeeches are all in rhyme, it is clear that the old copy is here corrupt. It firſt occurred to me that the author might have written,
Now ſleep yſlaked hath the *rouſe*—
i. e. the carouſal. But the mere tranſpoſition of the latter part of the ſecond line, renders any further change unneceſſary. *Rout* is likewiſe uſed by Gower, for a *company* in the tale of *Appolinus*, the *Pericles* of the preſent play.
"Upon a tyme with a *route*
"This lord to play goeth hym out."
Again:
"It fell a daie thei riden oute,
"The kynge and queene and all the *route*."
MALONE.

[3] *No din but ſnores, the houſe about,*
Made louder by the o'er-fed breaſt—] So Virgil, ſpeaking of

Now couches from the mouſe's hole[4];
And crickets ſing at the oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth[5].
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loſs of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded:—Be attent[6],
And time that is ſo briefly ſpent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche[7];
What's dumb in ſhew, I'll plain with ſpeech.

Dumb ſhew.

Enter Pericles *and* Simonides *at one door, with Attendants; a Meſſenger meets them, kneels, and gives* Pericles a *letter.* Pericles *ſhews it to* Simonides; *the Lords kneel to the former.*

of Rhamnes, who was killed in the midnight expedition of Niſus and Euryalus:

Rhamnetem aggreditur, qui forte tapetibus altis
Extructus, *toto proſtabat pectore ſomnum.*

STEEVENS.

The quarto 1619, the folios, and Mr. Rowe, all read, o'er *fee beaſt*. The true reading has been recovered from the firſt quarto. MALONE.

4 —from *the mouſe's hole*;] May perhaps mean—*at ſome little diſtance from* the mouſe's hole. I believe, however, we ought to read—*'fore* the mouſe's hole. MALONE.

5 *And crickets ſing at the oven's mouth,*
As *the blither for their drouth*:] So in *Cymbeline*:
" The *crickets ſing*, and man's o'er-labour'd ſenſe
" Repairs itſelf by reſt."
The old copy has—*Are* the blither, &c. The emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. Perhaps we ought to read—
" And crickets *ſinging* at the oven's mouth,
Are the blither for their drought." MALONE.

6 *Be* attent,] This adjective is again uſed in *Hamlet*. MALONE.

7 *With your fine fancies quaintly* eche;] i. e. eke out. So, in the Chorus to *King Henry V.* (firſt folio):
" ——— ſtill be kind,
" And *echo* out our performance with your mind."
Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, quarto, 1600 (Heyes's edition):
" ———'tis to peeze the time,
" To *ech* it, and to draw it out in length."
MALONE.

mer[8]. *Then enter* Thaiſa *with child, and* Lychorida. Simonides *ſhews his daughter the letter; ſhe rejoices: ſhe and* Pericles *take leave of her father, and depart.—Then* Simonides, *&c. retire.*

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch[9],
Of Pericles the careful ſearch,
By the four oppoſing coignes[1],
Which the world together joins,

[8] —*the Lords kneel to the former.*] The lords kneel to Pericles, becauſe they are now, for the firſt time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre—" No man, ſays Gower in his *Conf. Amant.*

" ——knew the ſoth cas,
" But he hym ſelfe; what man he was."

By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has alſo ſucceeded to the throne of Antioch, in conſequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle propoſed to him.

MALONE.

[9] *By many a dearn and painful perch.*] *Dearn* is *direful, ſignal.* See Skinner's *Etymol.* in v. *Dire.* The word is uſed by Spenſer, B. ii. c. i. ſt. 35.—B. iii. c. i. ſt. 14. The conſtruction is ſomewhat involved. *The careful ſearch of Pericles is made by many a dearn and painful perch,—by the four oppoſing coignes, which join the world together:—with all due diligence, &c.* MALONE.

Dearn ſignifies *lonely, ſolitary.* See note on *King Lear.* A *perch* is a meaſure of five yards and a half. STEEVENS.

[1] *By the four oppoſing* coignes.] By the four oppoſite *corner-ſtones* that unite and bind together the great fabrick of the world. The word is again uſed by Shakſpeare in *Macbeth*:

" ——————No jutty, frieze,
" Buttreſs, or *coigne*, of vantage, but this bird
" Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle."

In the paſſage before us, the author ſeems to have conſidered the word as a ſtupendous edifice, artificially conſtructed. To ſeek a man in every *corner* of the *globe*, is ſtill common language.

All the copies read,

By the four oppoſing *crignes*—

but there is no ſuch Engliſh word. For the ingenious emendation inſerted in the text, which is produced by the change of a ſingle letter, the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt.

MALONE.

Is made, with all due diligence,
That horſe, and ſail, and high expence,
Can ſtead the queſt. At laſt from Tyre
(Fame anſwering the moſt ſtrong inquire [2],)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenor theſe:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of Helicanus would ſet on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there haſtes t'oppreſs;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not home in twice ſix moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The ſum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-raviſhed the regions round [3],
And every one with claps 'gan ſound,

" Our

2 *(Fame anſwering the moſt* ſtrong *inquire,)*] The old copy reads—the moſt *ſtrange* inquire; but it ſurely was not ſtrange, that Pericles' ſubjects ſhould be ſolicitous to know what was become of him. We ſhould certainly read—the moſt *ſtrong* inquire;—this earneſt, anxious inquiry. The ſame miſtake has happened in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, folio, 1623:

" Whoſe weakneſs married to thy *ſtranger* ſtate—"

inſtead of *ſtronger*. The ſame miſtake has alſo happened in other places. MALONE.

3 Y-raviſhed *the regions round*,] From the falſe print of the firſt edition, *Iraniſhed*, the ſubſequent editors formed a ſtill more abſurd reading:

Irony ſhed the regions round,—.

Mr. Steevens's ingenious emendation, to which I have paid due attention by inſerting it in the text, is ſtrongly confirmed by the following paſſage in Gower *de Confeſſione Amantis*:

" This tale after the kynge it had
" *Pentapolin all overſprad*,
" *There was no joye for to ſeche*,
" For every man it had in ſpeche,
" And ſaiden all of one accorde,
" *A worthy kynge ſhall ben our lorde*,
" That thought us firſt an he avines,
" Is ſhape us nowe to great gladnes.
" *Thus goth the tydinge over all.*" MALONE.

" *Our heir apparent is a king*:
Who dream'd, who thought of ſuch a thing?"
Brief, he muſt hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her deſire
(Which who ſhall croſs?) along to go;
(Omit we all their dole and woe:)
Lychorida, her nurſe, ſhe takes,
And ſo to ſea. Their veſſel ſhakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut [4]; but fortune's mood [5]
Varies again: the grizzled north
Diſgorges ſuch a tempeſt forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ſhip drives.
The lady ſhrieks, and well-a-near
Doth fall in travail with her fear:
And what enſues in this fell ſtorm [6],
Shall, for itſelf, itſelf perform.
I nill relate [7]; action may
Conveniently the reſt convey;
Which might not what by me is told [8].

In

[4] ——*half the flood*
Hath their keel cut;] They have made half their voyage with a favourable wind. So Gower:
" When thei were in the ſea *amid*,
" Out of the *north* thei ſee a cloude;
" The ſtorm aroſe, the wyndes loude
" Thei blewen many a dredeful blaſte,
" The welken was all over-caſte." MALONE.

[5] ——*half the flood*
Hath their keel cut; *but fortune's* mood,] The old copy reads—but fortune *mov'd*. MALONE.
Mov'd could never be deſigned as a rhyme to *flood*. I ſuppoſe we ſhould read—but fortune's *mood*, i. e. diſpoſition. So, in *Othello*:
" ——————whoſe eyes,
" Albeit unuſed to the melting *mood*,—".
Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:
" —muddied in *fortune's mood*." STEEVENS.

[6] —*in this* fell ſtorm,] This is the reading of the earlieſt quarto. The folios and the modern editions have—*ſelf* ſtorm. MALONE.

[7] *I will relate*;] The *further* conſequences of this ſtorm I ſhall not deſcribe. MALONE.

[8] *Which might not what by me is told.*] i. e. which might not

In your imagination hold
This ſtage, the ſhip, upon whoſe deck
The ſea-toſs'd Pericles appears to ſpeak [9].

[Exit.

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, *on a ſhip at ſea.*

Per. Thou God of this great vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges [1],
Which

not *conveniently convey* what by me is told, &c. What enſues may conveniently be exhibited in action; but action could not well have diſplayed all the events that I have now related. MALONE.

9 *In your imagination hold*
This ſtage, the ſhip, upon whoſe deck
The ſea-toſt Pericles appears to ſpeak.] It is clear from theſe lines, that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a ſea or a ſhip. The enſuing ſcene and ſome others muſt have ſuffered conſiderably in the repreſentation, from the poverty of the ſtage-apparatus in the time of our author.—The old copy has—*ſeas toſt*. Mr. Rowe made the correction. MALONE.

1 *Thou God of this great vaſt*, rebuke *theſe* ſurges,] The expreſſion is borrowed from the ſacred writings: "The *waters* ſtood above the mountains;—at thy *rebuke* they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they haſted away." It ſhould be remembered, that Pericles is here ſuppoſed to ſpeak from the deck of his ſhip. *Lychorida*, on whom he calls, in order to obtain ſome intelligence of his queen, is ſuppoſed to be beneath, in the cabin.—This great *vaſt*, is, this *wide expanſe*.

This ſpeech is exhibited in ſo ſtrange a form in the original, and all the ſubſequent editions, that I ſhall lay it before the reader, that he may be enabled to judge in what a corrupted ſtate this play has hitherto appeared, and be induced to treat the editor's imperfect attempts to reſtore it to integrity, with the more indulgence.

"The God of this great vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges,
"Which

Which waſh both heaven and hell, and thou that
haſt
Upon the winds command, bind them in braſs,
Having call'd them from the deep! O ſtill [2]
Thy deaf'ning dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble ſulphurous flaſhes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou ſtorm, venemouſly
Wilt thou ſpit all thyſelf [3]?—The ſeaman's whiſtle
Is as a whiſper in the ears of death [4],
Unheard.

" Which waſh both heaven and hell; and thou that
haſt
" Upon the windes commaund, bind them in braſſe;
" Having call'd them from the deepe, ô ſtill
" Thy deafning dreadful thunders, gently quench
" Thy nimble ſulphirous flaſhes: ô How Lychorida!
" How does my queene? then ſtorm venomouſly,
" Wilt thou ſpeat all thyſelf? the ſea-man's whiſtle
" Is as a whiſper in the eares of death,
" Unheard Lychorida? Lucina oh!
" Divineſt patrioneſs and my wife gentle
" To thoſe that cry by night, convey thy deitie
" Aboard our dauncing boat, make ſwift the pangues
" Of my queenes travayles? now Lychorida."
MALONE.

[2] *Having call'd them from the deep! O ſtill*—] Perhaps a word was omitted at the preſs. We might read—
Having call'd them from th' *enchafed* deep,—.
MALONE.

[3] —Thou *ſtorm, venomouſly*
Wilt thou ſpit all thyſelf?] All the copies read—*then* ſtorm, &c. which cannot be right, becauſe it renders the paſſage nonſenſe. The ſlight change that I have made, affords an eaſy ſenſe. MALONE.
I would read,
———*Thou* ſtorm'ſt *venomouſly*;
Wilt thou ſpit all thyſelf?
Venomouſly is maliciouſly. Shakſpeare has ſomewhat of the ſame expreſſion in one of his hiſtorical plays:
" The watery kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
" *Spits* in the face of heaven—."
Chapman likewiſe, in his verſion of the Iliad, ſays of the ſea, that ſhe
" —*ſpits* every way her foam." STEEVENS.

[4] *Is as a whiſper in the ears of death,*] In another place the poet ſuppoſes *death* to be awakened by the turbulence of the ſtorm:
" —And

Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divineſt patroneſs, and midwife [5], gentle
To thoſe that cry by night, convey thy deity
Abroad our dancing boat; make ſwift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida!—

Enter LYCHORIDA.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for ſuch a place,
Who, if it had conceit [6], would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good ſir; do not aſſiſt the ſtorm [7].
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the ſake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And

" —And in the viſitation of the winds,
" Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
" Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
" With *deaf'ning* clamours in the ſlippery clouds,
" That, with the hurly, *death itſelf awakes.*"
King Henry IV. Part II. MALONE.

[5] *Divineſt patroneſs, and* midwife, &c.] The quarto, 1609, and the ſubſequent copies, read—and *my wife*. Mr. Steevens's happy emendation, which I have inſerted in the text, is ſo clearly right, that it requires neither ſupport nor illuſtration. If it wanted the latter, Horace would furniſh it:

Montium cuſtos nemorumque virgo,
Quæ laborantes utero puellas
Ter vocata audis, adimiſque leto,
Diva triformis.

Again, in the *Andria* of Terence:

Juno *Lucina*, fer opem; ſerva me, obſecro!
MALONE.

[6] *Who, if it had* conceit,—] If it had *thought*. So, in *King Richard III.*:

" There's ſome *conceit* or other likes him well,
" When that he bids good-morrow with ſuch ſpirit."
MALONE.

[7] *Patience, good ſir; do not* aſſiſt the ſtorm,] Our author uſes the ſame expreſſion, on the ſame occaſion, in *the Tempeſt*:

" You mar our labour;—keep your cabins; *you do aſſiſt the ſtorm.*" MALONE.

And ſnatch them ſtraight away? We, here below,
Recal not what we give, and therein may
Uſe honour with you [8].
Lyc. Patience, good ſir,
Even for this charge.
Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more bluſt'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions [9]!
For thou art the rudelieſt welcom'd * to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou haſt as chiding a nativity [1],
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb [2]:

Even

[8] *Uſe honour with you.*] The meaning is ſufficiently clear.—*In this particular you might learn from us a more honourable conduct.* But the expreſſion is ſo harſh, that I ſuſpect the paſſage to be corrupt. MALONE.

To *uſe*, in ancient language, ſignifies to put out to *uſance* or *uſury*. The ſenſe of this paſſage may therefore be—our honour will *fetch* as much as yours, if placed out on terms of advantage. If valued, our honour is worth as much as yours. STEEVENS.

[9] *Quiet and gentle thy* conditions!] *Conditions* anciently meant *qualities*; diſpoſitions of mind. "The late earl of Eſſex (ſays Sir Walter Raleigh) told queen Elizabeth, that her *conditions* were as crooked as her carcaſe;—but it coſt him his head." MALONE.

* —welcom'd—] Old copy—*welcome*. For this correction I am anſwerable. MALONE.

[1] —*as* chiding *a nativity*,] i. e. as noiſy a one. So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, Hippolita, ſpeaking of the clamour of the hounds:

"——never did I hear
"Such gallant *chiding*." STEEVENS.

[2] *To* herald *thee from the womb*:] The old copy reads—To *harold* thee from the womb. For the emendation now made, the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. So, in *Macbeth*:

"only to *herald* thee into his preſence,
"Not to pay thee."

This word is in many ancient books written *harold*, and *haraud*. So, in Ives's SELECT PAPERS *relative to Engliſh Antiquities*, quarto, 1773, p. 130: "—and before them kings of armes, *harolds*, and purſuyvaunts."

Again, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1610:

"Truth

Even at the firſt, thy loſs is more than can
Thy portage quit [3], with all thou can'ſt find here.—
Now the good gods throw their beſt eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1. *Sail.* What courage, ſir? God ſave you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw [4]; It hath done to me the worſt [5]. Yet, for the love Of this poor infant, this freſh-new ſea-farer [6], I would, it would be quiet.

1. *Sail.* Slack the bolins there [7]; thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow and ſplit thyſelf.

2. *Sail.*

" Truth is no harauld, nor no ſophiſt, ſure."

See alſo Cowel's *Interpreter*, in v. Herald, Heralt, or *Harold*; which puts Mr. Steevens's emendation beyond a doubt. MALONE.

[3] — *thy loſs is more than can*

Thy portage quit,] i. e. thou haſt already loſt more (by the death of thy mother) than thy ſafe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. *Portage* is uſed for gate or entrance in one of Shakſpear's hiſtorical plays. STEEVENS.

Portage is uſed in *King Henry V.* where it ſignifies an open ſpace:

" Let it [*the eye*] pry through the *portage* of the head."

Portage is an old word ſignifying a toll or impoſt, but it will not commodiouſly apply to the preſent paſſage. Perhaps, however, Pericles means to ſay, you have loſt more than the *payment* made to me by your birth, together with all that you may hereafter acquire, can countervail.

[4] —*I do not fear the* flaw;] the blaſt. MALONE.

[5] *It hath done to me the worſt.*] So, in the *Conf. Amant.*

" ——— ——a wife!
" My joye, my luſt, and my deſyre,
" My welth, and my recoverire!
" Why ſhall I live, and thou ſhalt die?
" *Ha, thou fortune, I thee defie*;
" *Now haſt thou do to me thy werſt*:
" A herte! why ne wilt thou berſt?" MALONE.

[6] —*this* freſh-new *ſea-farer*,] We meet a ſimilar compound epithet in *K. Richard III.*

" Your *fire-new* ſtamp of honour is ſcarce current."

MALONE.

[7] *Slack the* bolins *there*;] *Bowlines* are ropes by which the ſails of a ſhip are governed, when the wind is unfavourable. They are ſlackened when it is high. This term occurs again in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*:

" ——— ——— the wind is fair:
" Top the *bowling*. STEEVENS.

2. *Sail.* But ſea-room [8], and the brine and cloudy billow kiſs the moon, I care not [9].

1. *Sail.* Sir, your queen muſt over-board; the ſea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ſhip be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your ſuperſtition.

1. *Sail.* Pardon us, ſir; with us at ſea it hath been ſtill obſerved; and we are ſtrong in eaſtern [1]. Therefore briefly yield her; for ſhe muſt over-board ſtraight [2].

Per. As you think meet.—Moſt wretched queen!

Lyc. Here ſhe lies, ſir.

Per. A terrible child-bed haſt thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time

To

[8] 1. *Sail.*—*Blow and ſplit thyſelf.*
2. *Sail. But ſea-room*, &c.] So, in the *Tempeſt*:
" *Blow* till thou *burſt thy wind*, if *room enough*."
MALONE.

[9] *—and the brine and cloudy billow kiſs the moon, I care not.*] So, in *The Winter's Tale*: " Now the *ſhip* boring the *moon* with her main-maſt."—*And* is uſed here, as in many other places, for *if*, or *though*. MALONE.

[1] *—and we are ſtrong in eaſtern.*] I have no doubt that this paſſage is corrupt, but know not how to amend it.
MALONE.

The word *eaſterne* is ſurely a corruption. The ſailor is labouring to juſtify his ſuperſtitious notion, and having told Pericles that it was founded on repeated obſervation, might add,—and we are ſtrong in *credence*. i. e. our faith or belief in this matter is ſtrong. So our author, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" Sith yet there is a *credence* in my heart."

Again, in another of his plays:

" ———love and wiſdom,
" Approv'd ſo to your majeſty, may plead
" For ample *credence*."

In *King Richard II.* we meet with a parallel phraſe:

" *Strong* as a tower *in hope*."

The number of letters in each word exactly correſponds; and the groſs errors which have been already detected in this play, are ſufficient to authorize the moſt daring attempts at emendation. STEEVENS.

[2] *—for ſhe muſt over-board ſtraight,*] Theſe words are in the old copy, by an evident miſtake given to *Pericles*.
MALONE.

To give thee hallow'd to thy grave [3], but ſtraight
Muſt caſt thee, ſcarcely coffin'd, in the ooze [4];
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
The air-remaining lamps [5], the belching whale [6],
And

[3] *To give thee hallow'd to thy grave,*] The old ſhepherd in *The Winter's Tale* expreſſes the ſame apprehenſion concerning the want of ſepulchral rites, and that he ſhall be buried,

" —where no prieſt ſhovels in duſt." MALONE.

[4] *Muſt caſt thee, ſcarcely coffin'd, in* the ooze;] The defect both of metre and ſenſe ſhews that this line, as it appears in the old copy, is corrupted. It reads:

Muſt caſt thee, ſcarcely coffin'd, in *oare*. MALONE.

I believe we ſhould read, with that violence which a copy ſo much corrupted will ſometimes force upon us,

Muſt caſt thee, ſcarcely coffin'd, in *the ooze*,
Where, &c.

Shakſpeare, in the *Tempeſt*, has the ſame word on the ſame occaſion:

" My ſon i' *the ooze* is bedded. " STEEVENS.

Again, *ibidem*:

" ———————I wiſh
" My ſelf were mudded in that *oozy* bed,
" Where my ſon lies."

Again, in Shakſpeare's *Lover's Complaint*:

" Of folded ſchedules had ſhe many a one,
" Which ſhe perus'd, ſigh'd, tore, and gave the *flood*,
" Bidding them find their *ſepulchres in mud*."

MALONE.

[5] *The* air-*remaining lamps*,—] Thus all the copies. *Air-remaining*, if it be right, muſt mean *air-hung*, ſuſpended for ever in the air. So (as Mr. Steevens obſerves to me) in Shakſpeare's 21ſt *Sonnet*:

" —*thoſe* gold *candles fix'd in heaven's air*."

In *K. Richard II.* *right-drawn* ſword is uſed for a ſword drawn in a juſt cauſe; and in *Macbeth* we meet with *air-drawn* dagger. Perhaps, however, the author wrote—*aye*-remaining. Thus, in *Othello*:

" Witneſs, you *ever*-burning lights above,"—:

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" To feed for *aye her lamp*, and flames of love."

MALONE.

The propriety of the emendation ſuggeſted by Mr. Malone, will be increaſed, if we recur to our author's leading thought, which is founded on the cuſtoms obſerved in the pomp of ancient ſepulture. Within old monuments and receptacles for the dead, perpetual (i. e. *aye-remaining*) lamps were ſuppoſed to be lighted up. Thus Pope in his *Eloiſa*:

Ah

And humming water muſt o'erwhelm thy corpſe,
Lying with ſimple ſhells. O, Lychorida,
Bid Neſtor bring me ſpices, ink and paper [7],
My caſket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the ſattin coffer [8]: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I ſay
A prieſtly farewell to her: ſuddenly, woman. [*Exit* Lyc.

2. *Sail.* Sir, we have a cheſt beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, ſay what coſt is this?

2. *Sail.* We are near Tharſus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy courſe for Tyre [9]. When canſt thou reach it?

2. *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind ceaſe.

Per. O, make for Tharſus.
There will I viſit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it

At

" Ah hopeleſs, *laſting* flames, like thoſe that burn
" To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn!"

I would, however, read,

And aye-remaining lamps, &c.

Inſtead *of a monument erected above thy bones,* AND *perpetual lamps to burn near them, the ſpouting whale ſhall oppreſs thee with his weight, and the maſs of waters ſhall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head.* STEEVENS.

[6] —*the* belching whale,] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida.*

" ——like ſcalded ſculls
" Before the *belching whale.*" MALONE.

[7] —*ink and* paper,] This is the reading of the ſecond quarto. The firſt has *taper.* MALONE.

[8] *Bring me the ſattin* coffer:] The old copies have—*coffin.* It ſeems ſomewhat extraordinary that Pericles ſhould have carried a coffin to ſea with him. We ought, I think, to read, as I have printed, *coffer.* MALONE.

Sattin coffer is more probably the true reading. In a ſubſequent ſcene, this *coffin* is ſo called:

" Madam, this letter and ſome certain jewels
" Lay with you in your *coffer.*

Our ancient *coffers* were often adorned on the inſide with ſuch coſtly material. A relation of mine has a trunk which formerly belonged to Catharine Howard when queen, and it is lined throughout with roſe-coloured *ſattin,* moſt elaborately quilted. STEEVENS.

[9] *Alter thy courſe for Tyre:*] Change thy courſe, which is now for *Tyre,* and go to *Tharſus.* MALONE.

At careful nurſing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body preſently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Epheſus. *A Room in* Cerimon's *Houſe.*

Enter CERIMON, *a Servant, and ſome perſons who have been ſhipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for theſe poor men;
It has been a turbulent and ſtormy night.

Ser. I have been in many; but ſuch a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd[1].

Cer.

[1] *I have been in many; but ſuch a night as this,*
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.] So, in *Macbeth:*

" Threeſcore and ten I can remember well,
" Within the volume of which time I have ſeen
" Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
" Hath trifled former knowings."

Again, in *K. Lear:*

" ———Since I was man,
" Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
" Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
" Remember to have heard."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" I have ſeen tempeſts, when the ſcolding winds
" Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have ſeen
" The ambitious ocean ſwell and rage and foam,
" To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
" But never till to-night, never till now,
" Did I go through a tempeſt dropping fire."

MALONE.

Cer. Your maſter will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be miniſter'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary [2],
And tell me how it works.

[*Exeunt* PHILEMON, Servant, *and thoſe who have been ſhip-wrecked.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.
2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordſhip.
Cer. Gentlemen, why do you ſtir ſo early?
1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings, ſtanding bleak upon the ſea,
Shook, as the earth did quake [3];
The very principals did ſeem to rend,
And all to topple [4]: pure ſurpriſe and fear
Made me to quit the houſe.
2. *Gent.* That is the cauſe we trouble you ſo early;
'Tis

[2] *Give this to the 'pothecary,*] The recipe which Cerimon ſends to the apothecary, we muſt ſuppoſe, is intended either for the poor men already mentioned, or for ſome of his other patients.—The preceding words ſhew that it cannot be deſigned for the maſter of the ſervant introduced here. MALONE.

[3] *Shook, as the earth did quake;*] So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——the obſcure bird
" Clamour'd the live-long night: ſome ſay, *the earth*
" *Was feverous, and did ſhake.*"

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

" ——as if the world
" Was feverous, and did tremble." MALONE.

[4] *The very* principals *did ſeem to rend,*
And all to topple;] The *principals* are the ſtrongeſt rafters in the roof of a building. The ſecond quarto, which is followed by the modern copies, reads corruptly—*principles*. If the ſpeaker had been apprehenſive of a general diſſolution of nature, (which we muſt underſtand, if we read *principles*,) he did not need to leave his houſe: he would have been in as much danger without, as within.

All to is an augmentative often uſed by our ancient writers. It occurs frequently in the *Confeſſio Amantis*. The word *topple*, which means *tumble*, is again uſed by Shakſpeare in *Macbeth*, and applied to buildings:

" Though caſtles *topple* on their warders' heads."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" Shakes the whole beldame earth, and *topples* down
" Steeples and moſs-grown towers." MALONE.

'Tis not our huſbandry [5].

Cer. O, you ſay well.

1. *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordſhip, having Rich tire about you [6], ſhould at theſe early hours Shake off the golden ſlumber of repoſe.
It is more ſtrange,
Nature ſhould be ſo converſant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning [7] were endowments greater
Than nobleneſs and riches: careleſs heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever
Have ſtudied phyſick; through which ſecret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the bleſt infuſions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, ſtones [8];

And

[5] *'Tis not our* huſbandry.] *Huſbandry* here ſignifies economical prudence. So, in *K. Henry V:*

" For our bad neighbours make us *early ſtirrers*,
" Which is both healthful and good *huſbandry*."

MALONE.

[6] Rich tire *about you*, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1609; but the ſenſe of the paſſage is not ſufficiently clear. The gentlemen roſe early, becauſe they were but in lodgings which ſtood expoſed near the ſea. They wonder, however, to find lord Cerimon ſtirring, becauſe he had *rich tire about him*; meaning perhaps a bed more richly and comfortably furniſhed, where he could have ſlept warm and ſecure in defiance of the tempeſt. The reaſoning of theſe gentlemen ſhould rather have led them to ſay—*ſuch towers* about you; i. e. a houſe or caſtle that could ſafely reſiſt the aſſaults of weather. They left their manſion becauſe they were no longer ſecure if they remained in it, and naturally wonder why he ſhould have quitted his, who had no ſuch apparent reaſon for deſerting it and riſing early. STEEVENS.

[7] *Virtue and* cunning—] *Cunning* means here *knowledge*. MALONE

[8] —*the bleſt infuſions*
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, ſtones;]—So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
" In plants, herbs, ſtones, and their true qualities."

STEEVENS.

And I can ſpeak of the diſturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in courſe of true delight
Than to be thirſty after tottering honour,
Or tie my pleaſure up in ſilken bags,
To pleaſe the fool and death [9].

2. *Gent.* Your honour has through Epheſus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themſelves
Your creatures, who by you have been reſtor'd:
And not your knowledge, your perſonal pain, but even
Your purſe, ſtill open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such ſtrong renown, as time ſhall never—

Enter two Servants, with a Cheſt.

1. *Ser.* So; lift there.
Cer. What's that?
Ser. Sir,
Even now did the ſea toſs up upon our ſhore
This cheſt; 'tis of ſome wreck.
Cer. Set it down; let us
Look upon it.
2. *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, ſir,
Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wond'rous heavy. Wrench it open ſtraight;
If the ſea's ſtomach be o'er-charged with gold,
'Tis a good conſtraint of fortune, it
Belches upon us [1].
2. *Gent.* It is ſo my lord.

Cer.

[9] *To pleaſe the fool and death.*] The *Fool* and *Death* were principal perſonages in the old Moralities. They are mentioned by our author in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" ——— merely thou art *death's fool*;
" For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
" And yet run'ſt toward him ſtill." MALONE.

[1] *It is a good conſtraint of fortune,*
It belches *upon us.*] This ſingular expreſſion is again applied by our author to the ſea, in *the Tempeſt*:

" You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny
" (That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
" And what is in't,) the never-ſurfeited *ſea*
" Hath cauſed to *belch up!*"

Cer. How cloſe 'tis caulk'd and bittum'd [2]! Did the ſea
Caſt it up?

1 *Ser.* I never ſaw ſo huge a billow, ſir,
As toſs'd it upon ſhore.

Cer. Wrench it open:
Soft!—it ſmells moſt ſweetly in my ſenſe.

2. *Gent.* A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my noſtril; ſo,—up with it.
O, you moſt potent gods! what's here? a corſe!

1. *Gent.* Moſt ſtrange!

Cer. Shrowded in cloth of ſtate:
Balm'd and entreaſur'd with full bags of ſpices!
A paſſport too! Apollo, perfect me
In the characters [3]! [*unfolds a ſcroll.*

Here I give to underſtand, [reads.
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)
I, king Pericles, *have loſt*
This queen, worth all her mundane [4] *coſt.*
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king [5]*:*
Beſides this treaſure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!
If thou liv'ſt, Pericles, thou haſt a heart,
That even cracks for woe [6].—This chanc'd to-night.

2. *Gent.*

[2] *How cloſe 'tis caulk'd and* bittum'd!] *Bottom'd*, which is the reading of all the copies, is evidently a corruption. We had before—

"Sir, we had a cheſt beneath the hatches, caulk'd and *bittumed* ready." MALONE.

[3] —*Apollo, perfect me*
In the characters!] Cerimon, having made phyſick his peculiar ſtudy, would naturally, in any emergency, invoke Apollo. On the preſent occaſion, however, he addreſſes him as the patron of learning. MALONE.

[4] —mundane—] i. e. worldly. MALONE.

[5] *Who finds her, give her burying;*
She was the daughter of a king:] The author had, perhaps, the ſacred writings in his thoughts:
"Go ſee now this curſed woman, and *bury her*; *for ſhe is a king's daughter.*" 2 Kings, ix. 36. MALONE.

[6] —*thou haſt a* heart,

That

2 *Gent.* Moſt likely, ſir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how freſh ſhe looks!—They were too rough,
That threw her in the ſea. Make a fire within;
Fetch hither all my boxes in my cloſet.
Death may uſurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'er-preſſed ſpirits. I have heard [7]
Of an Egyptian, that had nine hours lien dead [8],
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter a Servant with boxes, napkin, and fire.

Well ſaid, well ſaid; the fire and cloths [9].—
The rough and woeful muſick that we have,
Cauſe it to ſound, 'beſeech you [1].
The vial once more;———How thou ſtir'ſt, thou block?—
The muſick there [2]—I pray you, give her air;—
Gentlemen, this queen will live: Nature awakes;
A warmth

That even cracks *for woe.*] So in *Hamlet*:
" Now *cracks* a noble *heart.*"
Even is the reading of the ſecond quarto. The firſt has *ne'er.* MALONE.

[7] —*I have heard*—] For the inſertion of the word *have*, which both the metre and ſenſe require, I am reſponſible. MALONE.

[8] —*nine hours* lien *dead*,] So, in the lxviiith Pſalm:
" —though ye have *lien* among the pots,"—. STEEV.

[9] Well ſaid, well ſaid; *the fire and cloths.*] So, on a ſimilar occaſion in *Othello*, Act V. ſc. i.
" ———O, a chair, a chair!—
" *O, that's well ſaid*; the chair;—
" Some good man bear him carefully from hence."
MALONE.

[1] *The rough and woeful muſick that we have,*
Cauſe it to ſound, 'beſeech you.] Pauina in like manner in *The Winter's Tale*, when ſhe pretends to bring Hermione to life, orders muſick to be played, to awake her from her trance. So alſo the phyſician in *King Lear*, when the king is about to awake from the ſleep he had fallen into, after his frenzy:
" Pleaſe you draw near;—*Louder the muſick there!*"
MALONE.

[2] *The* vial *once more*;—*how thou ſtir'ſt, thou block?*—
The muſick there.] The firſt quarto reads—the *viol* once more.

A warmth breathes out of her [1]; ſhe hath not been
Entranc'd above five hours. See, how ſhe 'gins
To blow into life's flower again!

1. *Gent.* The heavens,
Through you, increaſe our wonder, and ſet up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,

Her

more. The ſecond and the ſubſequent editions—the *viol*. If the firſt be right, Cerimon muſt be ſuppoſed to repeat his orders that they ſhould again ſound their *rough and woeful muſick* So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" That *ſtrain again!*"——

The word *viol* has occurred before in this play in the ſenſe of *violin*. I think, however, the reading of the ſecond quarto is right. Cerimon, in order to revive the queen, firſt commands loud muſick to be played, and then a ſecond time adminiſters ſome cordial to her, which we may ſuppoſe had been before adminiſtered to her when his ſervants entered with the napkins, &c. See *Conf. Amant*, p. 189:

" —this worthie kinges wife
" Honeſtlie thei token oute,
" And maden fyres all aboute;
" Thei leied hir on a couche ſofte,
" And with a ſhete warmed ofte
" Hir colde breſte began to heate,
" Hir herte alſo to ſlacke and beate.
" This maiſter hath hir every joynte
" With certein oyle and balſam anoynte,
" *And put a licour in her mouthe*,
" Whiche is to few clerkes couthe."

Little weight is to be laid on the ſpelling of the firſt quarto, for *vial* was formerly ſpelt *viol*. In the quarto edition of *K. Richard II.* 1615:

" Edward's ſeven ſons, whereof thyſelf art one,
" Were ſeven *viols* of his ſacred blood."

Again, in the folio, 1623, *ibid*:

" One *viol* full of Edward's ſacred blood."

Again, in *The tragical Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" She poured forth into the *vyoll* of the fryer
" Water——." MALONE.

[1] *A warmth* breathes *out of her*;] The old copies read—a warmth *breath* out of her. The correction was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. The ſecond quarto, and the modern editions, read unintelligibly,

Nature awakes a *warm breath* out of her.

MALONE.

Her eye-lids, caſes to thoſe heavenly jewels [2]
Which Pericles hath loſt,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold [3];
The diamonds of a moſt praiſed water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you ſeem to be! [*She moves.*

Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this [4]?

2. *Gent.* Is not this ſtrange?

1. *Gent.* Moſt rare.

Cer. Huſh, my gentle neighbours; lend me your hands:
To the next chamber bear her [5]. Get linen; now
This matter muſt be look'd to, for her relapſe
Is mortal. Come, come, and Eſculapius guide us!
[*Exeunt, carrying* Thaiſa *away.*

[2] —caſes *to thoſe heavenly jewels*—] The ſame expreſſion occurs in *The Winter's Tale*:

"—they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear *the caſes* of their eyes." MALONE.

[3] *Her* eye-*lids* ——
Begin to part their fringes *of bright gold*;—So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"The *fringed curtains* of thine *eye* advance,
"And ſay, what thou ſee'ſt yond." MALONE.

[4] *What world is this?*] So, in the *Conf. Amant.*

"And firſt hir eien up ſhe caſte,
"And whan ſhe more of ſtrength caught,
"Hir armes both forth ſhe ſtraughte;
"Helde up hir honde, and pitiouſlie
"She ſpake, and ſaid, *where am I?*
"*Where is my lorde? What worlde is this?*
"As ſhe that wote not how it is." MALONE.

[5] *Huſh my* gentle *neighbours*;—
To the next chamber bear her.] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"I pray you, take me up, and *bear me hence*
"*Into another chamber: ſoftly*, pray;
"Let there be no noiſe made, *my gentle friends*,
"Unleſs ſome dull and favourable hand
"Will whiſper muſick to my wearied ſpirit."
MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Tharſus. *A Room in* Cleon's *Houſe.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, *and* MARINA.

Per. Moſt honour'd Cleon, I muſt needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus ſtands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulneſs! The gods
Make up the reſt upon you!

Cle. Your ſhakes of fortune, though they haunt you mortally [6],
Yet glance full wond'ringly on us.

Dion.

[6] —*though they* haunt *you mortally,*] Thus the firſt quarto. The folios and the modern editions read—*hate.* MALONE.

Your ſhakes *of fortune, though they* haunt *you mortally,*
Yet glance full wond'ringly *on us.*] I think we ſhould read:

Your *ſhafts* of fortune, though they *hurt* (or *hurt* or *hit*) you mortally,
Yet glance full wand'ringly, &c.

Thus Tully in one of his Familiar Epiſtles: "—omnibus *telis fortunæ* propoſita ſit vita noſtra." Again, Shakſpeare in his *Othello:*

"The ſhot of accident or *dart* of *chance*—."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

"The ſlings and *arrows* of outrageous *fortune.*"

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor:* "I am glad, though you have ta'en a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your *arrow* hath *glanced.*"

The ſenſe of the paſſage ſhould ſeem to be as follows. All the malice of fortune is not confined to yourſelf. Though her arrows ſtrike deeply at you, yet wandering from their mark, they ſometimes glance on us; as at preſent, when the uncertain ſtate of Tyre deprives us of your company at Tharſus. STEEVENS.

Dion. O, your ſweet queen!
That the ſtrict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
To have bleſt mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but
Obey the powers above us. Could I rage
And roar, as doth the ſea ſhe lies in, yet
The end muſt be as 'tis. My gentle babe,
Marina, (whom, for ſhe was born at ſea,
I have nam'd ſo,) here I charge your charity
Withal, leaving her the infant of your care;
Beſeeching you to give her princely training,
That ſhe may be manner'd as ſhe is born [7].

Cle. Fear not, my lord; but think
Your grace [8], that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers ſtill fall upon you,)
Muſt in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile [9], the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a ſpur [1],
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;

Your

[7] *That ſhe may be* manner'd *as ſhe is born.*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ———and he is one,
" The trueſt *manner'd*, ſuch a holy witch,
" That he enchants ſocieties to him." MALONE.

[8] *Fear not, my lord; but* think,
Your grace,—] Such is the reading of the ancient copies. I ſuſpect the poet wrote,

Fear not, my lord, but *that*
Your grace, &c. MALONE.

[9] ———*if* neglection
Should therein make me vile.] The modern editions have *neglect*. But the reading of the old copy is right. The word is uſed by Shakſpeare in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" And this *neglection* of decree it is,
" That by a pace goes backward." MALONE.

[1] —*my nature need a* ſpur,] So in *Macbeth*:

" ————I have no ſpur
" To prick the ſides of my intent,—."

STEEVENS.

Your honour and your goodneſs teach me to it[2],
Without your vows. Till ſhe be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unſiſter'd ſhall this heir of mine remain,
Though I ſhew will in't[3]. So I take my leave
Good madam, make me bleſſed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myſelf,
Who ſhall not be more dear to my reſpect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the ſhore;
Then give you up to the maſk'd Neptune[4], and
The gentleſt winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace your offer.—Come, deareſt madam.——

O, no

[2] *Your honour and your goodneſs* teach *me to it,*] Perhaps our author wrote—*witch* me to it. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

" To ſit and *witch* me as Aſcanius did."

Again, in another play:

" I'll *witch* ſweet ladies with my words and look."

Again, more appoſitely, in Spenſer's *Faerie Queen:*

" ——————pleaſing charms,
" With which weak men thou *witcheſt to attend.*"

STEEVENS.

[3] *Though I ſhew* will *in't.*] The meaning may be—*Though I appear wilful and perverſe by ſuch conduct.* We might read—Though I ſhew *ill* in't. MALONE.

Unſiſter'd ſhall this babe of mine remain,
Though I ſhew will *in't:*] i. e. till ſhe be married, I ſwear by Diana, (though I may ſhew [*will*, i. e.] obſtinacy in keeping ſuch an oath) this heir of mine ſhall have *none who ſhall call her ſiſter*; i. e. I will not marry and ſo have a chance of other children, before ſhe is diſpoſed of.—*Obſtinacy* was anciently called *wilfulneſs.* STEEVENS.

[4] —maſk'd *Neptune,*] i. e. inſidious waves, that wear a treacherous ſmile:

" Subdola fallacis ridet clementia ponti. *Lucretius.*

STEEVENS.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" ——the *guiled* ſhore
" To a moſt dangerous ſea." MALONE.

O, no tears, Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little miſtreſs, on whoſe grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Epheſus. *A Room in* Cerimon's *Houſe.*

Enter CERIMON *and* THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and ſome certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now*
At your command. Know you the character?
Thai. It is my lord's. That I was ſhipp'd at ſea,
I well remember, even on my yearning time[5];
But whether there delivered or no,
By the holy gods, I cannot rightly ſay;
But ſince king Pericles, my wedded lord,
I ne'er ſhall ſee again, a veſtal livery
Will I take me to, and never more have joy.
Cer. Madam, if this you purpoſe as you ſpeak,
Diana's temple is not diſtant far,

* —*which are* now—] For the inſertion of the word *now* I am accountable. MALONE.

[5] *I well remember, even on my* yearning *time*;] The quarto, 1619, and the folio, 1664, which was probably printed from it, both read *eaning*. The firſt quarto reads *learning*. The editor of the ſecond quarto ſeems to have corrected many of the faults in the old copy, without any conſideration of the original corrupted reading. MALONE.

Read—*yearning* time. So, in *King Henry V*:

"————for Falſtaff he is dead,
"And we muſt *yearn* therefore."

Rowe would read—*caning*, a term applicable only to ſheep when they *produce their young*. STEEVENS.

Where you may 'bide, until your date expire[6].
Moreover, if you pleaſe, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift ſmall.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER [7].

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd, and ſettled to his own deſire.
His woeful queen we leave at Epheſus,
Unto Diana there a votareſs[8].

Now

[6] *Where you may 'bide until your* date expire.] Until you die. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" The *date is out* of ſuch prolixity."

The expreſſion of the text is again uſed by our author in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" An *expir'd date*, cancell'd, ere well begun."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" ——— and *expire* the term
" Of a deſpiſed life." MALONE.

[7] *Enter Gower.*] This chorus, and the two following ſcenes, have hitherto been printed as part of the third act. In the original edition of this play, the whole appears in an unbroken ſeries. The editor of the folio in 1664, firſt made the diviſion of acts, (which has been ſince followed,) without much propriety. The poet ſeems to have intended that each act ſhould begin with a chorus. On this principle the preſent diviſion is made. Gower, however, interpoſing eight times, a chorus is neceſſarily introduced in the middle of this and the enſuing act. MALONE.

[8] *His woeful queen we leave at Epheſus,*
Unto Diana there a votareſs.] Epheſus is a rhime ſo ill

correſponding

Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our faſt-growing ſcene muſt find[9]
At Tharſus, and by Cleon train'd
In muſick, letters[1]; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder[2]. But alack!

correſponding with votare*ſs*, that I ſuſpect our author wrote Epheſe or Epheſs; as he often contracts his proper names to ſuit his metre. Thus Pont for Pont*us*, Mede for Med*ia*, Comagene for Comagen*a*, Sicils for Sicil*ies*, &c. Gower, in the ſtory on which this play is founded, has *Dionyze* for Dionyz*a*, and *Tharſe* for Tharſ*us*. STEEVENS.

The old copies read—*there's* a votareſs. I am anſwerable for the correction. MALONE.

9 *Whom our* faſt-growing ſcene *muſt find*—] The ſame expreſſion occurs in the chorus to *The Win er's Tale*:

" ——your patience this allowing,
" I turn my glaſs, and give my *ſcene* ſuch *growing*,
" As you had ſlept between." MALONE.

1 *In muſick, letters*;] The old copy reads, I think corruptly, —In *muſicks* letters. The correſponding paſſage in Gower's *Conf. Amant.* confirms the emendation now made:

" My doughter *Thaiſe* by your leve
" I thynke ſhall with you be leve
" As for a tyme: and thus I prai,
" That ſhe be kepte by all waie,
" And whan ſhe hath of age more
" That ſhe be ſet to *bokes lore*," &c.

Again:

" ——ſhe dwelleth
" In Tharſe, as the Cronike telleth;
" She was well kept, ſhe was well loked,
" *She was well taught, ſhe was well boked*;
" So well ſhe ſped hir in hir youth,
" That ſhe of every wyſedome couth." MALONE.

2 *Which makes* her *both the* heart *and place*
Of general wonder.] The old copies read—
Which makes *high* both the *art* and place, &c.
The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Which makes her *both the* heart *and place*
Of general wonder.] Such an education as rendered her the *center* and *ſituation* of general wonder. We ſtill uſe the *heart* of oak for the central part of it, and the *heart* of the land

That monſter envy, oft the wreck
Of earned praiſe[3], Marina's life
Seeks to take off, by treaſon's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown[4],
Even ripe for marriage fight[5]; this maid
Hight

land in much ſuch another ſenſe. Shakſpeare in *Coriolanus* ſays, that one of his ladies is—" the *ſpire* and *top* of praiſe." STEEVENS.

So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the *heart* of my meſſage." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —the very *heart* of loſs."

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" On her bare breaſt, the *heart* of all her land."

Place here ſignifies *reſidence*. So, in *A Lover's Complaint*:

" Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*."

In this ſenſe it was that Shakſpeare, when he purchaſed his houſe at Stratford, called it *The New Place*." MALONE.

3 ——*oft the wreck*
Of earned *praiſe*,] Praiſe that has been well deſerved. The ſame expreſſion is found in the following lines, which our author has imitated in his *Romeo and Juliet*:

" How durſt thou once attempt to touch the honour of his name?
" Whoſe deadly foes do yeld him dew and *earned praiſe*."
Tragical Hiſtorie of Romeus and Juliet, 1562.

So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" If we have un*earned* luck.—." MALONE.

4 *And in this kind hath our Cleon*
One daughter, and a wench full grown.] The old copy reads—

And in this kind our Cleon hath
One daughter, and a full grown wench.

The rhyme ſhews evidently that it is corrupt. For the preſent regulation the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

5 *Even ripe for marriage* fight;] The firſt quarto reads,

Even *right* for marriage *ſight*.

The quarto, 1619, and all the ſubſequent editions, have

Even *ripe* for marriage *fight*.

Sight was clearly miſprinted for *ſight*. We had before in this play *Cupid's wars*. Dr. Percy would read—for marriage *rites*. MALONE.

Hight Philoten: and it is ſaid
For certain in our ſtory, ſhe
Would ever with Marina be;
Be't when ſhe weav'd the ſleided ſilk[6],
With fingers, long, ſmall, white as milk;
Or when ſhe would with ſharp needle wound[7]
The cambrick, which ſhe made more ſound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She ſung, and made the night-bird mute,
That ſtill records with moan[8]; or when

She

Read—*fight*; i. e. the combats of Venus; or *night*, which needs no explanation. STEEVENS.

[6] *Be't when ſhe weav'd the* ſleided *ſilk*,] The old copies read—

Be it when *they* weav'd, &c.

But the context ſhews that *ſhe* was the author's word. To have praiſed even the hands of Philoten would have been inconſiſtent with the general ſcheme of the preſent chorus. In all the other members of this ſentence we find Marina alone mentioned:

Or when *ſhe* would, &c.
——or when to the lute
She ſung, &c. MALONE.

Sleided ſilk is untwiſted ſilk, prepared to be uſed in the weaver's *ſley* or *ſlay*. PERCY.

[7] *Or when ſhe would with ſharp* needle *wound*—] All the copies read, with ſharp *needle* wound; but the metre ſhews that we ought to read *needl*. In a ſubſequent paſſage, in the firſt quarto, the word is abbreviated:

" ——and with her *neele* compoſes—."

So, in Stanyhurſt's *Virgil*, 1582:

" —— ——on *needl* wrought carpets." MALONE.

[8] —*or when to the lute*
She ſung and made the night-bird *mute*,
That ſtill records with moan;] The firſt quarto reads:

——the *night-bed* mute
That ſtill records with moan.

for which in all the ſubſequent editions we find—

——and made the night-bed mute,
That ſtill records *within one*.

There can, I think, be no doubt, that the author wrote —night-*bird*. Shakſpeare has frequent alluſions, in his works, to the *nightingale*. So, in his 101ſt *Sonnet*:

" As Philomel in ſummer's front doth ſing,
" And ſtops his pipe in growth of riper days,

" Not

She would with rich and conſtant pen
Vail to her miſtreſs Dian[9]; ſtill
'This Philoten contends in ſkill
With abſolute Marina[1]: ſo

The

" Not that the ſummer is leſs pleaſant now
" Than when her *mournful hymns* did huſh the *night*,"
&c.

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

" And for, poor bird, *thou ſing'ſt not in the day*,
" As ſhaming anie eye ſhould thee behold,"—.

So, Milton, *Par. Loſt*, B. IV.

" ——Theſe to their neſts
" Were ſlunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
" She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung."

To *record* anciently ſignified to *ſing*. So, in Sir Philip Sydney's *Ourania*, by N. B. 1606:

" *Recording* ſongs unto the Deitie—."

" A bird (I am informed) is ſaid to *record*, when he ſings at firſt low to himſelf, before he becomes maſter of his ſong and ventures to ſing out. The word is in conſtant uſe with Bird-fanciers at this day." MALONE.

[9] —*with rich and conſtant pen*

Vail *to her miſtreſs Dian*;] To *vail* is to bow, to do homage. The author ſeems to mean—*When ſhe would compoſe* ſupplicatory hymns to Diana, or verſes expreſſive of her gratitude to Dionyza.

We might indeed read—*Hail* to her miſtreſs Dian; i. e. ſalute her in verſe. STEEVENS.

I ſtrongly ſuſpect that *vail* is a miſ-print. We might read:

Wail to her miſtreſs Dian.

i. e. compoſe elegies on the death of her mother, of which ſhe had been apprized by her nurſe, Lychorida.

That *Dian*, i. e. Diana, is the true reading, may, I think, be inferred from a paſſage in *The Merchant of Venice*; which may at the ſame time perhaps afford the beſt comment on that before us;

" Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;
" With ſweeteſt touches pierce your *miſtreſs'* ear,
" And draw her home with muſick."

Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" To be a barren ſiſter all your life,
" Chanting *faint hymns* to the cold fruitleſs *moon*."

MALONE.

[1] —*with* abſolute *Marina*:] i. e. highly accompliſhed, perfect. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——at

The dove of Paphos might with the crow
Vie feathers white[2]. Marina gets
All praiſes, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This ſo darks
In Philoten all graceful marks[3],
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare[4],
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might ſtand peerleſs by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida, our nurſe, is dead;
And curſed Dionyza hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath[5]
Preſt for this blow[6]. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carried winged time[7]

Poſt

" ———————at ſea
" He is an *abſolute* maſter."
Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1614:
" from an *abſolute* and moſt complete gentleman, to a moſt abſurd, ridiculous, and fond lover." MALONE.

[2] Vie *feathers white.*] See note on *The Taming of the Shrew*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*this ſo* darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,] So, in *Coriolanus*:
" ———————and their blaze
" Shall *darken* him for ever."
Again, *ibidem*:
" You are *darken'd* in this action, ſir,
" Even by your own." MALONE.

[4] —*with* envy *rare,*] *Envy* is frequently uſed by our ancient writers, in the ſenſe of *malice*. It is, however, I believe, here uſed in its common acceptation. MALONE.

[5] The *pregnant* inſtrument of wrath—] *Pregnant* is *ready*. So, in *Hamlet*:
" And crook the *pregnant* hinges of the knee,"—. MALONE.

[6] Preſt *for this blow.*] Preſt is *ready*; *pret*, Fr. So, in *the Tragical Hiſtorie of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
" I will, God lendyng lyfe, on Wenſday next be *preſt*
" To wayte on him and you—." MALONE.

[7] *Only I carried* winged time—] So, in the chorus to *The Winter's Tale*:

" I———————

Poſt on the lame feet of my rhime;
Which never could I ſo convey,
Unleſs your thoughts went on my way.——
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Tharſus. *An open place near the ſea-ſhore.*

Enter DIONYZA, *and* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou haſt ſworn to do it[8]:
'Tis but a blow, which never ſhall be known.
Thou canſt not do a thing in the world ſo ſoon,
To yield thee ſo much profit. Let not conſcience
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy boſom[9],
Inflame

" I———————
" Now take upon me, in the name of *time*,
" To uſe my *wings*."
Again, in *K. Henry V*:
" Thus with imagin'd *wing* our ſwift ſcene flies,
" In motion of no leſs celerity
" Than that of thought." MALONE.

[8] *Thy oath remember; thou haſt ſworn to do it:*] Here, I think, may be traced the rudiments of the ſcene in which lady Macbeth inſtigates her huſband to murder Duncan:
" ———I have given ſuck, and know
" How tender 'tis to love that babe that milks me;
" I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
" Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneleſs gums,
" And daſh'd the brains out, *had I but ſo ſworn*
" *As you have done to this.*" MALONE.

[9] —*inflame love in thy boſom,*] The firſt quarto reads—
" In

inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have caſt off, melt thee, but be
A ſoldier to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods ſhould have her[1]. Here
She comes weeping for her old miſtreſs' death.
Thou art reſolv'd?

Leon. I am reſolv'd[2].

" Let not conſcience which is but cold, *in flaming thy love* boſome, enflame too nicelie, nor let pitie," &c. The ſubſequent impreſſions afford no aſſiſtance. Some words ſeem to have been loſt. The ſentiment originally expreſſed, probably was this.—Let not conſcience, which is but a cold monitor, deter you from executing what you have promiſed; nor let the beauty of Marina enkindle the flame of love in your boſom;—nor be ſoftened by pity, which even I, a woman, have caſt off.—I am by no means ſatisfied with the regulation that I have made, but it affords a glimmering of ſenſe. Nearly the ſame expreſſion occurred before:

——That have *inflam'd deſire in my breaſt*—.

I ſuſpect, the words *enflame too nicely* were written in the margin, the author not having determined which of the two expreſſions to adopt; and that by miſtake they were tranſcribed as part of the text. The metre, which might be more commodiouſly regulated, if theſe words were omitted, in ſome meaſure ſupports this conjecture:

Nor let pity, which ev'n women have caſt off,
Melt thee, but be a ſoldier to thy purpoſe.

MALONE.

We might read,

——inflame thy lov*ing* boſom:

With Mr. Malone's alteration, however, the words will bear the following ſenſe: Let not conſcience, which in itſelf is of a cold nature, have power to raiſe the flame of love in you, raiſe it even to folly.—*Nicely*, in ancient language, ſignifies *fooliſhly*. *Niais*, Fr. STEEVENS.

[1] —*but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.*

Dion. *The fitter then the gods ſhould have her.*] So, in *King Richard III.*

" O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.——

" The fitter for the king of Heaven." STEEVENS.

[2] *Here ſhe comes weeping for her old miſtreſs' death.*
Thou art reſolv'd?

Leon.

Enter MARINA, *with a baſket of flowers.*

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To ſtrew thy green with flowers[3]: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,

Shall,

Leon. *I am reſolv'd.*] This paſſage in the old copy ſtands thus:

Here ſhe comes weeping for her only miſtreſs death.
Thou art reſolved?

If regulated thus,

Here ſhe comes weeping for her only miſtreſs.—
Death.—thou art reſolv'd?

it reminds us of one in *K. John*:

K. John. "Doſt thou underſtand me?—
"Thou art his keeper.
Hub. "And I'll keep him ſo,
"That he ſhall not offend your majeſty.
K. John. "*Death.*
Hub. "My lord?
K. John. "A *grave.*
Hub. "*He ſhall not live.*"

The ſimilitude may, however, be only imaginary, for the poet might have meant to ſay no more than—"Here ſhe comes weeping for the death of her only miſtreſs." Dr. Percy, ſuppoſes the words—*only miſtreſs* to be corrupt, and would read—her *old nurſe's* death. "As Marina had been trained in muſick, letters, &c. and had gained all the graces of education, Lychorida (he obſerves) could not have been her *only miſtreſs.*" But I think the latter word right. Her nurſe was in one ſenſe her miſtreſs; Marina, from her infancy to the age of fourteen, having been under the care of Lychorida.

Her only (or her *old*) *miſtreſs' death*, (not "*miſtreſſes* death,") was the language of Shakeſpeare's time. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"With ſweeteſt touches pierce your *miſtreſs' ear*," &c.

MALONE.

[3] *No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,*
To ſtrew thy green *with flowers*:] Thus the quartos. In the folio *grave* was ſubſtituted for *green*. *By the green*, as Lord Charlemont ſuggeſts to me, was meant "the green turf with which the grave of Lychorida was covered." So, in Taſſo's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, tranſlated by Fairfax, 1600:

"My aſhes cold ſhall, buried on this *green*,
"Enjoy that good this body ne'er poſſeſt."

Weed in old language meant garment. MALONE.

The proſe romance, already quoted, ſays, "that always as ſhe

Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While ſummer days do laſt[4]. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempeſt, when my mother dy'd,
This world to me is like a laſting ſtorm*,
Whirring me from my friends[5].

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone[6]? How

ſhe came homeward, ſhe went and waſhed the tombe of her nouryce, and kept it continually fayre and clene."

STEEVENS.

[4] *Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy* grave,
While ſummer days do laſt.] So, in *Cymbeline*:
" ———with *faireſt flowers*,
" *While ſummer laſts*, and I live here, Fidele,
" I'll ſweeten thy ſad *grave*. Thou ſhalt not lack
" The flower that's like thy face, pale primroſe, nor
" The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins, no nor
" The leaf of eglantine, whom not to ſlander
" Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath."

Mr. Steevens would read—Shall as a *chaplet*, &c. The word *hang*, it muſt be owned, favours this correction, but the flowers ſtrew'd *on the green-ſward*, may with more propriety be compared to a carpet than a wreath. MALONE.

* —like *a laſting ſtorm*,] Thus the quarto, 1619. In the firſt copy the word *like* is omitted. MALONE.

[5] Whirring *me from my friends*.] Thus the earlieſt copy; I think, rightly. The ſecond quarto, and all the ſubſequent impreſſions, read—*Hurrying* me from my friends. *Whirring* or *whirrying* had formerly the ſame meaning. A bird that flies with a quick motion, accompanied with noiſe, is ſtill ſaid to *whirr* away. Thus Pope.

" Now from the brake the *whirring* pheaſant ſprings."

The verb to *whirry* is uſed in the ancient ballad entitled *Robin Goodfellow*. *Reliques of Ancient Eng. Poet.*

" More ſwift than wind away I go,
" O'er hedge and lands,
" Through pools and ponds,
" I *whirry*, laughing, ho ho ho." MALONE.

The two laſt lines uttered by Marina, very ſtrongly reſemble a paſſage in Homer's *Iliad*, b. 19. l. 377

τοὺς δ' οὐκ ἐθέλοντας ἄελλαι
Πόντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα ΦΙΛΩΝ ΑΠΑΝΕΥΘΕ ΦΕΡΟΥΣΙΝ.

[6] *How now*, Marina! *why do you keep alone?*] Thus the earlieſt copy. So, in *Macbeth*:

" *How now*, my lord! *why do you keep alone?*"

The ſecond quarto reads,

——— why do you *weep* alone? MALONE.

How chance my daughter is not with you[7]? Do not
Conſume your blood with ſorrowing[8]: you have
A nurſe of me*. Lord! how your favour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe!
Come, give me your flowers: ere the ſea mar it,
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there[9],
And it pierces and ſharpens the ſtomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your ſervant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourſelf,
With more than foreign heart[1]. We every day
Expect him here: when he ſhall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports[2], thus blaſted,

He

[7] *How chance my daughter is not with you?*] So, in *K. Henry IV, P. II:* "How chance thou art not with the prince, thy brother?" MALONE.

[8] *Conſume your blood with ſorrowing:*] So, in *K. Henry VI. P. II.* "—*blood-conſuming ſighs.*" MALONE.

* —*you have*
A nurſe of me,] Thus the quarto, 1619. The firſt copy reads—Have you a nurſe of me? The poet probably wrote—
——Have you *not*
A nurſe of me? MALONE.

[9] —*ere the ſea mar it,*
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,] Some words muſt, I think, have been omitted. Probably the author wrote:
—— ere the ſea mar it,
Walk *on the ſhore* with Leonine, the air
Is quick there. MALONE.

—*ere the ſea mar it,* &c.] i. e. ere the ſea mar your walk upon the ſhore by the coming in of the tide, walk there with Leonine. We ſee plainly by the circumſtance of the pirates, that Marina, when ſeized upon, was walking on the ſea-ſhore; and Shakſpeare was not likely to reflect that there is little or no tide in the Mediterranean. CHARLEMONT.

[1] *With more than foreign heart.*] With the ſame warmth of affection as if I was your country-woman. MALONE.

[2] *Our paragon to all reports,*] Our fair charge, whoſe beauty was once *equal to* all that fame ſaid of it. So, in *Othello:*
" ——————He hath atchiev'd a maid,
" *That paragons deſcription and wild fame.*"
MALONE.

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your beſt courſes. Go, I pray you;
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reſerve
That excellent complexion, which did ſteal
The eyes of young and old[3]. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no deſire to it[4].

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the leaſt;
Remember what I have ſaid.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my ſweet lady, for a while;
Pray you, walk ſoftly, do not heat your blood;
What! I muſt have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, ſweet madam.— [*Exit* Dionyza.
Is this wind weſterly that blows?

Leon. South-weſt.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't ſo?

Mar. My father, as nurſe ſaid, did never fear,
But cry'd, *good ſeamen*, to the ſailors, galling
His

[3] ——reſerve
That excellent complexion, *which did* ſteal
The eyes of young and old.] So, in Shakſpeare's 20th *Sonnet*:

"A man in *hue* all hues in his controlling,
"Which *ſteals* men's *eyes*, and women's ſouls amaz-
eth."

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

"Thus did he in the general boſom reign
"*Of young and old.*

To *reſerve* is here, *to guard*; to *preſerve* carefully. So, in Shakſpeare's 32d *Sonnet*:

"*Reſerve* them, for my love, not for their rhymes."
MALONE.

[4] *Well, I will go*;
But yet I have no deſire to it.] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"I have no mind of feaſting forth to-night,
"But I will go." STEEVENS.

His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes[4];
And, claſping to the maſt, endur'd a ſea
That almoſt burſt the deck[5].

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born.
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle waſhes off
A canvas-climber[6]: *ha*, ſays one, *wilt out?*
And with a dropping induſtry they ſkip
From ſtem to ſtern[7]: the boat-ſwain whiſtles, and
The maſter calls, and trebles their confuſion[8].

Leon. Come, ſay your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little ſpace for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am ſworn
To do my work with haſte.

Mar. Why, will you kill me[9]?

Leon.

[4] *His kingly hand* with *hauling* of *the ropes*;] For the inſertion of the words *with* and *of* I am reſponſible. MALONE.

[5] *That almoſt* burſt *the deck.*] *Burſt* is frequently uſed by our author in an active ſenſe. MALONE.

[6] *And from the ladder tackle waſhes off*
A canvas-climber:] A ſhip-boy. So, in *K. Henry V*:
" ——— ———and in them behold
" Upon the *hempen-tackle* ſhip boys *climbing.*"
I ſuſpect that a line, preceding theſe two, has been loſt, which perhaps might have been of this import:
" *O'er the good ſhip the foaming billow breaks,*
" And from the ladder-tackle," &c. MALONE.

[7] *From* ſtem *to ſtern*:] The old copies read—From *ſtern* to *ſtern*. But we certainly ought to read—From *ſtem* to *ſtern*. So, Dryden:
" Orontes' barque, even in the hero's view,
" *From ſtem to ſtern* by waves was overborne."
A haſty tranſcriber, or negligent compoſitor, might eaſily have miſtaken the letter *m* and put *rn*, in its place. MALONE.

[8] —*and trebles their confuſion.*] So, in *K. Henry V*:
" Hear the ſhrill *whiſtle*, which doth order give
" To ſounds *confus'd.*" MALONE.

[9] Leon. *Come, ſay your prayers.*
Mar. *What mean you?*

Leon.

Leon. To ſatisfy my lady.

Mar. Why, would ſhe have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never ſpake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouſe, nor hurt a fly;
I trod upon a worm againſt my will,
But I wept for it[1]. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commiſſion
Is not to reaſon of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreſhew
You have a gentle heart. I ſaw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good ſooth, it ſhew'd well in you; do ſo now:
Your lady ſeeks my life; come you between,
And ſave poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am ſworn,
And will diſpatch.

Enter

Leon. *If you require a little ſpace for prayer,*
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious, &c.

Mar. *Why, will you kill me?*] So, in *Othello:*

Oth. "Have you pray'd to-night, Deſdemona?—
"If you bethink yourſelf of any crime
"Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
"Solicit for it ſtraight.

Deſ. "Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?

Oth. "Well, do it, and be brief.—

Deſ. "Talk you of killing, &c. STEEVENS.

This circumſtance is likewiſe found in the *Geſta Romanorum*. "Peto, domine, ſays Tharſia, (the Marina of this play,) ut ſi nulla ſpes eſt mihi, permittas me deum teſtare. Villicus ait, teſtate; et Deus ipſe ſcit quod coactus te interficio. Illa vero cum eſſet poſita in oratione, venerunt pyratæ," &c. MALONE.

[1] *I trod upon a worm againſt my will,*
But I wept for it.] Fenton has tranſplanted this image into his *Mariamne:*

"——— ———when I was a child,
"I kill'd a linnet, but indeed I wept;
"Heaven viſits not for that." STEEVENS.

Enter Pirates, whilſt Marina *is ſtruggling.*

1. *Pir.* Hold, villain! [Leonine *runs away.*
2. *Pir.* A prize! a prize!
3. *Pir.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come let's have her aboard ſuddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with* Marina.

SCENE II.

The ſame. Enter LEONINE.

Leon. Theſe roguing thieves ſerve the great pirate, Valdes[2];
And they have ſeiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope ſhe'll return. I'll ſwear ſhe's dead,
And thrown into the ſea.—But I'll ſee further;
Perhaps they will but pleaſe themſelves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If ſhe remain,
Whom they have raviſh'd, muſt by me be ſlain. [*Exit.*

[2] *Theſe roguing thieves ſerve the great pirate,* Valdes;] The Spaniſh armada, I believe, furniſhed our author with this name. Don Pedro de *Valdes* was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great galleon of Andaluſia. His ſhip being diſabled, he was taken by Sir Francis Drake, on the twenty-ſecond of July, 1588, and ſent to Dartmouth. This play therefore, we may conclude, was not written till after that period.—The making one of this Spaniard's anceſtors a pirate, was probably reliſhed by the audience in thoſe days. MALONE.

We ſhould probably read—Theſe *roving* thieves. The idea of roguery is neceſſarily implied in the word *thieves*. MASON.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter PANDAR, BAWD, *and* BOULT.

Pan. Boult.

Boult. Sir.

Pan. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We loſt too much money this mart by being too wenchleſs.

Bawd. We were never ſo much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action * are even as good as rotten.

Pan. Therefore let's have freſh ones, what'er we pay for them. If there be not a conſcience to be uſed in every trade, we ſhall never proſper[3].

Bawd. Thou ſay'ſt true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor baſtards[4], as I think, I have brought up ſome eleven——

Boult.

* —*and with continual action*—] Old Copies—and *they* with, &c. The word *they* was evidently repeated by the careleſsneſs of the compoſitor. MALONE.

[3] *Therefore let's have freſh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conſcience to be uſed in every trade, we ſhall never proſper.*] The ſentiments incident to vicious profeſſions ſuffer little change within a century and a half. This ſpeech is much the ſame as that of *Mrs. Cole* in the *Minor*: "Tip him an old trader! Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader?" STEEVENS.

[4] *Thou ſay'ſt true; 'tis not our bringing up of poor baſtards,*] There ſeems to be ſomething wanting. Perhaps—*that will do*—or ſome ſuch words. The author, however, might have intended an imperfect ſentence. MALONE.

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again[5].
But ſhall I ſearch the market?

Bawd. What elſe, man? The ſtuff we have, a ſtrong wind will blow it to pieces, they are ſo pitifully ſodden.

Pan. Thou ſay'ſt true; they're too unwholſome o' conſcience[6]. The poor Tranſilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, ſhe quickly poop'd him[7]; ſhe made him roaſt-meat for worms:—but I'll go ſearch the market.
[*Exit* Boult.

Pan. Three or four thouſand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and ſo give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when we are old?

Pan. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger[8]: therefore

[5] Ay, to *eleven, and brought them down again.*] I have brought up (i. e. educated) ſays the bawd, ſome eleven. Yes, (anſwers Boult) to eleven, i. e. as far as eleven years of age) and then brought them down again. The latter clauſe of the ſentence requires no explanation. STEEVENS.

The modern copies read, *I too* eleven. The true reading, which is found in the quarto, 1609, was pointed out by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[6] *Thou ſay'ſt true*; they're too *unwholeſome o' conſcience.*] The old copies read--*there's too* unwholeſome o' conſcience. The preceding dialogue ſhews that they are erroneous. The complaint had not been made of *two*, but of *all the ſtuff* they had. According to the preſent regulation, the pandar merely aſſents to what his wife had ſaid. The words *two* and *too* are perpetually confounded in the old copies.
MALONE.

[7] *Ay, ſhe quickly* poop'd *him*;] The following paſſage in *The Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, 1607, will ſufficiently explain this ſingular term:

" ——————foul Amazonian trulls,
" Whoſe lanterns are ſtill lighted in their *poops.*"
MALONE.

[8] —*the commodity* wages *not with the danger*:] i. e. is not equal to it.

" ——————his taints and honours

" *Wag'd*

therefore, if in our youths we could pick up ſome pretty eſtate, 'twere not amiſs to keep our door hatch'd. Beſides, the ſore terms we ſtand upon with the gods, will be ſtrong with us for giving over.

Bawd.

" *Wag'd* equal with him." *Ant. and Cleop.*

STEEVENS.

Again, more appoſitely, in *Othello:*

" To wake and *wage* a *danger* profitleſs."

MALONE.

[t] *—to keep our door hatch'd.*] The doors or hatches of brothel, in the time of our author, ſeem to have had ſome diſtinguiſhing mark. So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607: " Set ſome *picks* upon your *hatch*, and, I pray, profeſs to keep a *bawdy-houſe*."

Prefixed

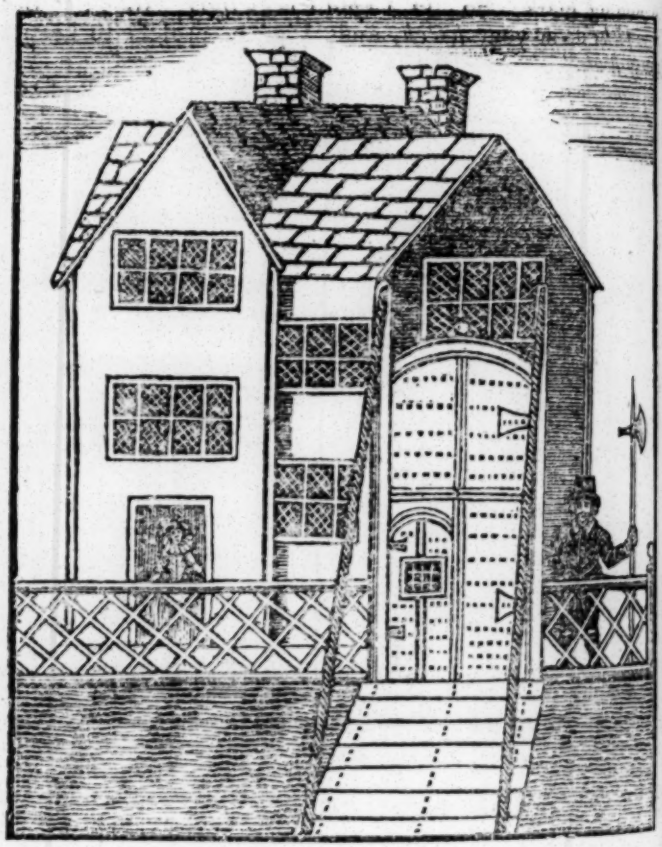
Bawd. Come, other ſorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worſe. Neither is our profeſſion any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boult.

Enter

Prefixed to an old pamphlet entitled *Hollands Leaguer*, 4to. 1632, is a repreſentation of a celebrated brothel on the bankſide near the globe playhouſe, from which the annexed cut has been made. We have here the *hatch* exactly delineated. The man with the pole-ax, was called the *Ruffian*.

MALONE.



9 *Come, other* ſorts *offend as well as we.*] From her huſband's anſwer, I ſuſpect the poet wrote—Other *trades*, &c.

MALONE.

Enter the Pirates, *and* Boult *dragging in* Marina.

Boult. Come your ways. [*to* Marina.]—My maſters, you ſay ſhe's a virgin?

1. *Pir.* O ſir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maſter, I have gone thorough[1] for this piece, you ſee: if you like her, ſo; if not, I have loſt my earneſt.

Bawd. Boult, has ſhe any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, ſpeaks well, and has excellent good cloaths; there's no further neceſſity of qualities can make her be refuſed.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thouſand pieces[2].

Pan. Well, follow me, my maſters; you ſhall have your money preſently. Wife, take her in; inſtruct her what ſhe has to do, that ſhe may not be raw in her entertainment[3]. [*Exeunt* Pandar *and* Pirates.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age*, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give moſt, ſhall have her firſt*[4]. Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult.

[1] —I *have* gone thorough—] i. e. I have bid a high price for her, *gone far* in my attempt to purchaſe her. Steevens.

[2] *I cannot be bated one doit of a thouſand pieces.*] This ſpeech ſhould ſeem to ſuit the *Pirate*. However, it may belong to *Boult*. I cannot *get them to bate me* one doit of a thouſand pieces. Malone.

[3] —*that ſhe may not be* raw *in her entertainment.*] Unripe, unſkilful. So, in *Hamlet*: —" and yet but *raw* neither, in reſpect of his quick ſail." Malone.

* —*age*—] So the quarto, 1619. The firſt copy has—*her* age. Malone.

[4] —*and cry*, He that will give moſt, ſhall have her firſt.] The prices of firſt and ſecondary proſtitution are exactly ſettled in the old proſe romance already quoted: " Go thou, and make a crye through the cyte, that of all men that ſhall inhabyte with her carnally, the fyrſt ſhall give me a pounde of golde, and after that echone a peny of golde."

Steevens.

Boult. Performance ſhall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was ſo ſlack, ſo ſlow!
(He ſhould have ſtruck, not ſpoke;) or that theſe pirates,
(Not enough barbarous) had not o'er-board thrown me,
For to ſeek my mothers!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuſe them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live[6].

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'ſcape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you ſhall live in pleaſure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, ſhall you, and taſte gentlemen of all faſhions. You ſhall fare well; you ſhall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you ſtop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar.

[5] —*or that theſe pirates*
(*Not enough barbarous*) *had not o'er-board thrown me,*
For to ſeek my mother!] Thus the old copy, but I ſuſpect the ſecond *not* was inadvertently repeated by the compoſitor. Marina, I think, means to ſay, Alas, how unlucky it was, that Leonine was ſo ſlack in his office; or, he having omitted to kill me, *how fortunate would it have been for me*, if thoſe pirates *had* thrown me into the ſea to ſeek my mother.

However, the original reading may ſtand, though with ſome harſhneſs of conſtruction. Alas, how unfortunate it was, that Leonine was ſo merciful to me, or that theſe pirates *had not* thrown me into the ſea to ſeek my mother.

If the ſecond *not* was intended by the author, he ſhould rather have written—*did* not o'er-board *throw* me, &c.

MALONE.

[6] *You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ———Be of good cheer;
You have fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing.

MALONE.

Mar. An honeſt woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, goſling: I think I ſhall have ſomething to do with you. Come, you are a young fooliſh ſapling, and muſt be bow'd as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it pleaſe the gods to defend you by men, then men muſt comfort you, men muſt feed you, men muſt ſtir you up.—Boult's return'd.

Enter BOULT.

Now ſir, haſt thou cry'd her through the market?

Boult. I have cry'd her almoſt to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice[8].

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how doſt thou find the inclination of the people, eſpecially of the younger ſort?

Boult. 'Faith, they liſten'd to me, as they would have hearken'd to their father's teſtament. There was a Spaniard's mouth ſo water'd, that he went to bed to her very deſcription*.

Bawd. We ſhall have him here to-morrow with his beſt ruff on.

Boult.

[8] *Now, ſir, haſt thou cry'd her through the market?*
—I have drawn her picture with my voice.] So, in *The Wife for a Month*, Evanthe ſays,

" I'd rather thou had'ſt deliver'd me to pirates,
" Betray'd me to uncurable diſeaſes,
" Hung up her picture in a market-place,
" And ſold her to vile bawds!"

And we are told in a note on this paſſage, that it was formerly the cuſtom at Naples to hang up the pictures of celebrated courtezans in the publick parts of the town, to ſerve as directions where they lived. Had not Fletcher the ſtory of Marina in his mind, when he wrote the above lines?

MASON.

The Wife for a Month was one of Fletcher's lateſt plays. It was firſt exhibited in May, 1624. MALONE.

* *—a Spaniard's mouth ſo water'd*, that *he went*, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1619. The firſt copy reads—a Spaniard's mouth water'd, *and* he went, &c. MALONE.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, miſtreſs, do you know the French knight, that cowers i'the hams[9]?

Bawd. Who? monſieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to-morrow[1].

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his diſeaſe hither: here he does but repair it[2]. I know, he will come in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his crowns in the ſun[3].

Boult.

[9] *that* cowers *i' the hams?*] To *cower* is to ſink by bending the hams. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

" The ſplitting rocks *cow'r*'d in the ſinking ſands."

Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Needle:*

" They *cow'r* ſo o'er the coles, their eies be bler'd with ſmoke." STEEVENS.

[1] —*he offer'd to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and ſwore he would ſee her to-morrow.*] If there were no other proof of Shakſpeare's hand in this piece, this admirable ſtroke of humour would furniſh deciſive evidence of it. MALONE.

[2] —*here he does but* repair *it.*] To *repair* here means to *renovate*. So, in *Cymbeline:*

" O, diſloyal thing!
" That ſhould'ſt *repair* my youth,—."

Again, in *All's Well that ends Well:*

" ————It much *repairs* me
" To talk of your good father."

[3] —*to ſcatter his crowns in the ſun.*] There is here perhaps ſome alluſion to the *lues venerea*, though the words *French crowns* in their literal acceptation were certainly alſo in Boult's thoughts. It occurs frequently in our author's plays. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" *Lucio. A French crown* more,
" *Gent.* Thou art always figuring *diſeaſes* in me."

MALONE.

—*I know, he will come in our ſhadow, to ſcatter his crowns in the ſun.*] This paſſage, as the words which compoſe it are arranged at preſent, is to me unintelligible. I would correct and read: " I know he will come in, to ſcatter his crowns in the ſhadow *of* our ſun." I ſuppoſe the bawd means to call Marina the *ſun* of her houſe. So, in *King Richard III:*

" Witneſs my *ſun*, now in the ſhade of death."

There is indeed a proverbial phraſe alluded to in *Hamlet*, and introduced in *King Lear:* " —out of heaven's benedic-

tion

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we ſhould lodge them with this ſign[4].

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you muſt ſeem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to deſpiſe profit, where you have moſt gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit[5].

Mar. I underſtand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, miſtreſs, take her home: theſe bluſhes of her's muſt be quench'd with ſome preſent practice.

tion into the warm *ſun*." But I cannot adapt it to this paſſage. Let the reader try. STEEVENS.

"To go out of heaven's benediction into the warm ſun,' was a proverbial phraſe, ſignifying, "to go from good to worſe," and therefore can not poſſibly throw any light upon the paſſage before us. MALONE.

Boult had ſaid before, that he had proclaimed the beauty of Marina, and drawn her picture with his voice. He ſays in the next ſpeech that with ſuch a ſign as Marina, they ſhould draw every traveller to their houſe, conſidering Marina, or rather the picture he had drawn of her, as the ſign to diſtinguiſh the houſe, which the bawd on account of her beauty calls the ſun: and the meaning of the paſſage is merely this: "—that the French knight will ſeek the ſhade or ſhelter of their houſe, to ſcatter his money there." But if we make a ſlight alteration, and read—*on* our ſhadow, it will then be capable of another interpretation. *On our ſhadow*, may mean, *on our repreſentation or deſcription of Marina*, and the *ſun* may mean the real ſign of the houſe. For there is a paſſage in Fletcher's *Cuſtom of the Country*, which gives reaſon to imagine that the ſun was, in former times, the uſual ſign of a brothel. When Sulpitia aſks, what is become of the Dane? Jacques replies, "What, goldy locks? he lies at the ſign of the *ſun*, to be new-breeched." MASON.

[4] —*we ſhould lodge them with this ſign.*] If a traveller from every part of the globe were to aſſemble in Mitylene, they would all reſort to this houſe, while we had ſuch a ſign to it as this virgin. This, I think, is the meaning. A ſimilar eulogy is pronounced on Imogen in *Cymbeline*: "She's a good ſign, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit." Perhaps there is ſome alluſion to the conſtellation *Virgo*. MALONE.

[5] —*a mere profit.*] i. e. an abſolute, a certain profit. MALONE.

Bawd. Thou ſay'ſt true, i'faith, ſo they muſt: for your bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to go with warrant[6].

Boult. 'Faith, ſome do, and ſome do not. But, miſtreſs, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'ſt cut a morſel off the ſpit.

Boult. I may ſo.

Bawd. Who ſhould deny it? Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they ſhall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, ſpend thou that in the town: report what a ſojourner we have; you'll loſe nothing by cuſtom. When nature framed this piece, ſhe meant thee a good turn[7]; therefore ſay, what a paragon ſhe is, and thou haſt the harveſt out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, miſtreſs, thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of eels[8], as my giving out her beauty ſtir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home ſome to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives ſharp, or waters deep[9],

United

[6] —*for your bride goes to that with ſhame, which is her way to go with warrant.*] You ſay true; for even a bride, who has the ſanction of the law to *warrant* her proceeding, will not ſurrender her perſon without ſome conſtraint. *Which is her way to go with warrant*, means only—*to which ſhe is entitled to go.* MALONE.

[7] *When nature framed this piece, ſhe meant thee a good turn;*] A ſimilar ſentiment occurs in *K. Lear:*

" That eyeleſs head of thine was firſt fram'd fleſh,
" To raiſe my fortunes." STEEVENS.

[8] —*thunder ſhall not ſo awake the beds of eels,*] Among the effects aſcribed by the vulgar to a thunder-ſtorm, is that of making fiſh more eaſy to be taken. STEEVENS.

Marſton in his *Scourge of Villanie*, Sat. 7. has the ſame alluſion:

" They are nought but eels, that never will appear
" Till that tempeſtuous winds, or thunder tear
" Their ſlimy beds." MALONE.

[9] *If fires be hot, knives ſharp, or waters deep,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— If knife, drugs, ſerpents, have
" Edge, ſting, or operation, I am ſafe."

STEEVENS.

Untied I ſtill my virgin knot will keep[1].
Diana, aid my purpoſe!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Tharſus. *A Rooom in* Cleon's *Houſe.*

Enter CLEON, *and* DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you fooliſh? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, ſuch a piece of ſlaughter
The ſun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion I think you'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this ſpacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much leſs in blood than virtue, yet a princeſs
To equal any ſingle crown o'the earth,
I' the juſtice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou haſt poiſon'd too!
If thou hadſt drunk to him, it had been a kindneſs
Becoming well thy face[2]: What canſt thou ſay,

Again, more appoſitely, in *Othello*:

" ———If there be cords, or *knives*,
" Poiſon, or *fire*, or *ſuffocating ſtreams*,
" I'll not endure it." MALONE.

[1] *Untied I ſtill my* virgin knot *will keep.*] We have the ſame claſſical alluſion in *The Tempeſt*;

" If thou doſt break her *virgin knot*, &c.

MALONE.

[2] *If thou haſt drunk to him, it had been a kindneſs*
Becoming well thy face:] i. e. hadſt thou poiſoned thy-

ſelf

When noble Pericles ſhall demand his child [3]?

Dion. That ſhe is dead. Nurſes are not the fates,
To foſter it, nor ever to preſerve [4].
She died at night [5]; I'll ſay ſo. Who can croſs it [6]?
Unleſs you play the impious innocent [7],

And

ſelf by pledging him, it would have been an action well becoming thy gratitude to him, as well as thy audacity or confidence. *Face* in the *Alchemiſt* is a name beſtowed on the moſt plauſible and bold of his male cheats. Perhaps, however, we ſhould read *fact* inſtead of *face*. STEEVENS.

3 —*what canſt thou ſay,*
When noble Pericles ſhall demand his child?] So, in the ancient romance already quoted: "tell me now, what rekenynge we ſhall gyve hym of his doughter, &c.
STEEVENS.

So alſo in the *Geſta Romanorum*: "Quem [Appollonium] cum vidiſſet Strangulio, perrexit rabido curſu, dixitque uxori ſuæ Dyoniſidi, "Dixiſti Appollonium naufragum eſſe mortuum. Ecce, venit ad repetendam filiam. Ecce, quid dicturi ſumus pro filia?" MALONE.

4 *Nurſes are not the fates,*
To foſter it, nor ever to preſerve.] So King John, on receiving the account of Arthur's death:

"We cannot hold mortality's ſtrong hand:
"Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
"Think you, I bear *the ſhears of deſtiny?*
"Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?
MALONE.

5 *She died* at night;] I ſuppoſe Dionyza means to ſay that ſhe died ſuddenly; was found dead in the morning. The words are from Gower:

"She ſaith, that Thayſe *ſodeynly*
"*By night* is dead." STEEVENS.

6 *I'll ſay ſo. Who can croſs it?* So, in *Macbeth*:

Mach. "Will it not be receiv'd,
"When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
"Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
"That they have done't?
Lady M. "*Who dares receive it other,*
"As we ſhall make our grief and clamour roar
"Upon his death?" MALONE.

7 *Unleſs you play the* impious *innocent,*] The folios and the modern editions have omitted the word *impious*, which is neceſſary to the metre, and is found in the firſt quarto. She calls

And for an honeſt attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well.
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worſt.

Dion. Be one of thoſe, that think
The petty wrens of Tharſus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do ſhame
To think, of what a noble ſtrain you are,
And of how coward a ſpirit [8].

Cle. To ſuch proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-conſent [9], he did not flow

From

calls him, an *impious* ſimpleton, becauſe ſuch a diſcovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife.

An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an ideot. MALONE

[8] —*I do ſhame*
To think, of what a noble ſtrain you are,
And of how coward a ſpirit.] Lady Macbeth urges the ſame argument to perſuade her huſband to commit the murder of Duncan, that Dionyza here uſes to induce Cleon to conceal that of Marina:

" ——————art thou *afraid*
" To be the ſame in thine own act and valour,
" As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou have that
" Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
" And live a *coward* in thine own eſteem?
" Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
" Like the poor cat i'the adage?"

Again, after the murder, ſhe exclaims:

" My hands are of your colour, but *I ſhame*
" *To wear a heart ſo white.*" MALONE.

[9] *Though not his* pre-*conſent*,] The firſt quarto reads—*prince* conſent. The ſecond quarto, which has been followed by the modern editions, has—*whole* conſent. In the ſecond edition, the editor or printer ſeems to have corrected what was apparently erroneous in the firſt, by ſubſtituting ſomething that would afford ſenſe, without paying any regard to the corrupted reading, which often leads to the diſcovery of the true. For the emendation inſerted in the text the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. A paſſage in *King John* bears no very diſtant reſemblance to the preſent:

" ——————If thou didſt but conſent
" To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair,

" And

From honourable courſes.

Dion. Be it ſo then:
Yet none does know, but you, how ſhe came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did diſdain my child, and ſtood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But caſt their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilſt ours was blurted at [1], and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day [2]. It pierc'd me thorough;
And though you call my courſe unnatural [3],
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me, as an enterprize of kindneſs,
Perform'd to your ſole daughter [4].

Cle.

" And, if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread
" That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb,
" Will ſerve to ſtrangle thee. MALONE.

[1] *Whilſt ours was* blurted *at*,] Thus the quarto 1609. All the ſubſequent copies have—*blurred* at.

This contemptuous expreſſion frequently occurs in our ancient dramas. So, in *King Edward III.* 1596:

" This day hath ſet deriſion on the French,
" And all the world will *blurr* and ſcorn at us."
MALONE.

She did diſdain my child, and ſtood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But caſt their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilſt ours was blurted at,] The uſurping Duke in *As You Like It* gives the ſame reaſons for his cruelty to Roſalind:

" ——— ——— ſhe robs thee of thy name;
" And thou wilt ſhow more bright, and ſeem more virtuous,
" When ſhe is gone." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*a* malkin,
Not worth the time of day.] A *malkin* is a coarſe wench. A kitchen-*malkin* is mentioned in *Coriolanus*. *Not worth the time of day* is, not worth a *good day* or *good morrow*; undeſerving the moſt common and uſual ſalutation.
STEEVENS.

[3] *And though you call* my courſe *unnatural*,] So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" Our *courſe* will ſeem too *bloody*, Caius Caſſius,
" To cut the head off and then hack the limbs."
MALONE.

[4] *It* greets *me, as an enterprize of kindneſs.*
Perform'd to your ſole daughter.] Perhaps *it greets me*, may mean,

Cle. Heavens forgive it!
Dion. And as for Pericles,
What ſhould he ſay? We wept after her hearſe,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almoſt finiſh'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters expreſs
A general praiſe to her, and care in us
At whoſe expence 'tis done.
Cle. Thou art like the happy,
Which, to betray, doſt, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons [5].

Dion.

mean, *it pleaſes me*; c'eſt a mon gré. If *greet* be uſed in its ordinary ſenſe of *ſaluting* or *meeting with congratulation*, it is ſurely a very harſh phraſe. There is however a paſſage in *K. Henry VIII.* which ſeems to ſupport the reading of the text in its ordinary ſignification:

" ——'Would I had no being,
" If this *ſalute* my blood a jot." MALONE.

[5] *Thou art like the happy,*
Which, to betray, doſt, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.] There is an awkwardneſs of conſtruction in this paſſage, that leads me to think it corrupt. The ſenſe deſigned ſeems to have been—*Thou reſembleſt in thy conduct the harpy, which allures with the face of an angel, that it may ſeize with the talons of an eagle.*—Might we read:

Thou art like the happy,
Which, to betray, doſt *wear* thine angel's face;
Seized with thine eagle's talons.

Which is here, as in many other places, for *who*.

Mr. Steevens thinks a line was omitted at the preſs, which, he ſuppoſes, might have been of this import:

Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doſt with thine angel's face
Hang out fair ſhows of love, that thou may'ſt ſurer
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

In *K. Henry VIII.* we meet with a ſimilar alluſion:

" Ye have *angels' faces*, but Heaven knows your *hearts*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" O ſerpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!"

Again, in *K. John*;

" Raſh, inconſiderate, fiery voluntaries,
" *With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' ſpleens*."

MALONE.

Dion. You are like one, that ſuperſtitiouſly
Doth ſwear to the gods, that winter kills the flies[6];
But yet I know you'll do as I adviſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower, *before the Monument of* Marina *at* Tharſus.

Gow. Thus time we waſte, and longeſt leagues make ſhort;
Sail ſeas in cockles[7], have, and wiſh but for't;
Making (to take your imagination)
From bourn to bourn[8], region to region.

By

[6] *Doth ſwear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;*] You reſemble him, who is angry with heaven, becauſe it does not control the common courſe of nature. Marina, like the flies in winter, was fated to periſh; yet you lament and wonder at her death, as an extraordinary occurrence. MALONE.

Perhaps the meaning is, "You are one of thoſe, who ſuperſtitiouſly appeal to the Gods on every trifling and natural event. But whatever be the meaning, *ſwear to the Gods*, is a very awkward expreſſion.

A paſſage ſomewhat ſimilar occurs in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*; where Albert ſays,

"————————Here we ſtudy
"The kitchen arts, to ſharpen appetite,
"Dull'd with abundance; and *diſpute* with *heaven*,
"If that the leaſt puff of the rough north wind
"Blaſt our vine's burthen." MASON.

[7] *Sail ſeas in* cockles,] We are told by Reginald Scott in his *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, that "it was believed that witches could *ſail* in an eggſhell, a *cockle* or muſcle-ſhell, through and under tempeſtuous ſeas." This popular idea was probably in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

[8] Making (*to* take your *imagination*)
From bourn to bourn,] *Making*, if that be the true reading, muſt be underſtood to mean—*proceeding in our courſe*, from bourn to bourn, &c. It is ſtill ſaid at ſea—*the ſhip* makes *much way*. I ſuſpect, however, that the paſſage is corrupt. All the copies have—*our* imagination, which is manifeſtly wrong. Perhaps the author wrote—to *taſk* your imagination. MALONE.

Making (to take your imagination)
From bourn to bourn, &c.] i. e. travelling (with the hope of engaging your attention) from one part of the world to another; i. e. we hope to intereſt you by the variety of our ſcene, and the different countries through which we purſue our ſtory. STEEVENS.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime,
To uſe one language, in each ſeveral clime,
Where our ſcenes ſeem to live. I do beſeech you,
To learn of me, who ſtand i' the gaps, to teach you
The ſtages of our ſtory [9]. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward ſeas [1],
(Attended on by many a lord or knight,)
To ſee his daughter, all his life's delight.

Old

[9] —*who ſtand* i' the gaps, *to teach you*
The ſtages of our ſtory.] So, in the chorus to the *Winter's Tale*:

" ——————I ſlide
" O'er ſixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
" Of that wide *gap*."

The earlieſt quarto reads—*with* gaps; that in 1619—*in* gaps. The reading that I have ſubſtituted, is nearer that of the old copy. MALONE.

To learn of me who ſtand with *gaps*—] I ſhould rather read—*i'the* gaps. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" That I may ſleep out this great *gap* of time
" My Antony's away."

I would likewiſe tranſpoſe and correct the following lines thus:

" ——————I do beſeech ye
To learn of me, who ſtand *i'the* gaps to teach ye
The ſtages of our ſtory. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward ſeas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To ſee his daughter, all his *life's* delight.
Old Eſcanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high eſtate,
Is left to govern. Bear it you in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-ſailing ſhips and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tharſus; think *his* pilot *wrought*
So with his ſteerage, *and* your thoughts ſhall groan
To fetch, &c. STEEVENS.

[1] —thwarting *the wayward* ſeas,] So, in *K. Henry V.*

" ——————and there being ſeen,
" Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
" *Athwart the ſeas.*"

The wayward, &c. is the reading of the ſecond quarto. The firſt has—*thy*. In the next line but one, the old copies read—all his *lives* delight. MALONE.

Old Eſcanes, whom Helicanus late[2]
Advanc'd in time to great and high eſtate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-ſailing ſhips, and bounteous winds, have brought
This king to Tharſus, (think his pilot thought[3];
So with his ſteerage, ſhall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who firſt is gone[4].
Like motes and ſhadows ſee them move a while;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

[2] *Old Eſcanes, whom Helicanus late*, &c.] In the old copies theſe lines are ſtrangely miſplaced:

Old Helicanus goes along behind
Is left to governe it, you beare in mind.
Old Eſcanes whom Helicanus late
Advancde in time to great and hie eſtate.
Well ſailing ſhips and bounteous winds have broght
This king to Tharſus, &c.

The tranſpoſition ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens renders the whole paſſage perfectly clear. MALONE.

[3] ——(*think* his *pilot thought*;
So with his ſteerage ſhall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who firſt is gone.] The old copies read:

——think *this* pilot thought,
So with his ſteerage ſhall your thoughts *groan*, &c.

but they are ſurely corrupt. I read—think *his* pilot thought; ſuppoſe that your imagination is his pilot. So, in *K. Henry V.*:

" —'Tis your *thoughts*, that now muſt deck our kings,
" *Carry them here and there*; jumping o'er times."

Again, *ibidem*:

" Heave him away *upon your winged thoughts*
" *Athwart the ſeas.*"

In the next line the verſification is defective by one word being printed inſtead of two. By reading *grow on* inſtead of *groan*, the ſenſe and metre are both reſtored. So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream* (fol. 1623): " —and ſo *grow on* to a point." We might read *go on*; but the other appears to be more likely to have been the author's word. MALONE.

[4] —*who firſt is gone.*] Who has left Tharſus before her father's arrival there. MALONE.

Dumb

Dumb ſhew.

Enter at one door, Pericles *with his train;* Cleon *and* Dionyza *at the other.* Cleon *ſhews* Pericles *the tomb of* Marina; *whereat* Pericles *makes lamentation, puts on ſackcloth, and in a mighty paſſion departs. Then* Cleon *and* Dionyza *retire.*

Gow. See how belief may ſuffer by foul ſhow!
This borrow'd paſſion ſtands for true old woe [5];
And Pericles, in ſorrow, all devour'd,
With ſighs ſhot through, and biggeſt tears o'er-ſhower'd,
Leaves Tharſus, and again embarks. He ſwears
Never to waſh his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on ſackcloth, and to ſea. He bears
A tempeſt, which his mortal veſſel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now pleaſe you wit [6]
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inſcription on* Marina's *monument.*
The faireſt, ſweeteſt, and beſt *, *lies here,*

Who

[5] —*for true old woe*;] So, in *K. Henry V:*
" ——————Sit and ſee,
" Minding *true* things by what their mockeries be."
MALONE.

—*for true* old *woe*;] i. e. for ſuch tears as were ſhed, when the world being in its infancy, diſſimulation was unknown. All poetical writers are willing to perſuade themſelves that ſincerity expired with the firſt ages. Perhaps, however, we ought to read—true told woe. STEEVENS.

[6] —*Now pleaſe you* wit—Now be pleaſed to *know.* So, in Gower:
" In whiche the lorde hath to him writte
" That he would underſtonde and *witte*,"—
The editor of the ſecond quarto, (which has been copied by all the other editions,) probably not underſtanding the paſſage, altered it thus:
—— —— *Now take we our way*
To the epitaph for Marina writ by *Dionyſia.*
MALONE.

* —ſweeteſt *and beſt*,] *Sweeteſt* is here uſed as a monoſyllable. So *higheſt*, in *The Tempeſt:* " *Higheſt* queen of ſtate," &c. MALONE.

Who wither'd in her ſpring of year,
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this ſlaughter;
Marina was ſhe call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis being proud, ſwallow'd ſome part o'the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens beſtow'd:
Wherefore ſhe does (and ſwears ſhe'll never ſtint[8],)
Make raging battery upon ſhores of flint.

No vizor does become black villainy,
So well as ſoft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courſes to be ordered

By

[7] *Thetis, being proud, ſwallow'd* ſome part o'th' earth:] The modern editions by a ſtrange blunder, read, *That is*, being proud, &c.

I formerly thought that by the words *ſome part of the earth* was meant *Thaiſa*, the mother of Marina. So Romeo calls his beloved Juliet, when he ſuppoſes her dead, *the deareſt morſel of the earth*. But I am now convinced that I was miſtaken. "The inſcription (Mr. Maſon juſtly obſerves) alludes to the violent ſtorm which accompanied the birth of Marina, at which time the ſea proudly o'er-ſwelling its bounds, ſwallowed, as is uſual in ſuch hurricanes, ſome part of the earth. The poet aſcribes the ſwelling of the ſea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element, and ſuppoſes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, beſtowed this *birth-child* of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis in revenge makes raging battery againſt the ſhores.

"The line, *Therefore, the earth fearing to be o'er-flow'd*, proves beyond doubt that the words, *ſome part of the earth*, cannot mean the *body* of *Thaiſa*, but a *portion of the continent*."

Our poet has many alluſions in his works to the depredations made by the ſea on the land. So, in the 64th Sonnet:

"When I have ſeen the hungry ocean gain
"Advantage on the kingdom of the ſhore,
"And the firm ſoil win of the watry main,
"Increaſing ſtore with loſs, and loſs with ſtore;" &c.

We have, I think, a ſimilar deſcription in *K. Lear* and *K. Henry IV.* P. II. MALONE.

[8] —*and ſwears ſhe'll never* ſtint,] She'll never *ceaſe*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"It *ſtinted*, and ſaid, ay." MALONE.

By lady fortune; while our ſcene muſt play[9]
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy ſervice. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylene. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor never ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd there! did you ever dream of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houſes: ſhall we go hear the veſtals ſing?

1. *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [*Exeunt.*

9.—*While our* ſcene *muſt play*—] The old copies have,
While our *ſteare* muſt play—.
For the emendation I am reſponſible. So, in *As You Like It*:

"This wide and univerſal theatre
"Preſents more woeful pageants than the *ſcene*
"Wherein we *play* in."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"———as if
"The *ſcene* you *play* were mine."

It ſhould be remembered that *ſcene* was formerly ſpelt *ſceane*; ſo there is only a change of two letters, which in the writing of the early part of the laſt century were eaſily confounded. Mr. Steevens would read—which our *tears* muſt play. The paſſages above quoted appear to me in favour of the other emendation. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

The ſame. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, *and* Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, ſhe had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; ſhe is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We muſt either get her raviſh'd, or be rid of her. When ſhe ſhould do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindneſs of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees; that ſhe would make a puritan of the devil, if he ſhould cheapen a kiſs of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I muſt raviſh her, or ſhe'll diſfurniſh us of all our cavaliers, and make all our ſwearers prieſts.

Pan. Now, the pox upon her green-ſickneſs for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lyſimachus, diſguis'd[1].

Boult.

[1] —*Here comes the lord Lyſimachus,* diſguis'd.] So, in the ancient proſe romance already quoted: "Than anone as Anthygoras prynce of the cyte it wyſte, went and he *dyſguyſed* himſelfe, and went to the bordell whereas Tarcye was," &c. STEEVENS.

So alſo in the *Geſta Romanorum*: "Cum lenone antecedente et tuba, tertia die cum ſymphonia ducitur [Tharſia] ad lupanar. Sed *Athenagoras princeps* primus ingreditur *velato corpore*. Tharſia autem videns eum projecit ſe ad pedes ejus, et ait, &c." No mention is made in the *Conf. Amant.* of this interview between Athenagoras (the Lyſimachus of our play) and the daughter of Appolinus. So that this circumſtance muſt have been taken either from *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, or ſome other tranſlation of *Geſta Romanorum*. MALONE.

Boult. We ſhould have both lord and lown, if the peeviſh baggage would but give way to cuſtomers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lyſ. How now? How a dozen of virginities[2]?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bleſs your honour[3]!

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour in good health.

Lyſ. You may ſo; 'tis the better for you that your reſorters ſtand upon ſound legs. How now, wholeſome iniquity[4]? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the ſurgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, ſir, if ſhe would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lyſ. If ſhe'd do the deeds of darkneſs, thou would'ſt ſay.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to ſay, well enough.

Lyſ. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For fleſh and blood, ſir, white and red, you ſhall ſee a roſe; and ſhe were a roſe indeed, if ſhe had but—

Lyſ. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, ſir, I can be modeſt.

Lyſ. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no leſs than it gives a goodreport to a number to be chaſte[5].

Enter

[2] *How now?* how *a dozen of virginities?*] For what price may a dozen of virginities be had? So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

"*How* a ſcore of ewes now?" MALONE.

[3] *Now the gods* to-bleſs *your honour!*] This uſe of *to* in compoſition with verbs (as Mr. Tyrwhitt obſerves) is very common in Gower and Chaucer. STEEVENS.

[4] —*wholeſome* iniquity?] Thus the quarto, 1609. The ſecond quarto and the modern editions read—*impunity*. MALONE.

[5] *That* dignifies *the renown of a bawd, no leſs than it gives a good report to a number to be chaſte.*] This is the reading of the quarto 1619. The firſt quarto has—That *dignities*, &c. Perhaps the poet wrote—That *dignity is* the renown, &c. The word *number* is, I believe, a miſprint; but I know not how to rectify it. MALONE.

The

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the ſtalk;—never pluck'd yet, I can aſſure you, Is ſhe not a fair creature?

Lyſ. 'Faith ſhe would ſerve after a long voyage at ſea, Well, there's for you; leave us.

Bawd. I beſeech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you, do.

Bawd. Firſt, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [*to* Marina; *whom ſhe takes aſide.*

Mar. I deſire to find him ſo, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governour of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing[6], will you uſe him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciouſly, I will thankfully receive.

Lyſ. Have you done?

Bawd. My Lord, ſhe's not paced yet[7]; you muſt take ſome pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together[8].

[*Exeunt* Bawd, Pandar, *and* Boult.

Lyſ.

The meaning of the paſſage ſhould ſeem to be this: "The maſk of modeſty is no leſs ſucceſsfully worn by procureſſes than by wantons. It palliates groſſneſs of profeſſion in the former, while it exempts a multitude of the latter from ſuſpicion of being what they are. 'Tis politick for each to aſſume the appearance of this quality, though neither of them in reality poſſeſs it." STEEVENS.

[6] —*without any more* virginal *fencing*,] This uncommon adjective occurs again in *Coriolanus*:

"——the *virginal* palms of your daughters—."

MALONE.

[7] *My lord, ſhe's not* paced *yet*;] She has not yet learned her *paces*. MALONE.

[8] *Come, we will leave his honour and her together.*] The firſt

Lyſ. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Lyſ. What trade, ſir?

Lyſ. What I cannot name but I ſhall offend[a].

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Pleaſe you to name it.

Lyſ. How long have you been of this profeſſion?

Mar. Ever ſince I can remember.

Lyſ. Did you go to it ſo young? Were you a gameſter[b] at five, or at ſeven?

Mar. Earlier too, ſir, if now I be one.

Lyſ. Why, the houſe you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of ſale.

Mar. Do you know this houſe to be a place of ſuch reſort, and will come into it? I hear ſay, you are of honourable parts, and are the governour of this place.

Lyſ. Why, hath your principal made known unto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lyſ. Why, your herb-woman: ſhe that ſets ſeeds and roots of ſhame and iniquity. O, you have heard ſomething of my power, and ſo ſtand aloof[c] for more ſerious wooing. But I proteſt to thee, pretty one, my authority ſhall not ſee thee, or elſe, look friendly upon thee.

firſt quarto adds—*Go thy ways.* Theſe words, which denote both authority and impatience, I think, belong to Lyſimachus. He had before expreſſed his deſire to be left alone with Marina: "—Well, there's for you;—*leave us.*" MALONE.

[a] What *I cannot name but I ſhall offend.*] The old copies read:

"*Why* I cannot name, &c. MALONE.

I read—*What* I cannot, &c. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"*What* but to ſpeak of would offend again."

STEEVENS.

[b] *Were you a* gameſter *at five, or at ſeven?*] A *gameſter* was formerly uſed to ſignify a *wanton*. So, in *All's Well that End's Well*:

"———She's impudent, my lord,
"And was a common *gameſter* to the camp."

MALONE.

[c] —*and ſo ſtand* aloof—] Old copies—*aloft*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

thee. Come, bring me to ſome private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, ſhew it now[2];
If put upon you, make the judgment good,
That thought you worthy of it.

Lyſ. How's this? how's this? Some more?—be ſage[3].

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though moſt ungentle fortune
Have plac'd me in this ſtie, where, ſince I came,
Diſeaſes have been ſold dearer than phyſick,
O that the gods would ſet me free from this
Unhallow'd place, though they did change me to
The meaneſt bird that flies i'the purer air.

Lyſ. I did not think thou could'ſt have ſpoke ſo well;
Ne'er dream'd thou could'ſt.
Had I brought hither, a corrupted mind,
Thy ſpeech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Perſéver in that clear way thou goeſt[4], and
The gods ſtrengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preſerve you!

Lyſ.

[2] *If you were born to honour, ſhew it now;*] In the *Geſta Romanorum*, Tharſia (the Marina of the preſent play) preſerves her chaſtity by the recital of her ſtory: "Miſerere me propter Deum, et per Deum te adjuro, ne me violes. Reſiſte libidini tuæ, et audi caſus infelicitatis meæ, et unde ſim diligenter conſidera. Cui cum univerſos caſus ſuos expoſuiſſet, princeps confuſus et pietate plenus, ait ei,—Habeo et ego filiam tibi ſimilem, de qua ſimiles caſus metuo.' Hæc dicens, dedit ei viginti aureos, dicens, ecce habes amplius pro virginitate quam impoſitus eſt. Dic advenientibus ſicut mihi dixiſti, et liberaheris."

The affecting circumſtance which is here ſaid to have ſtruck the mind of Athenagoras, (the danger to which his own daughter was liable,) was probably omitted in the tranſlation. It hardly, otherwiſe, would have eſcaped our author. MALONE.

[3] *Some more— be ſage.*] Lyſimachus ſays this with a ſneer. —*Proceed with your fine moral diſcourſe.* MALONE.

[4] *Perſéver in that* clear *way thou goeſt,*] Continue in your preſent virtuous diſpoſition. So, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:

" ———for the ſake
" Of *clear* virginity, be advocate
" For us and our diſtreſſes." MALONE.

Lyſ. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows ſavour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue [5], and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold; here's more gold for thee.
A curſe upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodneſs!
If thou doſt hear from me, it ſhall be for thy good.

[*As* Lyſimachus *is putting up his purſe*, Boult *enters.*

Boult. I beſeech your honour, one piece for me.

Lyſ. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your houſe, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would ſink, and overwhelm you. Away. [*Exit.*

Boult. How's this? We muſt take another courſe with you. If your peeviſh chaſtity, which is not worth a breakfaſt in the cheapeſt country under the cope [6], ſhall undo a whole houſhold, let me be gelded like a ſpaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I muſt have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman ſhall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I ſay.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! What's the matter?

Boult. Worſe and worſe, miſtreſs; ſhe has here ſpoken holy words to the lord Lyſimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult.

[5] —*a piece of virtue*,] This expreſſion occurs in the *Tempeſt*:

" ——thy mother was
" *A piece of virtue*—." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Let not the *piece of virtue*, which is ſet
" Betwixt us,—."

Octavia is the perſon alluded to. MALONE.

[6] —*under the* cope,] i. e. under the *cope* or *covering* of heaven. The word is thus uſed in *Cymbeline*:

STEEVENS.

Boult. She makes our profeſſion as it were to ſtink afore the face of the gods [7].

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and ſhe ſent him away as cold as a ſnow-ball; ſaying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; uſe her at thy pleaſure: crack the glaſs of her virginity, and make the reſt malleable [8].

Boult. And if ſhe were a thornier piece of ground than ſhe is, ſhe ſhall be plough'd.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. 'Would ſhe had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my diſh of chaſtity with roſemary and bays [9]! [*Exit* Bawd.

Boult. Come miſtreſs; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold ſo dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing firſt.

Boult. Come now, your one thing [1]?

Mar. What canſt thou wiſh thine enemy to be?

Boult.

[7] *She makes our profeſſion as it were to* ſtink *afore the face of the gods.*] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, the Duke ſays to the Bawd:

" Can'ſt thou believe, thy living is a life,
" So *ſtinkingly* depending?
" *Clown.* Indeed, it does ſtink in ſome ſort, ſir."

STEEVENS.

[8] —*crack the glaſs of her virginity, and make the reſt malleable.*] So, in *Geſta Romanorum*: " Altera die, adhuc eam virginem audiens, iratus (leno) vocans villicum puellarum *dixit*, duc eam ad te, et *frange nodum virginitatis ejus.*"

MALONE.

[9] —*my diſh of chaſtity* with roſemary and bays!] Anciently many diſhes were ſerved up with this garniture, during the ſeaſon of Chriſtmas. The bawd means to call her piece of oſtentatious virtue. STEEVENS.

[1] Mar. *Pr'ythee, tell me* one thing *firſt.*
Boult. *Come now, your* one thing?] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

" *P. Hen.* Shall I tell thee *one thing*, Poins?
" *Poins.* Go to, I ſtand the puſh of your *one thing.*"

MALONE.

Boult. Why, I could wiſh him to be my maſter, or rather, my miſtreſs.

Mar. Neither of theſe are yet ſo bad as thou art *,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'ſt a place, for which the pained'ſt fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned door-keeper to every coyſtrel,
That comes enquiring for his tib [2];
To the cholerick fiſting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is ſuch,
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may ſerve ſeven years for the loſs of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doeſt. Empty
Old receptacles, or common ſewers of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;
Any of theſe ways are better yet than this †;
For what thou profeſſeſt, a baboon, could he ſpeak,
Would own a name too dear [3]. That the gods
Would ſafely deliver me from this place!
Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy maſter would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can ſing, weave, ſew, and dance,
With

* *Neither of theſe are* yet *ſo bad as thou art,*] The word *yet* was inſerted by Mr. Rowe for the ſake of the metre. MALONE.

[2] —*to ev'ry* coyſtrel,
That comes enquiring for his tib;] To every mean fellow that comes to enquire for a girl. *Tib* is, I think, a contraction of *Tabitha*. It was formerly a cant name for a ſtrumpet. MALONE.

—*coyſtrel*, i. e. paltry fellow. STEEVENS.

† *Any of theſe ways are* better yet *than this*;] The old copies read:

Any of theſe ways are *yet better* than this.

For this ſlight tranſpoſition I am accountable. MALONE.

[3] *For what thou profeſſeſt, a* baboon, *could he ſpeak,*
Would own a name too dear.] i. e. a baboon would think his tribe diſhonoured by ſuch a profeſſion. Thus ſays Iago, "Ere I would drown myſelf, &c. I would change my humanity with a *baboon*." STEEVENS.

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boaſt;
And will undertake all theſe to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many ſcholars [4].

Boult. But can you teach all this you ſpeak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And proſtitute me to the baſeſt groom
That doth frequent your houſe.

Boult. Well, I will ſee what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongſt honeſt women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongſt them. But ſince my maſter and miſtreſs have bought you, there's no going but by their conſent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpoſe, and I doubt not but I ſhall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel ſcapes, and chances
Into an honeſt houſe, our ſtory ſays.
She ſings like one immortal, and ſhe dances
As goddeſs-like to her admir'd lays [5]:

Deep

[4] *I doubt not but this populous city will*
Yield many ſcholars.] The ſcheme by which Marina effects her releaſe from the brothel, the poet adopted from the *Confeſſio Amantis.* MALONE.

[5] *—and ſhe dances*
As goddeſs-like *to her admired lays:* This compound epithet (which is not common) is again uſed by our author in *Cymbeline:*

" ——— and

eep clerks ſhe dumbs [6]; and with her needle compoſes [7]
Nature's own ſhape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
That even her art ſiſters the natural roſes [8];
er inkle, ſilk, twin with the rubied cherry [9]:
That pupils lacks ſhe none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain

She

" ——and undergoes,
" More *goddeſs-like* than wife-like, ſuch aſſaults,
" As would take in ſome virtue." MALONE.

[6] *Deep clerks ſhe dumbs*;] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" Where I have come, great *clerks* have purpoſed
" To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
" Where I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
" Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
" Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
" And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
" Not paying me a welcome."

Theſe paſſages are compared only on account of the ſimilarity of expreſſion, the ſentiments being very different.—Theſeus confounds thoſe who addreſs him, by his ſuperior dignity; Marina ſilences the learned perſons with whom ſhe converſes, by her literary ſuperiority. MALONE.

[7] —*and with her* needle compoſes—] *Needle* for *needle*. So, in the tranſlation of *Lucan's Pharſalia*, by Sir A. Gorges, 1614:

" ——like prickling *needles*, or points of ſwords."
MALONE.

[8] *That even her art* ſiſters *the natural roſes*; I have not met with this verb in any other writer. It is again uſed by our author in *A Lover's Complaint*, 1609:

" From off a hill, whoſe concave womb re-worded
" A plaintful ſtory from a *ſiſt'ring* vale,"—.
MALONE.

[9] *Her inkle, ſilk*, twin *with the rubied cherry*:] *Inkle* is a ſpecies of tape. It is mentioned in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, and in the *Winter's Tale*. All the copies read, I think corruptly,—*ruſſet* with the rubied cherry. The word which I have ſubſtituted, is uſed by Shakſpeare in *Othello*:

" ——though he had *twinn'd* with me,
" Both at a birth,—."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

" Who *twin* as it were in love." MALONE.

Again, more appoſitely, in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Fletcher:

" Her *twinning cherries* ſhall their ſweetneſs fall
" Upon thy taſteful lips." STEEVENS.

She gives the curſed bawd. Here we her place[1];
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him on the ſea. We there him
loſt[2]:
Where, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coaſt
Suppoſe him now at anchor. The city ſtriv'd
God Neptune's annual feaſt to keep[3]: from whence
Lyſimachus our Tyrian ſhip eſpies,
His banners ſable, trim'd with rich expence;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies[4].
In your ſuppoſing once more put your ſight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark[5]:
Where,

1 —Here *we her place*;] So, the firſt quarto. The other copies read,—*Leave* we her place. MALONE.

2 *Where we left him on the ſea. We there him* loſt;] The firſt quarto reads—We there him *left*. The editor of that in 1619, finding the paſſage corrupt, altered it entirely. He reads:

Where we left him *at ſea tumbled and toſt*—

The correſponding rhyme, *coaſt*, ſhews that *left*, in the firſt edition, was only a miſprint for *loſt*. MALONE.

3 —*The city* ſtriv'd
God Neptune's annual feaſt to keep:] The citizens *vied* with each other in celebrating the feaſt of Neptune. This harſh expreſſion was forced upon the author by the rhyme. MALONE.

4 *And to him in his barge with* fervour *hies*.] This is one of the few paſſages in this play, in which the errour of the firſt copy is corrected in the ſecond. The eldeſt quarto reads unintelligibly—

——with *former* hies. MALONE.

5 *In your* ſuppoſing *once more put your* ſight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the *bark*:] Once more put your ſight under the guidance of your imagination. *Suppoſe* you *ſee* what we cannot exhibit to you; think this ſtage, on which I ſtand, the bark of the melancholy Pericles. So before:

" In your imagination hold
" This ſtage, the ſhip, upon whoſe deck
" The ſea-toſs'd Pericles appears to ſpeak."

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

" ——*Behold*
" In the quick forge and working-houſe of *thought*."

Again, *ibidem*:

" ——your

Where, what is done in action, more, if might[6].
Shall be diſcover'd, pleaſe you, ſit, and hark.
[*Exit.*

SCENE I.

On board Pericles' *ſhip, off* Mitylene. *A cloſe Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it;* Pericles *within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beſide the* Tyrian *veſſel.*

" ——— ——your *eyes* advance
" After your *thoughts.*"

Again, *ibidem:*

" Work, work your *thoughts*, and therein *ſee* a ſiege."

Again, *ibidem:*

" Play with your *fancies*, and *in them behold*
" Upon the hempen tackle ſhip-boys climbing," &c.

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

" ——all will come to nought;
" When ſuch bad dealings muſt be *ſeen* in *thought.*"

The quarto, 1609, reads:

Of heavy Pericles think this *his* bark;

and ſuch alſo is the reading of the copy printed in 1619. The folio reads—*On* heavy Pericles, &c. If this be right, the paſſage ſhould be regulated differently:

And to him in his barge with fervour hies,
In your ſuppoſing.—Once more put your ſight
On heavy Pericles; &c.

You muſt now aid me with your imagination, and ſuppoſe Lyſimachus haſtening in his barge to go on board the Tyrian ſhip. Once more behold the melancholy Pericles, &c. But the former is, in my opinion, the true reading. To exhort the audience merely to behold Pericles, was very unneceſſary; as in the enſuing ſcene, he would of courſe be repreſented to them. Gower's principal office in theſe choruſes is, to perſuade the ſpectators, not to uſe, but to diſbelieve, their eyes. MALONE.

[6] *Where, what is done in action, more,* if *might,*] *Where all*

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian *veſſel, the other to the barge; to them* HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where is the lord Helicanus? He can reſolve you. [*To the Sailor of* Mitylene.]—O, here he is, ſir, there is a barge put off from Mitylene, and in it is Lyſimachus the governour, who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up ſome gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordſhip call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is ſome of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet them fairly *.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors deſcend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS *and* Lords; *the* Tyrian *Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Reſolve you.

Lyſ. Hail, reverend ſir! The gods preſerve you!

Hel. And you, ſir, to out-live the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lyſ. You wiſh me well.
Being on ſhore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly veſſel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. Firſt, what is your place?

Lyſ.

all that may be diſplayed in action, ſhall be exhibited; and more ſhould be ſhown, if our ſtage would permit. The poet ſeems to be aware of the difficulty of repreſenting the enſuing ſcene. *More*, if *might*—is the reading of the firſt quarto. The modern copies read, unintelligibly,—*more* of *might*. MALONE.

* —*greet* them *fairly*.] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1609, has —greet *him* fairly. MALONE.

Lyſ. I am
The governour of this place you lie before.
Hel. Sir, our veſſel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not ſpoken
To any one, nor taken ſuſtenance,
But to prorogue his grief [7].
Lyſ. Upon what ground is his diſtemperature?
Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat [*];
But the main grief of all ſprings from the loſs
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
Lyſ. May we not ſee him?
Hel. You may, but bootleſs
Is your ſight; he will not ſpeak to any.
Lyſ. Yet let me obtain my wiſh.
Hel. Behold him, ſir: [Pericles *diſcover'd* [8].] this was a goodly perſon,

[7] *But to* prorogue *his grief.*] To lengthen or *prolong* his grief. The modern editions read unneceſſarily,

But to *prolong* his grief.

Prorogued is uſed by our author in *Romeo and Juliet* for *delayed*:

"My life were better ended by their hate,
"Than death *prorogued*, wanting of thy love."

MALONE.

[*] Sir, *it would be*, &c.] For the inſertion of the ſupplemental word (*Sir*) here and in the next ſpeech but one, as well as in the firſt addreſs of Helicanus to Lyſimachus, I am accountable. MALONE.

[8] *Pericles diſcovered.*] Few of the ſtage-directions that have been given in this and the preceding acts, are found in the old copy. In the original repreſentation of this play, Pericles was probably placed in the back part of the ſtage, concealed by a curtain, which was here drawn open. The ancient narratives repreſent him as remaining in the cabin of his ſhip. Thus, in the *Confeſſio Amantis* it is ſaid,

"But for all that, though hem be lothe,
"He [Athenagoras, the governour of Mitylene,] fonde the ladder, and *downe* he *goeth*,
"And to him ſpake." ———

So, alſo in *K. Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: "He is here *beneithe* in tenebres and obſcurete, and for nothing that I may doe he wyll not yſſue out of the place where as he is."—But as in ſuch a ſituation Pericles would not be viſible to the audience, a different ſtage-direction is now given.

MALONE.

Till the diſaſter, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this [9].

Lyſ. Sir king, all hail! the gods preſerve you! Hail,
Royal ſir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not ſpeak to you!

1. *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid [1] in Mitylene, I durſt
wager,
Would win ſome words of him.

Lyſ. 'Tis well bethought.
She, queſtionleſs, with her ſweet harmony,
And other choſen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are mid-way ſtopp'd [2]:

She

[9] *Till the diſaſter, that, one mortal* night,
Drove him to this.] The copies all read—one mortal *wight*. The word, which I ſuppoſe the author to have written, affords an eaſy ſenſe. *Mortal*, is here uſed for *pernicious*, *deſtructive*. So, in *Macbeth*:
" Hold faſt the *mortal* ſword." MALONE.

[1] *Sir, we have a maid*, &c.] This circumſtance reſembles another in *All's Well that Ends Well*, where Lafeu gives an account of Helena's attractions to the king, before ſhe is introduced to attempt his cure. STEEVENS.

[2] *And make a battery through his* deafen'd *parts*,
Which now are mid-way ſtopp'd:] The earlieſt quarto reads—*defend* parts. I have no doubt that the poet wrote—through his *deafen'd* parts,—i. e. his ears; which were to be aſſailed by the melodious voice of Marina. In the old quarto few of the participles have an eliſion-mark. This kind of phraſeology, though it now appears uncouth, was common in our author's time.
Thus, in the poem entitled, *Romeus and Juliet*:
" Did not thy *parts*, fordon with pain, languiſh away
and pine?"
Again, more appoſitely, *ibidem*:
" Her dainty *tender parts*' gan ſhiver all for dread;
" Her golden hair did ſtand upright upon her chilliſh
head."
Again, in our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:
" Or, were I deaf, thy *outward parts* would move
" Each part in me that were but ſenſible."
Again, in his 69th Sonnet:
" Thoſe *parts* of thee, that the world's eye doth
view," &c.

Stopp'd

She is all happy, as the faireſt of all,
And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon
The leafy ſhelter [3], that abuts againſt
The iſland's ſide.

[He

Stopp'd is a word which we frequently find connected with the ear. So, in *K. Richard II.*:

" *Gaunt.* My death's ſad tale may not *undeaf* his ear.
" *York.* No, it is *ſtopp'd* with other flattering ſounds."

MALONE.

One of the copies reads *defended*, the other *deſend*. The author's word was, I ſuppoſe, *d'fenc'd*. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*: " I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, and a thouſand other her *defences*, which are now too ſtrongly embattled againſt me."

STEEVENS.

3 *And with her fellow-maids, is now upon*
The leafy ſhelter,] Marina might be ſaid to be *under* the leafy ſhelter, but I know not how ſhe could be *upon* it; nor have I a clear idea of a *ſhelter* abutting againſt the ſide of an iſland. I would read,

——————is now upon
The leafy *ſhelver*, that abuts againſt
The iſland's ſide.

i. e. the *ſhelving bank* near the ſea-ſide, ſhaded by adjoining trees. It appears from Gower, that the feaſt of Neptune was celebrated on the *ſtrand*:

" The lordes both and the commune
" The high feſtes of Neptune
" *Upon the ſtronde*, at rivage,
" As it was cuſtome and uſage,
" Solempneliche thei be ſigh.

So before in this ſcene:

Being on *ſhore*, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,—.

Marina and her fellow-maids, we may ſuppoſe, had retired a little way from the croud, and ſeated themſelves under the adjoining trees, to ſee the triumph. This circumſtance was an invention of the poet's. In *K. Appolyn of Thyre*, Tharſye, the Marina of this play, is brought from the *bordel* where ſhe had been placed. In the *Confeſſio Amantis*, ſhe is ſummoned, by order of the governour, from the *honeſt houſe* to which ſhe had retreated.—The words *with* and *is*, which I have inſerted, are not in the old copy.

MALONE.

The leafy ſhelter—] I ſuppoſe that the printer, or copyiſt, meeting here with an uncommon word, corrupted it. Perhaps the poet wrote—*leviſell*, i. e. *leafy ſeat*, from the Saxon

leſe

[*He whiſpers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit Lord, in the barge of* Lyſimachus [4].

Hel. Sure all's effectleſs; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, ſince your kindneſs
We have ſtretch'd thus far, let us beſeech you,
That for our gold we may proviſion have,
Wherein we are not deſtitute for want,
But weary for the ſtaleneſs.

Lyſ. O, ſir, a courteſy,
Which if we ſhould deny, the moſt juſt God
For every graff would ſend a caterpillar,
And ſo inflict our province [5].—Yet once more

Let

leſe folium, and *ſetl*, ſedes. So, in Chaucer's *Perſones Tale*, p. 183. laſt edit. "right as the gay *leveſell* at the taverne," &c. See alſo Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on line 4059.

Some word, however, may have been omitted, or the verſe is defective. We might then read,

"She is all happy as the faireſt of all,
"And with her fellow-maids is now upon
"The *leviſell* that *cloſe* abuts againſt
"The iſland's ſide." STEEVENS.

[4] *Exit Lord, in the barge of Lyſimachus.*] It may ſeem ſtrange that a fable ſhould have been choſen to form a drama upon, in which the greater part of the buſineſs of the laſt act ſhould be tranſacted at ſea; and wherein it ſhould even be neceſſary to produce two veſſels on the ſcene at the ſame time. But the cuſtoms and exhibitions of the modern ſtage give this objection to the play before us a greater weight than it really has. It appears, that, when *Pericles* was originally performed, the theatres were furniſhed with no ſuch apparatus as by any ſtretch of the imagination could be ſuppoſed to preſent either a ſea or a ſhip; and that the audience were contented to behold veſſels ſailing in and out of port, in their *mind's eye* only. This licence being once granted to the poet, the lord, in the inſtance now before us, walked off the ſtage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina, without any ſenſible impropriety; and the preſent drama, exhibited before ſuch indulgent ſpectators, was not more incommodious in the repreſentation than any other would have been. See *The Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage*, Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

[5] *And ſo* inflict *our province.*] Thus all the copies. But I do not believe *to inflict* was ever uſed by itſelf in the ſenſe of to *puniſh*. The poet probably wrote—And ſo *afflict* our province. MALONE.

Let me entreat to know at large the cauſe
Of your king's ſorrow.

Hel. Sit, ſir [6], I will recount it to you;—but ſee,
I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, *and a young lady.*

Lyſ. O, here's the lady
That I ſent for. Welcome, fair one!—Is't not
A goodly preſence [7]?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lyſ. She's ſuch a one, that were I well aſſur'd
Came of a gentle kind, and noble ſtock,
I'd wiſh no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodneſs that conſiſts in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient [8]:
If that thy proſperous and artificial feat [9]

Can

[6] *Sit*, ſir,] Thus the eldeſt quarto. The modern editions read—*Sir*, ſir. MALONE.

[7] ——*is't not*
A goodly preſence?] Is ſhe not beautiful in her form? So, in *K. John*:
" Lord of thy *preſence*, and no land beſide."
All the copies read, I think corruptly,
——is it not a goodly *preſent?* MALONE.

[8] *Fair* one, *all goodneſs that conſiſts in* bounty
Expect even here where is a kingly patient:] The quarto, 1609, reads.
Fair *on*, all goodneſs that conſiſts in *beauty*, &c.
The editor of the ſecond quarto in 1619, finding this unintelligible, altered the text, and printed—Fair *and* all goodneſs, &c. which renders the paſſage nonſenſe.—*One* was formerly written *on*; and hence they are perpetually confounded in our ancient dramas. The latter part of the line, which was corrupt in all the copies, has been happily amended by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.
I ſhould think, that inſtead of *beauty* we ought to read *bounty*. All the good that conſiſts in *beauty* ſhe brought with her. But ſhe had reaſon to expect the bounty of her kingly patient, if he proved ſucceſsful in his cure. Indeed Lyſimachus tells her ſo afterwards in clearer language. The preſent circumſtance puts us in mind of what paſſes between Helena and the King, in *All's Well that Ends Well*. STEEVENS.

[9] *If that thy proſperous and artificial* feat, &c.] " Veni ad me, Thaiſa;" (ſays Athenagoras), " ubi nunc eſt *ars ſtudiorum*

Can draw him but to anſwer thee in aught,
Thy ſacred phyſick ſhall receive ſuch pay
As thy deſires can wiſh.

Mar. Sir, I will uſe
My utmoſt ſkill in his recovery, provided
That none but I and my companion-maid
Be ſuffer'd to come near him.

Lyſ. Come, let us leave her, and the gods make her proſperous! [Marina *ſings*.

Lyſ.

diorum tuorum, ut conſoleris dominum navis in tenebris ſedentem; ut provoces eum exire ad lucem, quia nimis dolet pro conjuge et filia ſuâ?"—*Geſta Romanorum*, p. 586. edit. 1558.

The old copy has—artificial *fate*. For this emendation the reader is indebted to Dr. Percy. *Feat* and *fate* are at this day pronounced in Warwickſhire alike; and ſuch, I have no doubt, was the pronunciation in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Hence the two words were eaſily confounded.

A paſſage in *Meaſure for Meaſure* may add ſupport to Dr. Percy's very happy emendation:

" ——————In her youth
" There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
" Such as moves men; beſides, ſhe hath a *proſperous art*,
" When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
" And well ſhe can perſuade."

1. Marina *ſings*.] This ſong (like moſt of thoſe ſung in the old plays) has not been preſerved. Perhaps it might have been formed on the following lines in *Geſta Romanorum*, (or ſome tranſlation of it) which Thariſia is there ſaid to have ſung to King Apollonius:

" Per ſcorta [f. heu!] gradior, ſed ſcorti conſcia non ſum;
" Sic ſpinis roſa [f. quæ] neſcit violarier ullis.
" Corruit et [f. en] raptor gladii ferientis ab ictu;
" Tradita lenoni non ſum violata pudore.
" Vulnera ceſſaſſent animi, lacrimæque deeſſent,
" Nulla ergo melior, ſi noſcam certa parentes,
" Unica regalis generis ſum ſtirpe creata;
" Ipſa, jubente Deo, lætari credo aliquando.
" Fuge [f. terge] modo lacrimas, curam diſſolve moleſtam;
" Redde polo faciem, mentemque ad ſidera tolle:
" Jam [f. Nam] Deus eſt hominum plaſmator, rector et auctor,
" Non ſinit has lacrimas caſſo finire labore."

MALONE.

Lyſ. Mark'd he your muſick?
Mar. No, nor look'd on us.
Lyſ. See, ſhe will ſpeak to him.
Mar. Hail, ſir! my lord, lend ear.
Per. Humph! ha!
Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet *: ſhe ſpeaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were juſtly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my ſtate,
My derivation was from anceſtors
Who ſtood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and aukward caſualties [2]
Bound me in ſervitude.—I will deſiſt;
But there is ſomething glows upon my cheek,
And whiſpers in mine ear, *Go not till he ſpeak.* [*Aſide.*
Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? What ſay you?
Mar. I ſaid, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.
Per. I do;
Think ſo.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like ſomething, that—What country-woman?
Here of theſe ſhores [3]?

* —*that ne'er before invited eyes,*
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: So, in *K. Henry IV.*

"By being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
"But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at."

MALONE.

[2] —*and* aukward *caſualties*—] *Aukward* is adverſe. Our author has the ſame epithet in the *Second Part of King Henry VI.*

"And twice by *aukward* wind from England's bank
"Drove back again." STEEVENS.

[3] *I do*
Think ſo.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are *like ſomething, that—What country*-woman?
Here of theſe ſhores?] This paſſage is ſo ſtrangely corrupted in the firſt quarto and all the other copies, that I cannot bear tranſcribing it:

Per.

Mar. No, nor of any ſhores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and ſhall deliver weeping [4].
My deareſt wife was like this maid, and ſuch a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's ſquare brows;
Her ſtature to an inch; as wand-like ſtraight;
As ſilver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly [5]: in pace another Juno [6];
Who ſtarves the ears ſhe feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more ſhe gives them ſpeech [7].—Where do you live?

Mar.

Per. I do thinke ſo, pray you turne your eyes upon me, your like ſomething that, what countrey women heare of theſe ſhewes.

Mar. No nor of any ſhewes, &c.

For the ingenious emendation,—*ſhores*, inſtead of *ſhewes*,—(which is ſo clearly right, that I have not heſitated to inſert it in the text,) as well as the happy regulation of the whole paſſage, I am indebted to the patron of every literary undertaking, my friend the Earl of Charlemont.

MALONE.

[4] *I am* great with woe, *and ſhall* deliver *weeping.*] So, in *King Richard II.*

" —Green, thou art the *midwife to my woe*,
" And Bolinbroke my ſorrow's diſmal heir:
" Now hath my ſoul *brought forth* her prodigy,
" And I, a gaſping *new deliver'd mother*,
" Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow join'd."

MALONE.

[5] *Her eyes as* jewel *like*,
And cas'd *as richly*:] So, in *K. Lear:*

" ——— ———and, in this habit,
" Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
" Their *precious ſtones* new-loſt."

Again, *ibidem:*

" What, with the *caſe* of eyes? MALONE.

[6] —*in* pace *another* Juno;] So, in *the Tempeſt:*

" ——— Higheſt queen of ſtate,
" Great *Juno* comes; I know her by her *gait*."

MALONE.

[7] *Who ſtarves the ears ſhe feeds, and makes them hungry,*
The more ſhe gives them ſpeech.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——— ———other women cloy
" The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,

" Where

Mar. Where I am but a ſtranger: from the deck
You may diſcern the place.
Per. Where were you bred?
And how atchiev'd you theſe endowments, which
You make more rich to owe[8]?
Mar. If I ſhould tell my hiſtory, it would ſeem
Like lies diſdain'd in the reporting.
Per. Pr'ythee ſpeak;
Falſeneſs cannot come from thee, for though look'ſt
Modeſt as juſtice, and thou ſeem'ſt a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in[9]: I'll believe thee,
And make my ſenſes credit thy relation,
To points that ſeem impoſſible; for thou look'ſt
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?

Didſt

"Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies."
Again, in *Hamlet*:
"As if increaſe of appetite did grow
"By what it feed on." MALONE.

[8] *And how atchiev'd you theſe endowments, which*
You make more rich to owe?] To *owe* in ancient language is to *poſſeſs*. So, in *Othello*:
"————that ſweet ſleep
"That thou *ow'dſt* yeſterday."
The meaning of the compliment is:—Theſe endowments, however valuable in themſelves, are heightened by being in your poſſeſſion. They acquire additional grace from their owner. Thus alſo one of Timon's flatterers:
"You mend the jewel by the wearing it."
STEEVENS.

[9] ————*a palace*
For the crown'd *truth to dwell in*:] It is obſervable that our poet, when he means to repreſent any quality of the mind as eminently perfect, furniſhes the imaginary being whom he perſonifies, with a crown. Thus, in the 114th Sonnet:
"Or whether doth my mind, being *crown'd* with you,
"Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?"
Again, in his 37th Sonnet:
"For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
"Or any of theſe all, or all, or more,
"Entitled in thy parts do *crowned* ſit,—."
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"Upon his brow ſhame is aſhamed to ſit,
"For 'tis a throne, where honour may be *crown'd*,
"Sole monarch of the univerſal earth."
MALONE.

Didſt thou not ſay [1], when I did puſh thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'ſt
From good deſcending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou ſaid'ſt,
Thou hadſt been toſs'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'ſt thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some ſuch thing indeed
I ſaid, and ſaid no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy ſtory;
If thine conſider'd prove the thouſandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have ſuffered like a girl [2]: yet thou doſt look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves [3], and ſmiling
Extremity out of act [4]. What were thy friends?

How

[1] *Didſt thou not* ſay,] All the copies read—*Didſt thou not* ſtay. It was evidently a falſe print in the firſt edition. MALONE.

[2] *Some ſuch thing* indeed—] For the inſertion of the word *indeed*, I am accountable. MALONE.

[2] —*thou art a man, and I*
Have ſuffer'd like a girl] So, in *Macbeth*:
" If trembling I inhibit thee, proteſt me
" The baby of a girl." MALONE.

[3] *Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves,*] So, in *Twelfth Night*:
" She ſat, like *Patience* on a monument,
" Smiling at grief."
Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:
" Onward to Troy with the blunt ſwains he goes;
" So mild, that *Patience ſeem'd to ſcorn his woes.*"
MALONE.

[4] ——*and ſmiling*
Extremity *out of act.*] By her beauty and patient meekneſs diſarming Calamity, and preventing her from uſing her up-lifted ſword. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.
" And hangs reſolv'd correction in the arm,
" That was uprear'd to execution."
Extremity (though not perſonified as here) is in like manner uſed in *King Lear*, for the utmoſt of human ſuffering:
" —— another,
" To amplify too much, would make much more,
" And top *extremity*." MALONE.

How loſt thou them?—Thy name, my moſt kind
virgin?
Recount, I do beſeech thee; come, ſit by me [5].
Mar. My name is Marina.
Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by ſome incenſed god ſent hither,
To make the world to laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good ſir, or here I'll ceaſe.
Per. Nay, I'll be patient; thou little know'ſt
How thou doſt ſtartle me, to call thyſelf
Marina.
Mar. The name was given me by one
That had ſome power; my father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter, and call'd Marina?
Mar. You ſaid you would believe me; but, not to be
A troubler of your peace [6], I will end here.
Per. But are you fleſh and blood? Have you a work-
ing pulſe,
And are no fairy-motion [7]? Well, ſpeak on.

Where

[5] *How loſt thou* them?—*Thy name, my moſt kind virgin?*
Recount, I do beſeech thee; come, ſit by me.] All the copies read—How loſt thou thy name, my moſt kind virgin, recount, &c. But Marina had not ſaid any thing about her name. She had indeed told the king, that "Time had rooted out her parentage, and to the world and aukward caſualties bound her in ſervitude:"—Pericles, therefore, naturally aſks her, by what accident ſhe had loſt her *friends*; and at the ſame time deſires to know her name. Marina anſwers his laſt queſtion firſt, and then proceeds to tell her hiſtory. The inſertion of the word *them*, which I ſuppoſe to have been omitted by the negligence of the compoſitor, renders the whole clear.—The metre of the line, which was before defective, and Marina's anſwer, both ſupport the conjectural reading of the text. MALONE.

[6] —*a* troubler *of your* peace,] Thus the earlieſt quarto. So, in *K. Richard III.*

"And then hurl down their indignation
"On thee, the *troubler* of the poor world's *peace*."

The folios and the modern editions read—*a* trouble *of your peace*. MALONE.

[7] *But are you fleſh and blood? Have you a working pulſe,*
And are no fairy motion?] In the old copy this paſſage is thus exhibited:

But

Where were you born? and wherefore call'd Marina.

Mar. Call'd Marina, for I was born at ſea.

Per. At ſea? who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born [7],
As my good nurſe Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, ſtop there a little!
This is the rareſt dream that e'er dull ſleep
Did mock ſad fools withal: this cannot be
My daughter buried. [*Aſide.*] Well:—where were you bred?
I'll hear you no more, to the bottom of your ſtory,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll ſcarce believe me; 'twere beſt I did give o'er [8].

Per.

But are you fleſh and blood?
Have you a working pulſe, and are no fairy?
Motion well ſpeak on, &c.

The preſent regulation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Maſon. Mr. Steevens would read,

——————and are no fairy?

No motion?——

i. e. no puppet dreſs'd up to deceive me. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Oh excellent *motion!* oh exceeding puppet!"

MALONE.

This paſſage ſhould be pointed thus:

Have you a working pulſe? and are no *fairy-motion?*

That is, "Have you really life in you, or are you merely a puppet formed by enchantment; the work of fairies?" The reading of the old copy cannot be right, for fairies were ſuppoſed to be animated beings, and to have working pulſes, as well as men. MASON.

[7] Who *died the very minute I was born,*] Either the conſtruction is—My mother, who died the very minute I was born, was the daughter of a king,—or we ought to read:

She died the very minute, &c. STEEVENS.

The word *very* I have inſerted to complete the metre. MALONE.

[8] You'll ſcarce *believe me*; *'twere beſt I did give o'er.*] All the old copies read—You *ſcorn*, believe me, &c. The reply of Pericles induces me to think the author wrote:

You'll ſcarce believe me; 'twere beſt, &c.

Pericles had expreſſed *no ſcorn* in the preceding ſpeech, but, on

Per. I will believe you by the ſyllable [8]
Of what you ſhall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in theſe parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharſus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did ſeek to murther me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, whom having drawn to do't [9],
A crew

on the contrary, great complacency and attention. So alſo, before:

———Pr'ythee ſpeak:
Falſeneſs cannot come from thee—
———*I'll believe thee*, &c.

The falſe prints in this play are ſo numerous, that the greateſt latitude muſt be allowed to conjecture. MALONE.

I think we ſhould read:

You ſcorn *believing* me; (or, *belief in* me) 'twere beſt, &c.

and this is authoriſed by Pericles' reply: "I will believe you,"—.

Marina regards the ſpeech of Pericles as expreſſive of *ſcorn*, becauſe he has juſt told her that what ſhe has ſaid is—*the rareſt dream*; aſſuring her at the ſame time that ſhe *cannot be his daughter*. He deſires her indeed to advance in her ſtory; but has not *yet* declared that he will *believe* it. It is for this reaſon that ſhe ſtyles his behaviour contemptuous. STEEVENS.

The words, *This is the rareſt dream*, &c. are not addreſſed to Marina, but ſpoken aſide. MALONE.

[8] *I will believe you by the* ſyllable, &c.] i. e. I will believe every word you ſay. So, in *Macbeth*:

"To the laſt *ſyllable* of recorded time."

Again, in *All's Well That Ends Well*:

"To the utmoſt *ſyllable* of your worthineſs."

STEEVENS.

[9] —whom *having drawn to do't*,] This mode of phraſeology, though now obſolete, was common in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
"A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
"Out of his charity, (*who* being then appointed
"Maſter of this deſign) did give us," &c.

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"———This your ſon-in-law,
"And ſon unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)
"Is troth-plight to your daughter."

When the former edition of this play was printed, I imagined the original copy printed in 1609, read—*who* having drawn

A crew of Pirates came and reſcued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But good ſir, whither
Will you have me? Why do ye weep? It may be,
You think me an impoſtor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counſellor,
Moſt wiſe in general; tell me, if thou canſt,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, ſir, of Mitylene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lyſ. She never would tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would ſit ſtill and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, ſtrike me, honour'd ſir;
Give me a gaſh, put me to preſent pain;
Leſt this great ſea of joys ruſhing upon me,
O'er-bear the ſhores of my mortality,
And drown me with their ſweetneſs [1]. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'ſt him that did thee beget;
Thou that waſt born at ſea, buried at Tharſus,
And found at ſea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever ſleep [2].

Mar.

drawn to do't, not obſerving the mark of abbreviation over the letter *o*, (*whō*) which ſhews the word intended was *whom*. MALONE.

[1] *And drawn me with their ſweetneſs.*] We meet a kindred thought in the *Merchant of Venice*:

" O love, be moderate, allay thy ecſtaſy,
" In meaſure rain thy joy, ſcant this exceſs,
" I feel too much thy bleſſing; make it leſs,
" For fear I ſurfeit." MALONE.

[2] *Though doubts did ever ſleep.*] i. e. in plain language, *though nothing ever happened to awake a ſcruple or doubt concerning your veracity.* STEEVENS.

Mar. Firſt, ſir, I pray, what is your title?
Per. I
Am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name; (as in the reſt you ſaid,
Thou haſt been god-like perfect;) the heir of kingdoms,
And a mother like to Pericles, thy father [3].
Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To ſay, my mother's name was Thaiſa?
Thaiſa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began [4].
Per. Now, bleſſing on thee, riſe; thou art my child.
Give me freſh garments. Mine own Helicanus,
She is not dead at Tharſus, as ſhe ſhould have been,
By ſavage Cleon: ſhe ſhall tell thee all;
When thou ſhalt kneel, and juſtify in knowledge
She is thy very princeſs.—Who is this?
Hel. Sir, 'tis the governour of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy ſtate,
Did come to ſee you.
Per. I embrace you.

Give

[3] —*the heir of kingdoms,*
And a mother *like to Pericles, thy father.*] The old copy has—
And *another* like to Pericles thy father.
There can be no doubt that there is here a groſs corruption. The correction which I have made, affords an eaſy ſenſe. The mother of Marina was the heir of kingdoms, and in that reſpect reſembled Pericles.
I believe the ſame errour has happened in *Hamlet*, where in Act V. ſc. ii. we find—"Is't not poſſible to underſtand in *another* tongue?" inſtead of which I believe the poet wrote, "Is't poſſible not to underſtand in *a mother* tongue?"
This errour actually happened in the firſt edition of Sir Francis Bacon's Eſſay on *The Advancement on Learning*, B. II. p. 60, 4to. 1605: "—by the art of grammar, whereof the uſe in *another* tongue is ſmall; in a foreign tongue more." In the table of Errata we are deſired to read—*a mother* tongue. MALONE.

[4] *Thaiſa was my mother*, who did end
The minute I began.] So, in *The Winter's Tale*:
"————————— Lady,
"Dear queen, *that ended when I but began*,
"Give me that hand of yours to kiſs."
MALONE.

Give me my robes, I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bleſs my girl! But hark, what muſick!—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him [5]
O'er, point by point [6], for yet he ſeems to doubt [7],
How ſure you are my daughter.—But what muſick?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?
The muſick of the ſpheres: liſt, my Marina.

Lyſ. It is not good to croſs him; give him way.

Per. Rareſt ſounds! do ye not hear?

Lyſ. Muſick? My lord, I hear—

Per. Moſt heavenly muſick:
It nips me unto liſt'ning, and thick ſlumber
Hangs upon mine eyes; let me reſt [8]. [*He ſleeps.*

Lyſ. A pillow for his head;—ſo leave him all.
[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of* Pericles *is cloſed.*
Well, my companion-friends, if this but anſwer to
My juſt belief, I'll well remember you [9].

Exeunt LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and attendant Lady.*

SCENE

[5] ——*But hark, what muſick!*
Tell *Helicanus, my Marina, tell him*—Thus the earlieſt quarto.
The quarto, 1619, and all the ſubſequent editions read,
But hark, what muſick's this Helicanus? my Marina, &c. MALONE.

[6] *O'er*, point by point.—] So, in Gower:
" Fro *poynt* to *poynt* all the hym tolde
" That ſhe hath long in herte holde,
" And never durſt make hir mone
" But only to this lorde allone." MALONE.

[7] —*for yet he ſeems to* doubt,] The old copies read—for yet he ſeems to *doat*. It was evidently a miſprint. MALONE.

[8] *Moſt heavenly muſick:*
It nips me unto liſt'ning, and thick ſlumber
Hangs, &c.] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:
" Makes heaven *drowſy* with the harmony."
So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.
" Let there be no noiſe made, my gentle friends,
" Unleſs ſome dull and favourable hand
" Will whiſper muſick to my weary ſpirit." MALONE.

[9] *Well, my companion-friends, if this but anſwer to*
My juſt belief, I'll well remember you.] Theſe lines clearly belong

SCENE II.

The ſame. PERICLES *on deck aſleep*; Diana *appearing to him as in a viſion.*

Dia. My temple ſtands in Epheſus [1]; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar ſacrifice.
There,

belong to Marina. She has been for ſome time ſilent, and Pericles having now fallen into a ſlumber, ſhe naturally turns to her companion, and aſſures her, that if ſhe has in truth found her royal father, (as ſhe has good reaſon to believe) ſhe ſhall partake of her proſperity. It appears from a former ſpeech in which the ſame phraſe is uſed, that a lady had entered with Marina:

" Sir, I will uſe
" My utmoſt ſkill in his recovery; provided
" That none but I and my *companion-maid*
" Be ſuffer'd to come near him."

I would therefore read in the paſſage now before us,

Well, my companion-*friend*——

or, if the text here be right, we might read in the former inſtance—my companion-*maids*.—In the preceding part of this ſcene it has been particularly mentioned, that Marina was with her *fellow maids* upon the leafy ſhelter, &c.

There is nothing in theſe lines that appropriates them to Lyſimachus; nor any particular reaſon why he ſhould be munificent to his friends becauſe Pericles has found his daughter. On the other hand, this recollection of her lowly companion is perfectly ſuitable to the amiable character of Marina. MALONE.

[1] *My temple ſtands in Epheſus*;] This viſion is formed on the following paſſage in Gower:

" The hie God, which wolde hym kepe,
" When that this kynge was faſt aſlepe,
" By nightes tyme he hath hym bede
" To ſayle unto another ſtede
" To Epheſum he bad hym drawe,
" And as it was that tyme lawe,

" He

There, when my maiden prieſts are met together,
Before the people all
Reveal how thou at ſea didſt loſe thy wife:
To mourn thy croſſes, with thy daughter's call,
And give them repetition to the life [2].
Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'ſt in woe:
Do't, and be happy [*]: by my ſilver bow
Awake, and tell thy dream. [Diana *diſappears.*
Per. Celeſtial Dian, goddeſs argentine [3],
I will obey thee! Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel. Sir.
Per. My purpoſe was for Tharſus, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable Cleon; but I am
For other ſervice firſt: toward Epheſus

Turn.

" He ſhall do there hys ſacrifice,
" And eke he bad in all wiſe,
" *That in the temple, amongſt all,*
" *His fortune, as it is befalle,*
" *Touchyng his doughter and his wife,*
" *He ſhall be knowe upon his life.*" MALONE.

[2] *And give them repetition to the* life.] The old copies read—to the *like*. For the emendation, which the rhyme confirms, the reader is indebted to Lord Charlemont. " Give them repetition to the life," means, as he obſerves, " Repeat your misfortunes ſo feelingly and ſo exactly, that the language of your narration may intimate to the life the tranſactions you relate." So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ———The younger brother, Cadwall,
" Strikes *life* into my ſpeech"

In *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, theſe words are again confounded, for in the old copies we there find:

" Two of the firſt, *life* coats in heraldry," &c.
MALONE.

[*] —*and* be *happy*:] The word *be* I have ſupplied.
MALONE.

[3] —*goddeſs* argentine,] That is, regent of the *ſilver* moon. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,
" The *ſilver-ſhining* queen he would diſdain."

" In the chemical phraſe, (as Lord Charlemont obſerves to me,) a language well underſtood when this play was written, Luna or *Diana* means *ſilver*, as Sol does gold." MALONE.

Turn our blown ſails; eſtſoons I'll tell thee why.—
Shall we refreſh us, ſir, upon your ſhore, [*to* Lyſim.
And give you gold for ſuch proviſion
As our intents will need?

Lyſ. Sir,
With all my heart; and when you come aſhore,
I have another ſuit [4].

Per. You ſhall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it ſeems
You have been noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of* Diana *at* Epheſus.

Gow. Now our ſands are almoſt run;
More a little, and then dumb [5].
This, as my laſt boon, give me [6],
(For ſuch kindneſs muſt relieve me,)
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What pageantry, what feats, what ſhows,
What

[4] —*I have another* ſuit.] The old copies read—I have another *ſleight*. But the anſwer of Pericles ſhews clearly that they are corrupt. The ſenſe requires ſome word ſynonymous to *requeſt*. I therefore read,—I have another *ſuit*. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

" I have a *ſuit* which you muſt not deny me."

MALONE.

I have another ſleight.] i. e. another contrivance. He either means, that he intends ſome farther entertainment for Pericles, or that he has a deſign relative to Marina.

STEEVENS.

[5] *More a little, and then* dumb.] Permit me to add a few words more, and then I ſhall be ſilent. The old copies have *dum*; in which way I have obſerved in ancient books the word *dumb* was occaſionally ſpelt. Thus in *The Metamorphoſis of Pigmalion's Image*, by J. Marſton, 1598:

" Look how the peeviſh papiſts crouch and kneel
" To ſome *dum* idoll with their offering."

There are many as imperfect rhymes in this play, as that of the preſent couplet. So, in a former chorus, *moons* and *dooms*. Again, at the end of this, *ſoon* and *doom*. Mr. Rowe reads—More a little, and then *done*. MALONE.

[6] *This*, as *my laſt boon, give me*,] The word *as*, which is not found in the old copies, was ſupplied by Mr. Steevens, to complete the metre. MALONE.

What minſtrelſy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrifice [7],
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all con ſo ur.d
In feather'd briefneſs ſails are fill'd,
And wiſhes fall out as they're will'd.
At Epheſus, the temple ſee,
Our king, and all his company:
That he can hither come ſo ſoon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom [9]. [*Exit.*

[7] *Till* he *had done his ſacrifice*,] That is, till *Pericles* had done his ſacrifice. MALONE.

[8] *The* interem, *pray you*, *all* confound.] So, in *K. Henry V*:

" ——————Myſelf have play'd
" The *interim*, by remembering you 'tis paſt."

To *confound*, here ſignifies, to conſume. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

" He did *confound* the beſt part of an hour,
" Exchanging hardiment with great Glendower."
MALONE.

[9] *That he can hither come ſo ſoon,*
Is by your fancy's thankful doom.] As *ſoon* and *doom* are not rhimes, exactly correſponding, I would rather read,—thankful *boon*.

Thankful boon may ſignify—*the licence you grant us in return for the pleaſures we have afforded you in the courſe of the play.* So before in this Chorus:

This as my laſt *boon* give me. STEEVENS.

We had ſimilar rhymes before:

——————if king Pericles
Come not home in twice ſix *moons*,
He, obedient to their *dooms*,
Will take the crown.

I have, therefore, not diſturbed the reading of the old copy. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Temple of Diana *at* Epheſus; THAISA *ſtanding near the altar, as high prieſteſs; a number of virgins on each ſide;* CERIMON *and other inhabitants of* Epheſus *attending.*

Enter PERICLES, *with his train;* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a lady.*

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy juſt command,
I here confeſs myſelf the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed [1]
At Pentapolis, the fair Thaiſa.
At ſea in child-bed died ſhe, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddeſs,
Wears yet thy ſilver livery [2]. She at Tharſus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He ſought to murder: but her better ſtars
Brought her to Mitylene; 'gainſt whoſe ſhore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own moſt clear remembrance, ſhe
Made known herſelf my daughter.
Thai. Voice and favour!—

You

[1] *Who, frighted from my* country, *did wed*—] *Country* muſt be conſidered as a triſyllable. So *entrance*, *ſemblance*, and many others. MALONE.

[2] —*who, O Goddeſs,*
Wears yet thy ſilver livery.] i. e. her white robe of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddeſs of chaſtity. PERCY.

So, in Shakſpeare's *Lover's Complaint*:
" There my *white ſtole of chaſtity* I daft."
We had the ſame expreſſion before:
" One twelve moons more ſhe'll wear *Diana's livery*."
MALONE.

You are, you are—O royal Pericles ! [*She faints.*

Per. What means the woman* ? ſhe dies! help, gentlemen !

Cer. Noble ſir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no ;
I threw her o'er-board with theſe very arms.

Cer. Upon this coaſt, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis moſt certain.

Cer. Look to the lady [4] ;—O, ſhe's but o'er-joy'd.
Early in bluſt'ring morn [5] this lady was
Thrown upon this ſhore. I op'd the coffin,
Found there rich jewels [6] ; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple [7].

Per. May we ſee them ?

Cer. Great ſir, they ſhall be brought you to my houſe,
Whither I invite you [8]. Look, Thaiſa is
Recovered.

Thai.

[3] *You are, you are—O royal Pericles—*] The ſimilitude between this ſcene, and the diſcovery in the laſt act of *The Winter's Tale*, will, I ſuppoſe, ſtrike every reader.

* *What means the woman ?*] This reading was furniſh'd by the ſecond quarto. The firſt reads—What means the *mum ?* MALONE.

[4] *Look to the lady* ;] When lady Macbeth pretends to ſwoon, on hearing the account of Duncan's murder, the ſame exclamation is uſed. Theſe words belong, I believe, to Pericles. MALONE.

[5] *Early* in *bluſt'ring morn*—] The author, perhaps, wrote,
Early *one* bluſt'ring morn—. MALONE.

[6] *Found* there *rich jewels* ;] The ſecond quarto, the folios, and Mr. Rowe, read,—*theſe* jewels. Pericles's next queſtion ſhews that *theſe* could not be the poet's word. The true reading is found in the firſt quarto. It ſhould be remembered, that Cerimon delivered theſe jewels to Thaiſa, (before ſhe left his houſe) in whoſe cuſtody they afterwards remained. MALONE.

[7] *Here* in Diana's temple.] The ſame ſituation occurs again in *The Comedy of Errors*, where Ægeon loſes his wife at ſea, and finds her at laſt in a nunnery. STEEVENS.

[8] —*they ſhall be brought you to my houſe,*
Whither I invite you.] This circumſtance bears ſome reſemblance to the meeting of Leontes and Hermione. The office of Cerimon is not unlike that of Paulina in the *Winter's Tale*. STEEVENS.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my ſanctity
Will to my ſenſe [9] bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, ſpite of ſeeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you ſpake,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempeſt,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaiſa!

Thai. That Thaiſa am I, ſuppoſed dead,
And drown'd [1].

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you ſuch a ring?
[*ſhews a ring.*

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your preſent kindneſs
Makes my paſt miſeries ſport [2]: You ſhall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be ſeen [3]. O come, be buried

[9] —*to my* ſenſe—] *Senſe* is here uſed for *ſenſual paſſion*. So alſo in *Meaſure for Meaſure* and in *Hamlet*. MALONE.

[1] —*ſuppoſed dead,*
And drown'd.] Suppoſed dead, and that my death was by drowning. MALONE.

[2] *This, this: no more, you gods! your preſent kindneſs*
Makes my paſt miſeries ſport:] So, in *K. Lear*:
" It is a chance that does redeem all ſorrows,
" That ever I have felt." MALONE.

[3] ——*I may*
Melt, and no more be ſeen.] This is a ſentiment which Shakſpeare never fails to introduce on occaſions ſimilar to the preſent. So, in *Othello*:
" ——————If it were now to die,
" 'Twere now to be moſt happy, &c.
Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:
" If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
" To die when I deſire." MALONE.

Melt, and no more be ſeen] So, in one of the Pſalms—" O ſpare me a little that I may recover my ſtrength, before I go hence, and *be no more ſeen.*" STEEVENS.

A ſecond time within theſe arms [2].

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's boſom.
[*kneels to* Thaiſa.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Fleſh of my fleſh, Thaiſa;
Thy burden at the ſea, and call'd Marina,
For ſhe was yielded there.

Thai. Bleſt, and mine own [3]!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me ſay, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient ſubſtitute.
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaiſa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How poſſibly preſerv'd; and whom to thank,
Beſides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, through whom
The gods have ſhewn their power; that can from firſt
To laſt reſolve you

Per. Reverend ſir, the gods
Can have no mortal officer more like
A god than you. Will you deliver how
This dead queen re-lives?

Cer.

[2] ——*O come, be buried*
A ſecond time within theſe arms.] So, in *The Winter's Tale*:
" Not like a corſe; or if—not to *be buried*,
" But quick, and *in mine arms.*" MALONE.

[3] *Bleſt, and* mine own! So, in *The Winter's Tale*:
" ——Tell me, *mine own*,
" Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? Where liv'd? How found
" Thy father's court?" MALONE.

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beſeech you, firſt go with me to my houſe,
Where ſhall be ſhewn you all was found with her;
How ſhe came plac'd here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure Diana!
I bleſs thee * for thy viſion, and will offer
Night-oblations to thee. Thaiſa, this prince,
The fair-betrothed of your daughter [4], ſhall
Marry her at Pentapolis [5]. And now,
This ornament, that makes me look ſo diſmal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify [6].

* I *bleſs thee*—] For the inſertion of the perſonal pronoun I am reſponſible. MALONE.

[4] *The fair-betrothed*—] i. e. fairly contracted, honourably affianced. STEVENS.

[5] —*Thaiſa, this prince,*
The fair-betrothed of your daughter, ſhall
Marry her at Pentapolis.] So, in the laſt ſcene of *The Winter's Tale*, Leontes informs Paulina,
" ——This your ſon-in-law,
" And ſon unto the king, (whom heavens directing)
" *Is troth-plight to your daughter.*" MALONE.

[6] —*And now,*
This ornament, *that makes me look ſo diſmal,*
Will, I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.] So, in *Much Ado About Nothing*: " —the barber's man hath already been with him; and the old *ornament* of his cheek hath already ſtuff'd tennis balls."
The author has here followed Gower, or *Geſta Romanorum*:
" ——this a vowe to God I make,
" That I ſhall never for hir ſake
" *My berde for no likynge ſhave,*
" Till it befalle that I have
" In convenable time of age
" *Beſette hir unto mariage.*" *Conf. Amant.*

The

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a ſtar of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourſelves
Will in that kingdom ſpend our following days;
Our ſon and daughter ſhall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing ſtay,
To hear the reſt untold.—Sir, lead the way [7]. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter [8], you have heard
Of monſtrous luſt the due and juſt reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, ſeen
(Although aſſail'd with fortune fierce and keen,)
Virtue preſerv'd from fell deſtruction's blaſt,
Led

The word *ſo* in the firſt line, and the words—*my lov'd Marina* in the ſecond, which both the ſenſe and metre require, I have ſupplied. MALONE.

The author is in this place guilty of a ſlight inadvertency. It was but a ſhort time before, when Pericles arrived at Tharſus, and heard of his daughter's death, that he made a vow never to waſh his face, or cut his hair. MASON.

[7] *Sir, lead the way.*] Dr. Johnſon has juſtly objected to the lame and impotent concluſion of the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV.* "Come, will you hence?" The concluding line of *The Winter's Tale* furniſhes us with one equally abrupt, and nearly reſembling the preſent:—"Haſtily lead away." This paſſage will juſtify the correction of the old copy now made. It reads—Sir, *leads* the way. MALONE.

[8] *In Antioch, and his daughter,*—] The old copies read—In *Antiochus* and his daughter, &c. The correction was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. "So, (as he obſerves,) in Shakſpeare's other plays, *France* for the *king* of France, *Morocco* for the *king* of Morocco," &c. MALONE.

Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at laſt [9].
In Helicanus may you well deſcry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had ſpread their curſed deed, and honour'd name [1]
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder ſeemed ſo content
To puniſh them; although not done, but meant [2].
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! here our play has ending [3].
[*Exit* GOWER.

[9] *Virtue* preſerv'd *from fell deſtruction's blaſt,*
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at laſt:] All the copies are here, I think, manifeſtly corrupt.—They read,
Virtue *preferr'd* from fell deſtruction's blaſt—
The groſs and numerous errors of even the moſt accurate copy of this play, will, it is hoped, juſtify the liberty that has been taken on this and ſome other occaſions.
It would be difficult to produce from the works of Shakſpeare many couplets more ſpirited and harmonious than this. MALONE.

[1] —and *honour'd name*—] The firſt and ſecond quarto read—*the* honour'd name. The reading of the text, which appears to me more intelligible, is that of the folio 1664. *The city* is here uſed for the collective body of the citizens. MALONE.

[2] *To puniſh* them, *although not done, but meant.*] The defective metre of this line in the old copy, induces me to think that the word *them*, which I have ſupplied, was omitted by the careleſſneſs of the printer. MALONE.

[3] The fragment of the MS. Poem, mentioned in the preliminary obſervations, has ſuffered ſo much by time, as to be ſcarcely legible. The parchment on which it is written having been converted into the cover of a book, for which purpoſe its edges were cut off, ſome words are entirely loſt. However, from the following concluding lines the reader may be enabled to form a judgment with reſpect to the age of this piece:

.... thys

. . . . . thys was tranſlatyd almoſt at englondes ende
. . . . . to the makers ſtat tak ſich a mynde
. . . . have y take hys bedys on hond and ſayd hys patr. noſtr. and crede
*Tho*mas * vicary y underſtonde at wymborne mynſtre in that ſtede
. . . . . y thouzte zou have wryte hit is nouzt worth to be knowe
. . that wole the ſothe ywyte go thider and me wol the ſchewe.

On the ſubject of *Pericles* Lillo formed a tragedy of three acts, which was firſt repreſented in the year 1738.

To a former edition of this play were ſubjoined two diſſertations; one written by Mr. Steevens, the other by me. In the latter I urged ſuch arguments as then appeared to me to have weight, to prove that it was the entire work of Shakſpeare, and one of his earlieſt compoſitions. Mr. Steevens on the other hand maintained, that it was originally the production of ſome elder playwright, and afterwards improved by our poet, whoſe hand was acknowledged to be viſible in many ſcenes throughout the play. On a review of the various arguments which each of us produced in favour of his own hypotheſis, I am now convinced that the theory of Mr. Steevens was right, and have no difficulty in acknowledging my own to be erroneous.

This play was entered on the Stationer's books, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, in the year 1608, by Edward Blount, a bookſeller of eminence, and one of the publiſhers of the firſt folio edition of his works. It was printed with Shakſpeare's name in the title page, in his life-time; but this circumſtance proves nothing; becauſe by the knavery of bookſellers other pieces were alſo aſcribed to him in his life-time, of which he indubitably wrote not a line. Nor is it neceſſary to urge in ſupport of its genuineneſs, that at a ſubſequent period it was aſcribed to him by ſeveral dramatick writers. I wiſh not to rely on any circumſtance of that kind; becauſe in all queſtions of this nature, internal evidence is the beſt that can be produced, and to every perſon intimately acquainted with our poet's writings, muſt in the preſent

* The letters in the Italick character were ſupplied by the conjecture of the late Mr. Tyrwhitt, who very obligingly examined this ancient fragment, and furniſhed me with the above extract.

preſent caſe be deciſive. The congenial ſentiments, the numerous expreſſions bearing a ſtriking ſimilitude to paſſages in his undiſputed plays, ſome of the incidents, the ſituation of many of the perſons, and in various places the colour of the ſtyle, all theſe combine to ſet the ſeal of Shakſpeare on the plea before us, and furniſh us with internal and irreſiſtible proofs, that a conſiderable portion of this piece, as it now appears, was written by him. The greater part of the three laſt acts, may, I think, on this ground be ſafely aſcribed to him; and his hand may be traced occaſionally in the other two diviſions.

To alter, new-model, and improve the unſucceſsful dramas of preceding writers, was, I believe, much more common in the time of Shakſpeare than is generally ſuppoſed. This piece having been thus new-modelled by our poet, and enriched with many happy ſtrokes from his pen, is unqueſtionably entitled to that place among his works, which it has now obtained. MALONE.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

Perſons Repreſented.

Orſino, *Duke of* Illyria.
Sebaſtian, *a young gentleman, brother to* Viola.
Antonio, *a ſea-captain, friend to* Sebaſtian.
A ſea-captain, friend to Viola.
Valentine, Curio, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
Sir Toby Belch, *uncle to* Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.
Malvolio, *ſteward to* Olivia.
Fabian, *Clown*, } *ſervants to* Olivia.

Olivia, *a rich counteſs.*
Viola, *in love with the Duke.*
Maria, Olivia's *woman.*

Lords, Prieſt, Sailors, Officers, Muſicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *a city in* Illyria; *and the ſea-coaſt near it.*

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, CURIO, *and Lords; Muſicians attending.*

Duke. If muſick be the food of love, play on,
Give me exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting,
The

[1] There is great reaſon to believe, that the ſerious part of this comedy is founded on ſome old tranſlation of the ſeventh hiſtory in the fourth volume of *Belleforeſt's Hiſtoires Tragiques*. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, July 15, 1596, that there was a verſion of "Epitomes des *cent Hiſtoires Tragiques*, partie extraictes des actes des Romains, et autres, &c." Belleforeſt took the ſtory as uſual from Bandello. The comick ſcenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakſpeare. Ben Jonſon, who takes every opportunity to find fault with Shakſpeare, ſeems to ridicule the conduct of *Twelfth-Night* in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, at the end of Act III. ſc. vi. where he makes *Mitis* ſay, "That the argument of his comedy might have been of ſome other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a counteſs, and that counteſs to be in love with the duke's ſon, and the ſon in love with the lady's waiting-maid: *ſome ſuch croſs wooing, with a clown to their ſerving-man*, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time." STEEVENS.

I ſuppoſe

The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.—
That ſtrain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour [2].—Enough; no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before,
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſoever [3],
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! ſo full of ſhapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantaſtical [4].

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have:
O, when

I ſuppoſe this comedy to have been written in 1614. If however the foregoing paſſage was levelled at *Twelfth Night*, my ſpeculation falls to the ground. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays.* MALONE.

[2] *O, it came o'er my ear like the ſweet* ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.] Milton, in his *Paradiſe Loſt*, b. iv. has very ſucceſsfully introduced the ſame image:

" ——————now gentle gales,
" Fanning their odoriferous wings, diſpenſe
" Native perfumes, and whiſper whence they ſtole
" Thoſe balmy ſpoils."

The old copy reads—ſweet *ſound*, which Mr. Rowe changed into *wind*, and Mr. Pope into *ſouth*. STEEVENS.

Here Shakſpeare makes the ſouth ſteal odour from the violet. In his 99th *Sonnet*, the violet is made the thief:

" The forward violet thus did I chide:
" Sweet thief, whence didſt thou ſteal thy ſweet that
ſmells,
" If not from my love's breath? MALONE.

[3] *Of what* validity *and pitch ſoever,*] *Validity* is here uſed for *value*. MALONE.

[4] *That it alone is* high-fantaſtical.] *High fantaſtical*, means no more than *fantaſtical to the height*. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

" My *high-repented* blames
" Dear ſovereign, pardon me." STEEVENS.

O, when my eyes did ſee Olivia firſt,
Methought, ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart [5];
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me.—How now? what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So pleaſe my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this anſwer:
The element itſelf, till ſeven years heat [6],

Shall

[5] *That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart;*] This image evidently alludes to the ſtory of Acteon, by which Shakſpeare ſeems to think men cautioned againſt too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Acteon, who ſaw Diana naked, and was torn in pieces by his hounds, repreſents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with inceſſant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his *Wiſdom of the Ancients*, ſuppoſes this ſtory to warn us againſt enquiring into the ſecrets of princes, by ſhewing, that thoſe who know that which for reaſons of ſtate is to be concealed, will be detected and deſtroyed by their own ſervants. JOHNSON.

Our author had here undoubtedly Daniel's fifth Sonnet in his thoughts:

" Whilſt youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
" And ſette my thoughts in heedles waies to range,
" All unawares, a goddeſſe chaſte I finde,
" (Diana like) to worke my ſuddaine change.
" For her no ſooner had mine eye bewraid,
" But with diſdaine to ſee mee in that place,
" With faireſt hand the ſweet unkindeſt maid
" Caſts water-cold diſdaine upon my face:
" *Which turn'd my ſport into a hart's deſpaire,*
" *Which ſtill is chac'd, while I have any breath,*
" *By mine own thoughts, ſette on me by my faire;*
" *My thoughts, like hounds, purſue me to my death.*
" Thoſe that I foſter'd of mine owne accord,
" Are made by her to murder thus theyr lord."

Delia and Roſamond, augmented, 16mo. 1594.

The ſame obſervation has been made by an anonymous writer. MALONE.

[6] *The element itſelf, till ſeven years* heat,] *Heat* for *heated*. The air, till it ſhall have been warmed by ſeven revolutions of the ſun, ſhall not, &c. So, in *King John*:

" The

Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloiſtreſs, ſhe will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to ſeaſon
A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep freſh,
And laſting, in her ſad remembrance.

Duke. O, ſhe, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft [7]
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections [8] elſe
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
Theſe ſovereign thrones, are all ſupply'd, and fill'd,
(Her ſweet perfections [9],) with one ſelf-king [1]!—
Away before me to ſweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt*

"The iron of itſelf, though *heat* red hot—."
Again, in *Macbeth*:
"And this report
"Hath ſo *exaſperate* the king—." MALONE.

[7] *How will ſhe* love, *when the rich* golden ſhaft—] So, Milton, *Par. Loſt*, B. iv:
"Here *Love* his *golden ſhafts* employs—. MALONE.

[8] —*the* flock *of all affections*—So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*:
"—has the *flock* of unſpeakable virtues."
STEEVENS.

[9] *Her ſweet perfections*,—*Liver*, *brain*, and *heart*, are admitted in poetry as the reſidence of *paſſions*, *judgment*, and *ſentiments*. Theſe are what Shakſpeare calls, *her ſweet perfections*, though he has not very clearly expreſſed what he might deſign to have ſaid. STEEVENS.

[1] —*with one* ſelf-*king*!] Thus the original copy. The editor of the ſecond folio, who in many inſtances appears to have been equally ignorant of our author's language and metre, reads—ſelf-*ſame* king; a reading, which all the ſubſequent editors have adopted. The verſe is not defective. *Perfections* is here uſed as a quadriſyllable. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:
"Methinks I feel this youth's *perfections*—."
Self-king means *ſelf-ſame* king; one of the ſame king. So, in *King Richard II*:
"————————that *ſelf*-mould that faſhioned thee,
"Made him a man." MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Sea-coaſt.

Enter VIOLA[2], Captain, *and Sailors.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what ſhould I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elyſium.
Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, ſailors?
Cap. It is perchance, that you yourſelf were ſav'd.
Vio. O my poor brother! and ſo, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure yourſelf, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and this poor number ſaved with you[3],
Hung on our driving boat, I ſaw your brother,
Moſt provident in peril, bind himſelf
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a ſtrong maſt, that liv'd upon the ſea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.
Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's gold:
Mine own eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerves for authority,
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well: for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?

Cap.

[2] *Enter* Viola,] *Viola* is the name of a lady in the fifth book of *Gower de Confeſſione Amantis.* STEEVENS.

[3] —*and* this *poor number ſav'd with you,*] The old copy has—and *thoſe* poor number—. For the preſent emendation I am anſwerable. The ſailors who were ſaved, enter with the captain. MALONE.

Cap. A noble duke in nature, as in name[4].
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orſino.
Vio. Orſino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence;
And then 'twas freſh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do, the leſs will prattle of,)
That he did ſeek the love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What's ſhe?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That dy'd ſome twelve-month ſince; then leaving her
In the protection of his ſon, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo dy'd: for whoſe dear love,
They ſay, ſhe hath abjur'd the ſight
And company of men.
Vio. O, that I ſerv'd that lady;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occaſion mellow,
What my eſtate is[5]!
Cap. That were hard to compaſs;
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of ſuit,
No, not the duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou haſt a mind that ſuits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteouſly,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For ſuch diſguiſe as, haply, ſhall become

Th

[4] *A noble duke in nature, as in name.*] I know not whether the nobility of the name is compriſed in *duke*, or in *Orſino*, which is, I think, the name of a great Italian family. JOHNSON.

[5] *And might not be deliver'd to the world*, &c.] I wiſh I might not be *made publick* to the world, with regard to the *ſtate* of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a *ripe opportunity* for my deſign.
Viola ſeems to have formed a very deep deſign with very little premeditation: ſhe is thrown by ſhipwreck on an unknown coaſt, hears that the prince is a batchelor, and reſolves to ſupplant the lady whom he courts. JOHNSON.

The form of my intent. I'll ſerve this duke[6];
Thou ſhall preſent me as an eunuch to him,*
It may be worth thy pains; for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of muſick,
That will allow me very worth his ſervice[7].
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit;
Only ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and* MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death

[6] —*I'll ſerve this duke*;] Viola is an excellent ſchemer, never at a loſs; if ſhe cannot ſerve the lady, ſhe will ſerve the duke. JOHNSON.

* *Thou ſhalt preſent me as an eunuch to him,*] When the practice of caſtration (which originated certainly in the eaſt) was firſt adopted, ſolely for the purpoſe of improving the voice, I have not been able to learn: The firſt regular opera, as Dr. Burney obſerves to me, was performed at Florence in 1600; "till about 1635 muſical dramas were only performed occaſionally in the places of princes, and conſequently before that time eunuchs could not abound. The firſt eunuch that was ſuffered to ſing in the Pope's chapel was in the year 1600."

So early however as 1604, eunuchs are mentioned by one of our poet's contemporaries, as excelling in ſinging:

"Yes, I can ſing, fool, if you'll bear the burthen; and I can play upon inſtruments ſcurvily, as gentlemen do. O that I had been *gelded!* I ſhould then have been a fat fool for a chamber, *a ſqueaking fool* for a tavern, and a private fool for all the ladies." *The Malcontent*, by J. Marſton, 1604. MALONE.

[7] *That will* allow *me*—] To *allow* is to *approve*. So, in *King Lear*:

"——— if your ſweet ſway
"*Allow* obedience"—. STEEVENS.

death of her brother thus? I am ſure, care's an enemy to life [8].

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you muſt come in earlier o'nights; your couſin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted [9].

Mar. Ay, but you muſt confine yourſelf within the modeſt limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myſelf no finer than I am: theſe clothes are good enough to drink in, and ſo be theſe boots too; an they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own ſtraps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yeſterday; and of a fooliſh knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man [1] as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpoſe?

Sir To. Why, he has three thouſand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all theſe ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll ſay ſo! he plays o'th' viol-de-gambo [2], and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar.

[8] —*care's an enemy to life.*] Alluding to the old proverb, *Care will kill a cat.* STEEVENS.

[9] —*let her except before excepted.*] A ludicrous uſe of the formal *law-phraſe.* FARMER.

It is the uſual language of leaſes: "To have and to hold the ſaid demiſed premiſes &c. with their and every of their rights, members &c. (*except before excepted*)." MALONE.

[1] —*as* tall a man—] *Tall* means *ſtout, courageous.* STEEVENS.

[2] —*viol-de-gambo,*] The *viol-de-gambo* ſeems, in our author's time, to have been a very faſhionable inſtrument. In *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606, it is mentioned, with its proper derivation:

"Her *viol-de-gambo* is her beſt content,
"For '*twixt her legs* ſhe holds her inſtrument."
COLLINS.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almoſt natural [3]: for, beſides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath a gift of a coward to allay the guſt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are ſcoundrels, and ſubſtractors, that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there's a paſſage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coyſtril [4], that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a pariſh top [5]. What, wench? Caſtiliano vulgo [6]; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter

[3] *He hath, indeed,*—almoſt *natural:*] Mr. Upton propoſes to regulate this paſſage differently:

He hath indeed, *all, moſt* natural. MALONE.

[4] *and a* coyſtril.] A *coyſtril* is a paltry groom, only fit to carry arms, but not to uſe them. So, in Holinſhed's Deſcription of England, Vol. I. p. 162: *Coſterels* or bearers of the arms of barons, or knights: Vol. III. p. 272.—"women, lackies, and *coiſterels* are conſidered as the unwarlike attendants on an army." For its etymology, ſee *couſtille* and *couſtiller* in Cotgrave's Dictionary. TOLLET.

A *coyſtrel* or *coyſtril* is properly the ſervant of a man at arms, or life-guard of a prince. Each of the life-guards of Henry VIII. had a coyſtrel that attended upon him. Hence it came to ſignify a low mean man. MALONE.

[5] —*like a* pariſh-top.] This is one of the cuſtoms now laid aſide. A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in froſty weather, that the peaſants might be kept warm by exerciſe, and out of miſchief, while they could not work. STEEVENS.

"To ſleep like a *town top*," is a proverbial expreſſion. A top is ſaid *to ſleep*, when it turns round with great velocity, and makes a ſmooth humming noiſe. BLACKSTONE.

[6] —Caſtiliano *vulgo*;] We ſhould read—*volto*. In Engliſh, put on your *Caſtilian* countenance; that is, your grave, ſolemn looks. WARBURTON.

I meet with the word *Caſtilian* and *Caſtilians* in ſeveral of the old comedies. It is difficult to aſſign any peculiar propriety to it, unleſs it was adopted immediately after the defeat of the Armada, and became a cant term capriciouſly expreſſive of jollity or contempt. *The hoſt*, in the *Merry Wives*

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch? how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet ſir Andrew!

Sir And. Bleſs you, fair ſhrew.

Mar. And you too, ſir.

Sir To. Accoſt, ſir Andrew, accoſt [7].

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good miſtreſs Accoſt, I deſire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, ſir.

Sir And. Good Mrs. Mary Accoſt,—

Sir To. You miſtake, knight: accoſt, is, front her, board her [8], woo her, aſſail her.

Sir

Wives of Windſor, calls Caius a *Caſtilian-king Urinal*; and in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, one of the characters ſays, "Ha! my *Caſtilian* dialogues!" In an old comedy called *Look about you*, 1600, it is joined with another toper's exclamation very frequent in Shakſpeare:

"And *Rivo* will he cry, and *Caſtile* too."

So again, in Heywood's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"Hey, *Rivo Caſtiliano*, man's a man."

STEEVENS.

[7] Accoſt, *ſir Andrew*, accoſt.] To *accoſt*, had a ſignification in our author's time that the word now ſeems to have loſt. In the ſecond part of *The Engliſh Dictionary*, by H. C. 1655, in which the reader "who is deſirous of a more refined and elegant ſpeech," is furniſhed with *hard* words, "*to draw near*," is explained thus: "To *accoſt*, appropriate, appropinquate." See alſo Cotgrave's Dict. in v. *accoſter*.

MALONE.

[8] —board *her*,] Dr. Johnſon obſerves in his Dictionary, that one of the ſenſes of to *board* is, to attack, or make the firſt attempt upon a perſon;—*aborder quelqu'un*. In the common French Dictionaries, "*aborder* une femme," is tranſlated "to board a woman, to pick her up." To *board*, as it is explained by Dr. Johnſon, is evidently derived as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, from the original naval term. Our author is frequent in this uſe of the word. "I would, he had *boarded* me," ſays Beatrice; and Mrs. Page uſes the ſame expreſſion. Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

"And *boarded* her in the wanton way of youth."

MALONE.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accoſt?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part ſo, ſir Andrew, 'would thou might'ſt never draw ſword again.

Sir And. An you part ſo, miſtreſs, I would I might never draw ſword again; Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you ſhall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, ſir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, ſweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, ſir [9].

Sir And. Why, I think ſo; I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry.* But what's your jeſt?

Mar. A dry jeſt, ſir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, ſir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit* MARIA.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of canary; When did I ſee thee ſo put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unleſs you ſee canary put me down: Methinks, ſometimes I have no more wit than a chriſtian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No queſtion.

Sir

[9] *It's dry, ſir.*] She may intend to inſinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moiſt hand being vulgarly accounted a ſign of an amorous conſtitution. JOHNSON.

The Chief Juſtice in the ſecond part of *K. Henry IV.* enumerates a *dry hand* among the characteriſticks of debility and age. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Charmian ſays: "—"if an *oily palm* be not *a fruitful prognoſtication*, I cannot ſcratch mine ear." Theſe paſſages ſerve to confirm Dr. Johnſon's ſuppoſition. STEEVENS.

* *I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry.*] I ſuppoſe, Sir Andrew means, that he is not ſuch a fool but that he can keep himſelf out of the water. MALONE.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forſwear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, ſir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy?* do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Paſt queſtion; for thou ſeeſt, it will not curl by nature [1].

Sir. And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a diſtaff; and I hope to ſee a houſewife take thee between her legs, and ſpin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, ſir Toby: your niece will not be ſeen; or, if ſhe be, it's four to one ſhe'll none of me: the count himſelf, here hard by, woes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'the count; ſhe'll not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, years, nor wit; I have heard her ſwear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll ſtay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the ſtrangeſt mind i'the world; I delight in maſques and revels ſometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at theſe kick-ſhaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man [2].

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in Illyria.

Sir

[1] —*it will not* curl by *nature.*] The old copy reads—*coo my* nature. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

[2] —*and yet I will not compare with an old man.*] *Ague-cheek*, though willing enough to arrogate to himſelf ſuch experience as is commonly the acquiſition of age, is yet careful to exempt his perſon from being compared with its bodily weakneſs. In ſhort, he would ſay with Falſtaff,—"*I am old in nothing but my underſtanding.*" STEEVENS.

Sir To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? wherefore have theſe gifts a curtain before them; are they like to take duſt, like miſtreſs Mall's picture[3]? why doſt thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk ſhould be a jig; I would not

3 —*miſtreſs* Mall's *picture?*] The real name of the woman whom I ſuppoſe to have been meant by *Sir Toby*, was *Mary Frith*. The appellation by which ſhe was generally known, was *Mall Cut purſe*. She was at once an *hermæphrodite*, a proſtitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of ſtolen goods, &c. &c. On the books of the ſtationers' Company, Auguſt 1610, is entered—"A booke called the Madde Prancks of Merry *Mall* of the Bankſide, with her walks in man's apparel, and to what purpoſe. Written by John Day." Middleton and Decker wrote a comedy, of which ſhe is the heroine. The title of this piece is—*The Roaring Girl, or, Mall Cut-purſe; as it hath been lately acted on the Fortune Stage, by the prince his players*, 1611. The frontiſpiece to it contains a full length of her in man's clothes, ſmoaking tobacco. As this extraordinary perſonage appears to have partaken of both ſexes, the *curtain* which *Sir Toby* mentions, would not have been unneceſſarily drawn before ſuch a picture of her as might have been exhibited in an age, of which neither too much delicacy or decency was the characteriſtick.

STEEVENS.

In our author's time, I believe, curtains were frequently hung before pictures of any value. So, in Webſter's *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"I yet but draw the *curtain*;—now to your picture."

Mary Frith was born in 1584, and died in 1659.—In a MS. letter in the Britiſh Muſeum, from John Chamberlain to Mr. Carleton, dated February 11, 1611—12, the following account is given of this woman's doing penance: "This laſt Sunday *Moll Cut-purſe*, a notorious baggage, that uſed to go in men's apparel, and challenged the field of diverſe gallants, was brought to the ſame place, [St. Paul's Croſs,] where ſhe wept bitterly, and ſeemed very penitent; but it is ſince doubted ſhe was maudlin drunk, being diſcovered to have tippel'd of three quarts of ſack, before ſhe came to her penance. She had the daintieſt preacher or ghoſtly father that ever I ſaw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe of Brazen-noſe College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in ſome inn of court, than to be where he was. But the beſt is, he did extreme badly, and ſo wearied the audience that the beſt part went away, and the reſt tarried rather to hear Moll Cut-purſe than him." MALONE.

ſo much as make water, but in a ſink-a-pace [4]. What doſt thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent conſtitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the ſtar of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd ſtock [5]. Shall we ſet about ſome revels?

Sir To. What ſhall we do elſe? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's ſides and heart [6].

Sir To. No, ſir; it is legs and thighs. Let me ſee thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's clothes.*

Val. If the duke continues theſe favours towards you, Ceſario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his love: Is he inconſtant, ſir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter

4 —a *ſink-a-pace.*] i. e. a *cinque-pace*; the name of a dance, that meaſures whereof are regulated by the number five. The word occurs elſewhere in our author.
SIR J. HAWKINS.

5 —flame *colour'd ſtock.*] The old copy reads—*a* dam'd *colour'd ſtock. Stockings* were in Shakſpeare's time called *ſtocks.* So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:
" —or would my ſilk *ſtock* ſhould loſe his gloſs elſe."
STEEVENS.
The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

6 Taurus? *that's ſides and heart.*] Alluding to the medical aſtrology ſtill preſerved in almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body, to the predominance of particular conſtellations, JOHNSON.

Enter Duke, CURIO, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.
Duke. Who ſaw Ceſario, ho?
Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.
Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—Ceſario,
Thou know'ſt no leſs but all; I have unclaſp'd
To thee the book even of my ſecret ſoul:
Therefore, good youth, addreſs thy gait unto her;
Be not deny'd acceſs, ſtand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow,
Till thou have audience.
Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe never will admit me.
Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.
Vio. Say, I do ſpeak with her my lord, What then?
Duke. O, then, unfold the paſſion of my love,
Surprize her with diſcourſe of my dear faith:
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aſpect.
Vio. I think not ſo, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they ſhall yet belie thy happy years,
That ſay, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more ſmooth, and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a woman's part [7].
I know, thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myſelf am beſt,
When leaſt in company:—Proſper well in this,
And thou ſhall live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my beſt,

[7] —*a woman's part.*] That is, thy proper part in a play would be a woman's. Women were then perſonated by boys. JOHNSON.

To woo your lady:—yet, [*aſide.*] a barrful ſtrife [8]!
Who-e'er I woo, myſelf would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter MARIA *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt been, or I will not open my lips, ſo wide as a briſtle may enter, in way of thy excuſe: my lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours [9].

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten anſwer [1]: I can tell thee where that ſaying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good miſtreſs Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to ſay is your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wiſdom, that have it and thoſe that are fools, let them uſe their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being ſo long abſent; or, to be turn'd away [2], is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let ſummer bear it out [3].

Mar.

[8] —*a* barrful *ſtrife!*] i. e. a conteſt full of impediments. STEEVENS.

[9] —*fear no colours.*] This expreſſion frequently occurs in the old plays. STEEVENS.

[1] —lenten *anſwer:*] A *lean*, or as we now call it, a *dry* anſwer. JOHNSON.

[2] —*or*, to *be turn'd away*,] The editor of the ſecond folio omitted the word *to*, in which he has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[3] —*and*, *for* turning away, *let* ſummer *bear it out.*] It is common for unſettled and vagrant ſerving-men, to grow negligent

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither; but I am reſolved on two points,

Mar. That, if one break *, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaſkins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if ſir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's fleſh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that; here comes my lady: make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt.

[*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Thoſe wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am ſure I lack thee, may paſs for a wiſe man: For what ſays Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a fooliſh wit [4].—God bleſs thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away,

Clo. Do you not hear fellows? take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: beſides, you grow diſhoneſt.

Clo. Two faults, Madonna [5], that drink and good counſel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf, if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if he cannot, let the butcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd [6]: virtue, that tranſgreſſes, is but

ligent of their buſineſs towards ſummer; and the ſenſe of the paſſage is: *If I am turned away, the advantages of the approaching ſummer will bear out, or ſupport all the inconveniencies of diſmiſſion; for I ſhall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge.* STEEVENS.

* —*if one break,*] *Points* were laces with metal tags, by which the trunk-hoſe, or breeches, were faſtened to the doublet. MALONE.

[4] —*Better a witty fool than a fooliſh wit.*] Hall, in his *Chronicle*, ſpeaking of the death of Sir Thomas More, ſays, "that he knows not whether to call him *a fooliſh wiſe man, or a wiſe fooliſh man.*" JOHNSON.

[5] —*Madonna,*] Ital. miſtreſs dame. So, *La Madonna*, by way of pre-eminence, the *Bleſſed Virgin.* STEEVENS.

[6] —*Any thing, that's mended, is but* patched:] Alluding to the *patch'd* or parti-coloured garment of the fool. MALONE.

but patch'd with ſin; and ſin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: If that this ſimple ſyllogiſm will ſerve, ſo; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, ſo beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I ſay again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to ſay, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterioufly, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it, Madonna; Good my mouſe of virtue, anſwer me.

Oli. Well, ſir, for want of other idleneſs, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'ſt thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his ſoul is in hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his ſoul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's ſoul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and ſhall do, till the pangs of death ſhake him: Infirmity, that decays the wiſe, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God ſend you, ſir, a ſpeedy infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly! Sir Toby will be ſworn, that I am no fox; but he will not paſs his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How ſay you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcal; I ſaw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that he has no more brain than a ſtone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unleſs you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gagg'd. I proteſt, I take theſe wiſe men, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are ſick of ſelf-love, Malvolio, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite: to be generous, guiltleſs,

leſs, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no ſlander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools[7]!

Re enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much deſires to ſpeak with you.

Oli. From the count Orſino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinſman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he ſpeaks nothing but madman; Fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a ſuit from the count, I am ſick, or not at home: what you will, to diſmiſs it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you ſee, ſir, how your fooling grows old, and people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldeſt ſon ſhould be a fool: whoſe ſcull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes[8], one of thy kin, has a moſt weak *pia mater!*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, couſin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir

[7] *Now* Mercury, *indue thee with* leaſing, *for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools!*] *May Mercury teach thee to lie, ſince thou lieſt in favour of fools.* JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—with *learning*. MALONE.

[8] —*for here* he *comes*,—] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors have omitted the word *he*. MALONE.

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here [9]—A plague o'these pickle-herrings!—How now, ſot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,—

Oli. Couſin, couſin, how have come you ſo early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery! I deſy letchery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clown. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat [1] makes him a fool; the ſecond mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and ſeek the coroner, and let him ſit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clown. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool ſhall look to the madman. [*Exit* Clown.

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him you were ſick; he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you: I told him you were aſleep; he ſeems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him, lady? he's fortified againſt any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

Mal. He has been told ſo; and he ſays, he'll ſtand at your door like a ſheriff's poſt [2], and be the ſupporter to a bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

Oli.

[9] *'Tis a gentleman here*—] Sir Toby was going to deſcribe the gentleman, but is interrupted by the effects of his *pickle-herring*. STEEVENS.

[1] —*above heat*—] i. e. above the ſtate of being warm in a proper degree. STEEVENS.

[2] —*ſtand at your door like a ſheriff's poſt*,] It was the cuſtom for that officer to have large *poſts* ſet up at his door, as an indication of his office. The original of which was, that the king's proclamations, and other publick acts, might be affixed

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll ſpeak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what perſonage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple: 'tis with him e'en ſtanding water[3], between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly; one would think, his mother's milk were ſcarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orſino's embaſſy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Oli. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her; Your will?

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her: I would be loth to caſt away my

affixed thereon by way of publication. So, Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*:

" ——————put off
" To the lord Chancellor's tomb, or the *ſhrives poſts*."
WARBURTON.

Dr. Letherland was of opinion, that " by this poſt is meant a poſt to mount his horſe from, a horſeblock, which, by the cuſtom of the city, is ſtill placed at the ſheriff's door." STEEVENS.

[3] —*'tis with him* e'en *ſtanding water*,] The old copy has—*in*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. In the firſt folio *e'en* and *in* are very frequently confounded.
MALONE.

ſpeech; for, beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; I am very comptible [4], even to the leaſt ſiniſter uſage.

Oli. Whence came you, ſir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in my ſpeech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I ſwear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the houſe?

Oli. If I do not uſurp myſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp yourſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve. But this is from my commiſſion: I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were ſaucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reaſon, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in ſo ſkipping a dialogue [5].

Mar. Will you hoiſt ſail, ſir? here lies your way.

Vio.

[4] —I *am very comptible*,] Viola begs ſhe may not be treated with ſcorn, becauſe ſhe is very ſubmiſſive, even to lighter marks of reprehenſion. STEEVENS.

[5] —ſkipping *a dialogue*,] Wild, frolick, mad. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" The *ſkipping* king, he ambled up and down," &c. STEEVENS.

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

" ——— ——— ——— take pain

" To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty,

" Thy *ſkipping* ſpirit." MALONE.

Vio. No, good ſwabber; I am to hull here [6] a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant [7], ſweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind [8].

Vio. I am a meſſenger.

Oli. Sure, you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the courteſy of it is ſo fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The rudeneſs, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA.] Now, ſir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orſino's boſom.

Oli. In his boſom? in what chapter of his boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his heart.

Oli.

[6] —*I am to* hull *here*—] To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water, without ſails or rudder. STEEVENS.

[7] *Some mollification for your giant,*] Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troubleſome advances. Viola, ſeeing the waiting-maid ſo eager to oppoſe her meſſage, intreats Olivia to pacify her giant.

JOHNSON.

Viola likewiſe alludes to the diminutive ſize of *Maria*, who is called on ſubſequent occaſions, *little villain, youngeſt wren of nine*, &c. STEEVENS.

So Falſtaff to his page: "Sirrah, you *giant*, &c." *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act I. MALONE.

[8] *Tell me your mind.*] Theſe words, which in the old copy make part of Viola's laſt ſpeech, were rightly attributed to Olivia by Dr. Warburton. MALONE.

Mind ſignifies either *buſineſs* or *inclination*. Viola taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word, replies as if Olivia had uſed it in the latter ſenſe. WARBURTON.

As a meſſenger, ſhe was not to ſpeak her own mind, but that of her employer. MASON.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereſy. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good madam, let me ſee your face.

Oli. Have you any commiſſion from your lord to negociate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the picture. Look you, ſir, ſuch a one I was this preſent: Is't not well done [9]? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, ſir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent [1], whoſe red and white
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand lay'd on:
Lady, you are the cruel'ſt ſhe alive,
If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy [2].

Oli.

[9] *Look you, ſir, ſuch a one I* was *this preſent: Is't not well done?*] She ſays, I *was* this preſent, inſtead of ſaying I *am*; becauſe ſhe had once ſhewn herſelf, and perſonages the beholder, who is afterwards to make the relation.

STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect the author intended that Olivia ſhould again cover her face with her veil, before ſhe ſpeaks theſe words.

MALONE.

[1] *'Tis beauty truly* blent,] i. e. blended, mix'd together. *Blent* is the antient participle of the verb to *blend*.

STEEVENS.

[2] *If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,*
And leave the world no copy.] Shakſpeare has copied himſelf in his 11th ſonnet:

" She carv'd thee for her ſeal, and meant thereby
" Thou ſhould'ſt print more, nor let that copy die."

Again, in the 3d ſonnet:

" Die ſingle, and thine image dies with thee."

STEEVENS.

Again, in his 9th ſonnet:

" Ah! if thou iſſueleſs ſhalt hap to die,
" The world will wail thee like a makeleſs wife;
" The world will be thy widow, and ſtill weep
" *That thou no form of thee haſt left behind.*"

Again, in the 13th ſonnet:

" O that you were yourſelf! but, love, you are
" No longer yours than you yourſelf here live:
" Againſt this coming end you ſhould prepare,
" *And your ſweet ſemblance to ſome other give.*"

MALONE.

Oli. O, ſir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted; I will give out diverſe ſchedules of my beauty: It ſhall be inventoried; and every particle, and utenſil, labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to 'praiſe me[3]?

Vio. I ſee you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and maſter loves you; O, ſuch love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adoration's fertile tears[4],
With groans that thunder love, with ſighs of fire[5].

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I ſuppoſe him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſs youth;
In voices well divulg'd[6], free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimenſion, and the ſhape of nature,
A gracious

3 —*to* 'praiſe *me?*] i. e. to *appraiſe*, or *appretiate* me. The foregoing words, *ſchedules*, and *inventoried*, ſhew, I think, that this is the meaning. So again, in *Cymbeline*: "I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the *catalogue* of his endowments had been *tabled* by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by *items*." MALONE.

4 *With adoration's fertile* tears,] *Tears* is here uſed as a diſſyllable, like *fire*, *hour*, *ſwear*, &c. Mr. Pope, to ſupply a ſuppoſed defect in the metre, reads—

With adorations, *with* fertile tears,—

which the ſubſequent editors have adopted. MALONE.

5 *With groans that thunder love, with ſighs of fire.*] This line is worthy of Dryden's *Almanzor*, and, if not ſaid in mockery of amorous hyperboles, might be regarded as a ridicule on a paſſage in Chapman's tranſlation of the firſt book of HOMER, 1598:

"Jove *thunder'd out a ſigh*;"

or, on another in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592:

"The winds of my deepe ſighes
"That *thunder* ſtill for noughts, &c." STEEVENS.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"O, that forc'd *thunder* from his heart did fly!"
MALONE.

6 *In voices well divulg'd,*] Well ſpoken of by the world. MALONE.

A gracious perſon: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his anſwer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my maſter's flame,
With ſuch a ſuffering, ſuch a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no ſenſe,
I would not underſtand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love [7],
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills [8],
And make the babling goſſip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more;
Unleſs, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: ſpend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd poſt [9], lady; keep your purſe;
My maſter, not myſelf, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you ſhall love;
And let your fervour, like my maſter's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli.

[7] *Write loyal* cantons *of contemned love*,] The old copy has—*cantons*; which Mr. Capell, who appears to have been entirely unacquainted with our ancient language, has changed into *canzons*.—There is no need of alteration. *Canton* was uſed for *canto* in our author's time. So, in *The London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605: "What-do-you-call-him has it there in his third *canton*." Again, in Heywood's Preface to *Britaynes Troy*, 1609: "—in the judicial peruſal of theſe few *cantons*," &c. MALONE.

[8] *Holla your name to the* reverberate *hills*,] Mr. Upton well obſerves, that Shakſpeare frequently uſes the adjective paſſive, *actively*. STEEVENS.

[9] *I am no fee'd* poſt,] *Poſt*, in our author's time, ſignified a meſſenger. MALONE.

Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.—I'll be ſworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too faſt;—ſoft! ſoft!
Unleſs the maſter were the man [1].—How now?
Even ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an inviſible and ſubtle ſtealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your ſervice.
Oli. Run after that ſame peeviſh meſſenger,
The county's man [2]: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his lord [3],
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reaſons for't. Hye thee, Malvolio.
Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind [4].

Fate,

[1] —*ſoft! ſoft!*
Unleſs the maſter were the man.] Unleſs the dignity of the maſter were added to the merit of the ſervant, I ſhall go too far, and diſgrace myſelf. Let me ſtop in time. MALONE.

[2] *The* county's *man:*] *County* and *count* in old language were ſynonymous. The old copy has *countes*, which may be right: the SAXON genitive caſe. MALONE.

[3] —*to flatter* with *his lord,*] This was the phraſeology of the time. So, in *King Richard II:*

"Shall dying men flatter *with* thoſe that live?"

Many more inſtances might be added. MALONE.

[4] *Mine eye*, &c.] I believe the meaning is, I am not miſtreſs of my own actions; I am afraid that my eyes betray me, and flatter the youth without my conſent, with diſcoveries of love. JOHNSON.

I think the meaning is, I fear that my eyes will ſeduce my underſtanding; that I am indulging a paſſion for this beautiful youth, which my reaſon cannot approve. MALONE.

Fate, ſhew thy force: Ourſelves we do not owe;
What is decreed, muſt be; and be this ſo! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Sea-coaſt.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you ſtay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtars ſhine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, diſtemper your's; therefore I ſhall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'ſooth, ſir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to expreſs myſelf[5]: You muſt know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebaſtian, which I call'd Roderigo; my father was that Sebaſtian of Meſſaline[6], whom I know, you have heard of: he left

[5] —*to expreſs myſelf*:] That is, *to reveal myſelf*. JOHNSON.

[6] —*Meſſaline*,] Sir Thomas Hanmer very judiciouſly offers to read *Metelin*, an iſland in the Archipelago; but Shakſpeare knew little of geography, and was not at all ſolicitous about orthographical nicety. The ſame miſtake occurs in the concluding ſcene of the play:

"Of *Meſſaline*; Sebaſtian was my father." STEEVENS.

left behind him, myſelf, and a ſiſter, both born in an hour; If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had ſo ended! but you, ſir, alter'd that; for, ſome hour before you took me from the breach of the ſea, was my ſiſter drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, ſir, though it was ſaid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with ſuch eſtimable wonder [7], overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh her, ſhe bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: ſhe is drown'd already, ſir, with ſalt water, though I ſeem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, ſir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your ſervant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, deſire it not. Fare ye well at once: my boſom is full of kindneſs; and I am yet ſo near the manners of my mother [8], that upon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orſino's court: farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleneſs of all the gods go with thee!—
I have many enemies in Orſino's court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
That danger ſhall ſeem ſport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

[7] —*with ſuch eſtimable wonder,*] Shakſpeare often confounds the active and paſſive adjectives. *Eſtimable wonder* is *eſteeming wonder*, or *wonder and eſteem*. The meaning is, that he could not venture to think ſo highly as others of his ſiſter. JOHNSON.

So Milton uſes *unexpreſſive* notes, for *unexpreſſible*, *in his* hymn on the Nativity. MALONE.

[8] —*I am yet ſo near the manners of my mother,*] *So in* another of our author's plays:

"And all my *mother* came into my eyes."

MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so[9].

Vio. She took the ring of me! I'll none of it[1].

Mal.

[9] *Receive it so.*] One of the modern editors reads, with some probability, receive it, *sir*. But the present reading is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

[1] *She took* the *ring of me!—I'll none of it.*] This passage has been hitherto thus pointed:—She took the ring of me, I'll none of it; which renders it, as it appears to me, quite unintelligible. The punctuation now adopted was suggested by an ingenious friend, and certainly renders the line less exceptionable: yet I cannot but think there is some corruption in the text. Had our author intended such a mode of speech, he would probably have written—

She took *a* ring of me!—I'll none of it.

Malvolio's answer seems to intimate that Viola had said she had not given any ring. We ought therefore, perhaps, to read,

She took *no* ring of me;—I'll none of it.

So afterwards: "I left *no* ring with her." Viola expressly denies her having given Olivia any ring. How then can she assert, as she is made to do by the old regulation of the passage, that the lady had received one from her?

Since I wrote the above, it has occurred to me that the latter

Mal. Come, ſir, you peeviſhly threw it to her; and her will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: if it be worth ſtooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid, my outſide have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed ſo much,
That, ſure [2], methought her eyes had loſt her tongue [3],
For ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly.
She loves me, ſure; the cunning of her paſſion
Invites me in this churliſh meſſenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he ſent her none.
I am the man,—If it be ſo, (as 'tis,)
Poor lady, ſhe were better love a dream.
Diſguiſe, I ſee, thou art a wickedneſs,
Wherein the pregnant enemy [4] does much.

How

ter part of the line may have been corrupt, as well as the former: our author might have written—

She took *this* ring of me! *She'll* none of it!

So before: "—he left *this* ring;—tell him, I'll none of it." And afterwards: "None of my lord's ring!"—Viola may be ſuppoſed to repeat the ſubſtance of what Malvolio has ſaid. Our author is ſeldom ſtudious on ſuch occaſions to uſe the very words he had before employed. MALONE.

[2] *That*, ſure,] *Sure*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added, to complete the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. The author of *Remarks*, &c. *on the text and notes of the laſt edition of Shakſpeare*, very confidently aſſerts, that the word was *added* by our author. He ſpeaks as if he had been at Shakſpeare's elbow; and this ſame *addition* muſt have been made by the old bard ſixteen years after his death. But not to dwell upon ſuch trifles, I ſhall only obſerve, that whoever ſhall take the trouble to compare the ſecond folio with the firſt, will find proofs amounting almoſt to demonſtration that all the additions, alterations, &c. which are found in the ſecond folio, were made without any authority whatſoever. *Sure* in the preſent inſtance is not very likely to have been the word omitted in the firſt copy, being found in the next line but one. MALONE.

[3] —*her eyes had* loſt *her tongue*,] We ſay a man *loſes* his company when they go one way and he goes another. So Olivia's tongue loſt her eyes; her tongue was talking of the duke, and her eyes gazing on his meſſenger. JOHNSON.

[4] —*the pregnant enemy*—Is, I believe, the dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind. JOHNSON.

Pregnant

How easy is it, for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms[5]!
Alas, our frailty[6] is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be[7].

How

Pregnant is certainly *dexterous*, or *ready*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"How *pregnant* sometimes his replies are!"

STEEVENS.

[5] *How easy is it, for the* proper-false
In women's waxen hearts *to set their* forms!] Viola has been condemning those who disguise themselves, because Olivia had fallen in love with a specious appearance. How easy is it, she adds, for those who are at once *proper*, (i. e. fair in their appearance,) and *false*, (i. e. deceitful,) to make an impression on the hearts of women?—The *proper-false* is certainly a less elegant expression than the *fair deceiver*, but seems to mean the same thing. A *proper man*, was the ancient phrase for a *handsome man*:

"This Ludovico is a *proper* man." *Othello.*

To *set their forms* means, to plant their images, i. e. to make an impression on their easy minds. Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in this interpretation. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is undoubtedly the true one. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"—men have marble, *women waxen minds*,
"And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
"The weak oppress'd, the *impression of strange kinds*
"Is *form'd* in them by force, by *fraud*, or skill;
"Then call them not the authors of their ill—."

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Nay, call us ten times frail,
"For we are *soft* as our complexions are,
"And *credulous to false prints*." MALONE.

Viola's reflection, how easy it was for those who are handsome to make an impression on the waxen hearts of women, is a natural sentiment for a girl to utter, who was herself in love.—An expression similar to that of "proper-false" occurs afterwards in this very play, when Antonio says,

Virtue is beauty, but the *beauteous-evil*
Are empty trunks o'er-flourish'd by the devil.

MASON.

[6] *Alas*, our *frailty*—] The old copy has—Alas, *O* frailty. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[7] *For such as we are made* of, *such we be.*] The old copy reads—made *if*. The very happy emendation now adopted was

How will this fadge[8]? My maſter loves her dearly;
And I, poor monſter, fond as much on him;
And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My ſtate is deſperate for my maſter's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftleſs ſighs ſhall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou muſt untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, ſir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo ſurgere*[9], thou know'ſt,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir

was ſuggeſted by Mr. Tyrwhitt. So, in the *Tempeſt* (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's):

" ——————————we are ſuch ſtuff
" As dreams are *made of.*"

Of and *if* are frequently confounded in the old copies. Thus in the folio, 1632, *King John*, p. 6: " Lord of our preſence, Angiers, and *if* you." (inſtead of—*of* you.]

Again, *of* is printed inſtead of *if*. *Merchant of Venice*, 1623:

" Mine own I would ſay, but, *of* mine, then yours."

In *As you like it* we have a line conſtructed nearly like the preſent, as now corrected.

" When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour."

MALONE.

[8] *How will this* fadge? To *fadge* is to ſuit, to fit. So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594: " All this *fadges* well."

STEEVENS.

[9] —*diluculo ſurgere,*] *ſaluberrimum eſt.* This adage our author found in Lilly's Grammar, p. 51. MALONE.

Sir To. A falſe concluſion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; ſo that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives conſiſt of the four elements [9]?

Sir And. 'Faith, ſo they ſay; but, I think, it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a ſcholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I ſay!—a ſtoop [1] of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool; i'faith.

Clown. How now, my hearts! Did you never ſee the picture of we three [2]?

Sir To. Welcome, aſs. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breaſt [3]. I had

[9] *Do not our lives conſiſt of the four elements?*] So, in our author's 45th ſonnet:

"My life being made of four, with two alone
"Sinks down to death, &c."

So alſo, in *King Henry V*: "He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him."

MALONE.

[1] *a* ſtoop—] A *ſtoop*, cadus, á ſtroppa, Belgis ſtoop. Ray's Proverbs, p. 111. In Hexam's Low Dutch Dictionary, 1660, a *gallon* is explained by *een kanne van tweee ſtoopen*. A *ſtoop*, however, ſeems to have been ſomething more than half a gallon. In a catalogue of the rarities of the Anatomy-Hall at Leyden, printed there, quarto, 1701, is "The bladder of a man containing four *ſtoop*, (which is ſomething above TWO Engliſh gallons) of water." REED.

[2] —*the picture of* we three?] I believe Shakſpeare had in his thoughts a common ſign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited, with this inſcription under it: "*We three* loggerheads be." The ſpectator or reader is ſuppoſed to make the third. The clown means to inſinuate, that Sir Toby and Sir Andrew had as good a title to the name of *fool* as himſelf. MALONE.

[3] *By my troth, the fool has an excellent* breaſt.] *Breaſt*, is *voice*. So, in the Statutes of Stoke College, founded by Archbiſhop Parker, 1535, *Strypes Parker*, p. 9.—"Which ſaid queriſters, after their *breaſts* are changed," &c. that is after their voices are broken. T. WARTON.

Again

I had rather than forty ſhillings I had ſuch a leg; and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the fool has. In ſooth, thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpokeſt of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians paſſing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I ſent thee ſix-pence for thy leman [4]; Had'ſt it?

Clown. I did im peticos thy gratillity [5]; for Malvolio's noſe is no whip-ſtop: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

Sir

Again in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

" Boy, *ſing* aloud, make heaven's vault to *ring*
" With thy *breaſt's* ſtrength." MALONE.

[4] – *for thy* leman; the old copy has *lemon*. The emendation, if it may be called ſo, was made by Mr. Theobald. *Leman* was frequently ſpelt *lemmon* in our author's time. So, in a *Looking Glaſs for London and England*, a play by T. Lodge and R. Greene:

" Venus' *Lemmon* arm'd in all his pomp."

MALONE.

The money was given him for his *leman*, i. e. his miſtreſs. STEEVENS.

[5] *I did* impeticos *thy gratillity*;] This, Sir T. Hanmer tells us, is the ſame with *impocket thy gratuity*. He is undoubtedly right; but we muſt read: *I did* impeticoat *thy* gratuity. The fools were kept in long coats, to which the alluſion is made. There is yet much in this dialogue which I do not underſtand. JOHNSON.

Figure 12 in the plate of the *Morris-dancers*, at the end of *King Henry IV.* P. II. ſufficiently proves that *petticoats* were not always a part of the dreſs of *fools* or *jeſters*, though they were of ideots, for a reaſon which I avoid to offer.

He ſays he did *impeticoat* the gratuity, i. e. he gave it to his *petticoat companion*; for (ſays he) *Malvolio's noſe is no whipſtock*, i. e. Malvolio may ſmell out our connection, but his ſuſpicion will not prove the inſtrument of our puniſhment. *My miſtreſs has a white hand, and the myrmidons are no bottle-ale houſes*, i. e. my miſtreſs is handſome, but the houſes kept by officers of juſtice, are no places to make merry and entertain her at. Such may be the meaning of this whimſical ſpeech. A *whipſtock* is, I believe, the handle of a whip, round which a ſtrap of leather is uſually twiſted, and is ſometimes put for the *whip* itſelf. STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, I did *impetticoat* or *impocket* thy *gratuity*; but the reading of the old copy ſhould not, in my opinion, be here diſturbed. The clown uſes the ſame kind of fantaſtick language elſewhere in this ſcene. Neither *Pigrogromitus*, nor the *Vapians* would object to it. MALONE.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now, a ſong.

Sir To. Come on; there is ſix-pence for you: let's have a ſong.

Sir And. There's a teſtril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clown. Would you have a love-ſong, or a ſong of good life[s]?

Sir To. A love-ſong, a love-ſong.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clown. *O miſtreſs mine, where are you roaming?*
O, ſtay and hear; your true-love's coming,
That can ſing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty ſweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wiſe man's ſon doth know.

Sir And. Excellent! good, i'faith!
Sir To. Good, good.

[s] —*of* good life?] I do not ſuppoſe that by a ſong of good *life*, the clown means a ſong of *a moral turn*; though ſir Andrew anſwers to it in that ſignification. *Good life*, I believe, *is harmleſs mirth or jollity*. It may be a Galliciſm: we call a jolly fellow a *bon vivant*. STEEVENS.

From the oppoſition of the words in the Clown's queſtion, I incline to think that *good life* is here uſed in its uſual acceptation. *In the Merry Wives of Windſor* theſe words are uſed for a *virtuous character*:

" Defend your reputation, or farewell to your good *life* for ever." MALONE.

Clown

Clown. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;*
Preſent mirth hath preſent laughter;
What's to come, is ſtill unſure:
In delay there lies no plenty [6];
Then come kiſs me, ſweet and twenty [7],
Youth's a ſtuff will not endure.

Sir And. A melliſluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very ſweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the welkin dance [8] indeed? Shall we rouze the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three ſouls out of one weaver [9]? ſhall we do that?

[6] *In* delay *there lies no plenty*;] *Delay* is certainly right. No man will ever be worth much, who *delays* the advantages offered by the preſent hour, in hopes that the future will offer more. So, in *King Richard III.* Act IV. ſc. iii:

"*Delay* leads impotent and ſnail-pack'd beggary."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Then come kiſs me, ſweet and twenty,*] In ſome counties *ſweet and twenty*, whatever be the meaning, is a phraſe of endearment. JOHNSON.

So, in *Wit of a Woman*, 1604:

"*Sweet and twenty*: all ſweet and ſweet."

STEEVENS.

Again, in Roxley's *When you ſee me you know me*, 1632:

"God ye good night, *and twenty*, ſir."

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*:

"Good even, *and twenty*." MALONE.

[8] *—make the welkin dance—*] That is, drink till the ſky ſeems to turn round. JOHNSON.

[9] *—draw three ſouls out of one weaver?*] Our author repreſents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have ſhewn the cauſe of it elſewhere. [See *King Henry IV.* Act II. ſc. iv.] This expreſſion of the power of muſick is familiar with our author. *Much ado about Nothing*: *Now is his ſoul raviſhed. Is it not ſtrange that ſheep's guts ſhould* hale ſouls out of men's bodies?" Why he ſays, *three ſouls*, is, becauſe he is ſpeaking of a catch in three parts. And the peripatetic philoſophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three ſouls: the *vegetative* or *plaſtick*, the *animal*, and the *rational*. To this, too, Jonſon alludes, in his *Poetaſter*: "*What, will I turn ſhark upon my friends? or my friends' friends? I ſcorn it* with my three ſouls." WARBURTON.

In

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clown. By'r lady, ſir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Moſt certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clown. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight[1].

Sir And. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clown. I ſhall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! come, begin. [*They ſing a catch*[2].

Enter

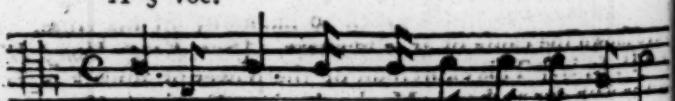
In a popular book of the time, Carew's tranſlation of Huarte's *Trial of Wits*, 1594, there is a curious chapter concerning the *three ſouls*, "*vegetative*, *ſenſitive*, and *reaſonable*." FARMER.

I doubt whether our author intended any alluſion to this diviſion of ſouls. In the *Tempeſt* we have—"*trebles* thee o'er;" i. e. makes thee thrice as great as thou wert before. In the ſame manner, I believe, he here only means to deſcribe ſir Toby's catch as ſo harmonious, that it would hale the ſoul out of a weaver (the warmeſt lover of a ſong) *thrice over*; or in other words, give him thrice more delight than it would give another man. Dr. Warburton's ſuppoſition that there is an alluſion to the catch being in *three* parts, appears to me one of his unfounded refinements. MALONE.

[1] —*to call thee knave, knight.*] The catch above mentioned to be ſung by ſir Toby, ſir Andrew, and the Clown, from the hints given of it, appears to be ſo contrived as that each of the ſingers calls the other knave. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

[2] *They ſing a catch.*] We are informed by Sir John Hawkins that this catch, beginning *Hold thy peace*, together with the muſical notes, is preſerved in a book, entitled DEUTEROMELIA, printed in 1609. MALONE.

A 3 voc.



Hold thy peace, and I pree thee hold thy peace,

3d 2d

thou knave, thou knave: hold thy peace, thou knave.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Enter MARIA.

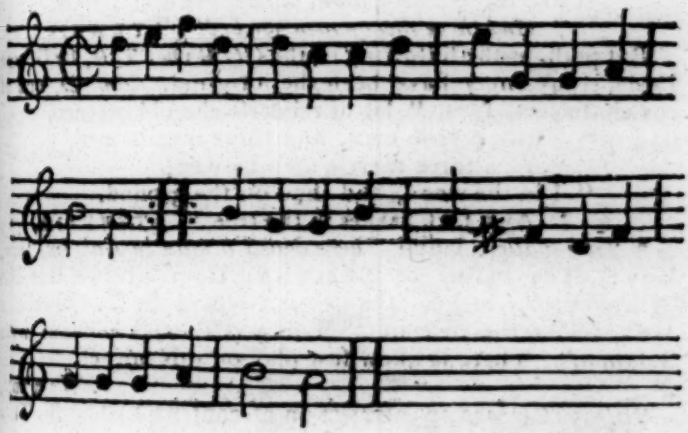
Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her ſteward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never truſt me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian [3], we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramſey [4], and *Three merry men be we* [5]. Am not I conſanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-

K 2

Peg-a Ramſey, or *Peggy Ramſey*, is the name of ſome old ſong: the following is the tune to it.

Peggy Ramſey.



SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

[3] —*a Cataian.*] Mr. Steevens obſerves, that it is in vain to ſeek the preciſe meaning of this term of reproach. Whatever was the origin of the expreſſion, it probably was uſed, in proceſs of time, as a vague term of reproach, without any determinate meaning. MALONE.

[4] —*Peg-a-Ramſey*,] In Durfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy* is a very obſcene old ſong, entitled *Peg-a-Ramſey*. See alſo Ward's *Lives of the Profeſſors of Greſham College*, p. 207. PERCY.

Naſh mentions *Peg of Ramſey* among ſeveral other ballads. It appears from the ſame author, that it was likewiſe a dance performed to the muſick of a ſong of that name. STEEVENS.

[5] —Three merry men, &c.] *Three merry men be we*, is likewiſe a fragment of ſome old ſong, which I find repeated in

Tilly-valley, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady*[6]! [*Singing.*

Clown.

in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607, and by B. and Fletcher in the *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*:

" Three merry men
" And three merry men
" And *three merry men be we.*" STEEVENS.

Three merry men be we, may, perhaps, have been taken originally from the ſong of *Robin Hood and the Tanner. Old Ballads*, Vol. I. p. 89:

" Then *Robin Hood* took them by the hands,
" *With a hey*, &c.
" And danced about the oak-tree:
" For three merry men, and three merry men,
" *And three merry men we be.*" TYRWHITT.

But perhaps the following in the *Old Wives Tale*, by George Peele, 1595, may have been the original. *Antiche*, one of the characters, ſays, " let us rehearſe the old proverb,

" Three merrie men, and three merrie men,
" And three merrie men be wee;
" I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
" And Jack ſleepes in the tree." STEEVENS.

[6] *Tilly-valley*, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon*, lady, lady!] The ballad of SUSANNA, from whence this line [*There dwelt*, &c.] is taken, was licenſed by T. Colwell, in 1562, under the title of " The goodly and conſtant wyſe Suſanna." There is likewiſe a play on this ſubject. T. WARTON.

Tilly-valley was an interjection of contempt which Sir Thomas More's lady is recorded to have had very often in her mouth. JOHNSON.

Tilly-valley is uſed as an interjection of contempt in the old play of *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, and is likewiſe a character in a comedy, entitled *Lady Alimony*. STEEVENS.

Maria's uſe of the word *lady* brings the ballad to ſir Toby's remembrance. *Lady, lady*, is the *burthen*, and ſhould be printed as ſuch. My very ingenious friend, Dr. Percy, has given a ſtanza of it in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 204. Juſt the ſame may be ſaid, where Mercutio applies it in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. ſc. iv. FARMER.

The oldeſt ſong that I have ſeen with this burthen is in the old Morality, entitled *The Trial of Treaſure*, quarto, 1567. The following is one of the ſtanzas:

" Helene may not compared be,
" Nor Creſſida that was ſo bright,
" Theſe cannot ſtain the ſhine of thee,
" Nor yet Minerva of great might;

" Thou

Clown. Beſhrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be diſpoſed, and ſo do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. *O, the twelfth day of December,*— [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My maſters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouſe of my lady's houſe, that ye ſqueak out your coziers' catches[7] without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? Is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time, in you:

Sir To. We did keep time, ſir, in our catches. Sneck up[8]!

Mal.

" Thou paſſeſt Venus far away,
" *Lady, lady*;
" Love thee I will, both night and day,
" My *dere lady*." MALONE.

[7] —coziers' *catches*—] A *cozier* is a taylor, from *coudre* to ſew, part. *couſu*, French. JOHNSON.

Our author has again alluded to their love of vocal harmony in *King Henry IV.* P. I. " *Lady.* I will not *ſing*. Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn *tailor*, or be red breaſt teacher."

A *cozier*, it appears from Minſhieu, ſignified a *botcher*, or mender of old clothes, and alſo a cobler.—Here it means the former. MALONE.

[8] *Sneck up!*] Of this cant phraſe it is not eaſy to aſcertain the meaning. It occurs in many of the old copies. From the manner in which it is uſed in all of them, it ſeems to have been ſynonymous to the modern expreſſion, *Go and hang yourſelf*. MALONE.

The modern editors ſeem to have regarded this unintelligible expreſſion as the deſignation of a *hiccup*. It is however uſed in B. and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, as it ſhould ſeem, on another occaſion: " let thy father go *ſneck up*, he ſhall never come between a pair of ſheets with me again while he lives."

Again, in the ſame play: " —Give him his money George, and let him go *ſneck up*." Again, in *Wily Beguiled*:

" An

Mal. Sir Toby, I muſt be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though ſhe harbours you as her kinſman, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate yourſelf and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the houſe; if not, an it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir To. *Farewel, dear heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone*[1].

Mal. Nay, good ſir Toby.

Clown. *His eyes do ſhew his days are almoſt done.*

Mal. Is't even ſo?

Sir To. *But I will never die.*

Clown. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go?* [*Singing.*

Clown. *What an if you do?*

Sir To. *Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?*

Clown. *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

Sir To. Out o'time, ſir[1]! ye lie.—Art any more than a ſteward:

" An if my miſtreſs would be ruled by him, Sophos might go *ſnick up*." Again, in *The two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: " —if they be not, let them go *ſnick up*." Again, in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1631, *Blunt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602, &c.

Perhaps in the two former of theſe inſtances, the words may be corrupted. In *K. Henry IV.* P. I. Falſtaff ſays, "The prince is a Jack, a *Sneak-cup*." i. e. one who takes his glaſs in a ſneaking manner. I think we might ſafely read *ſneak-cup*, at leaſt, in ſir Toby's reply to Malvolio. I ſhould not however omit to mention that *ſneck the door* is a north country expreſſion for *latch the door*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Farewel, dear heart*, &c.] This entire ſong, with ſome variations, is publiſhed by Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Out o'*time, *ſir!*] The old copy reads—out o'*tune*. The emendation now adopted has been lately propoſed by Mr. Maſon, who obſerves that this ſpeech evidently refers to what Malvolio had ſaid before: " Is there no reſpect of place—nor *time* in you? *Sir To.* We did keep *time*, ſir, in our catches." The ſame correction, I find, had been ſilently made by Theobald, and was adopted by the three ſubſequent editors. Sir Toby is here repeating with indignation Malvolio's words.

In

a ſteward: Doſt thou think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more cakes and ale[2]?

Clown. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger ſhall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, ſir, rub your chain with crums[3]:—A ſtoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Miſtreſs Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule[4]; ſhe ſhall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go ſhake your ears.

Sir

In the Mſs. of our author's age, *tune* and *time* are often quite undiſtinguiſhable; the ſecond ſtroke of the *u* ſeeming to be the firſt ſtroke of the *m*, or *vice verſa*. Hence in *Macbeth*, Act IV. ſc. ult. edit. 1623, we have "This *time* goes manly," inſtead "This *tune* goes manly." MALONE.

[2] *Doſt thou think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more cakes and ale?*] It was the cuſtom on holidays or ſaint's days to make cakes in honour of the day. The *Puritans* called this, ſuperſtition, and in the next page Maria ſays, that *Malvolio is ſometimes a kind of Puritan*. See Quarlous's *Account of Rabbi Buſy*, Act I. ſc. iii. in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*. LETHERLAND.

[3] —*rub your chain with crums:*] That ſtewards anciently wore a chain as a mark of ſuperiority over other ſervants, may be proved from the following paſſage in the *Martial Maid* of B. and Fletcher.

"Doſt thou think I ſhall become the *ſteward's* chair? Will not theſe ſlender haunches ſhew well in a *chain*? Again, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:—"Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him to *ſcour* his gold *chain*."—The beſt method of cleaning any gilt plate, is by *rubbing it with crums*. STEEVENS.

[4] —rule;] *Rule* is method of life; ſo *miſrule* is tumult and riot. JOHNSON.

Rule, on this occaſion, is ſomething leſs than common *method of life*. It occaſionally means the arrangement or conduct of a feſtival or merry-making, as well as behaviour in general. So, in the 27th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"Caſt in a gallant round about the hearth they go,
"And at each pauſe they kiſs; was never ſeen ſuch *rule*
"In any place but here, at bon fire or at yeule."

There was formerly an officer belonging to the court, called *Lord of Miſrule*. In the country, at all periods of feſtivity, an officer of the ſame kind was elected. STEEVENS.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promiſe with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't knight; Ill write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet ſir Toby, be patient for to-night; ſince the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For monſieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword[5], and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie ſtraight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Poſſeſs us[6], poſſeſs us; tell us ſomething of him.

Mar. Marry, ſir, ſometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquiſite reaſon, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I have reaſon good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer; an affection'd aſs[7], that cons ſtate without book, and utters it by great ſwarths: the beſt perſuaded of himſelf, ſo cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cauſe to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure epiſtles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt

[5] —*a* nayword,] A *nayword* is what has been ſince called a *bye-word*, a kind of proverbial reproach. STEEVENS.

[6] *Poſſeſs us*,] That is, *inform us*, *tell us*, make us maſters of the matter. JOHNSON.

[7] —*an* affection'd *aſs*,] *Affection'd* means *affected*. In this ſenſe, I believe, it is uſed in *Hamlet*—" no matter in it that could indite the author of *affection*." i. e. affectation. STEEVENS.

moſt feelingly perſonated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I ſmell a device.

Sir And. I have't it in my noſe too.

Sir To. He ſhall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that ſhe is in love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is, indeed, a horſe of that colour.

Sir And. And your horſe now would make him an aſs[8].

Mar. Aſs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my phyſick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he ſhall find the letter; obſerve his conſtruction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthefilea[9].

Sir And. Before me, ſhe's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o'that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou had'ſt need ſend for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir

[8] Sir And. *And your horſe now*, &c.] This conceit, though bad enough, ſhews too quick an apprehenſion for *ſir Andrew*. It ſhould be given, I believe, to *ſir Toby*; as well as the next ſhort ſpeech: *O, 'twill be admirable. Sir Andrew* does not uſually give his own judgment on any thing, till he has heard that of ſome other perſon. TYRWHITT.

An anonymous writer aſks, "does the ingenious critick imagine it probable that Maria would call ſir Toby an aſs?" My learned friend is above taking notice of ſuch ſlender criticiſm. Maria in the ſubſequent ſpeech is not ſpeaking of ſir Andrew or ſir Toby, but of *Malvolio*. MALONE.

[9] —*Penthefilea.*] i. e. amazon. STEEVENS.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou haſt her not i'the end, call me Cut[1].

Sir And. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn ſome ſack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come knight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, *and Others.*

Duke. Give me ſome muſick i—Now, good morrow, friends:—
Now, good Ceſario, but that piece of ſong,
That old and antique ſong we heard laſt night;
Methought, it did relieve my paſſion much;
More than light airs, and recollected[2] terms,
Of theſe moſt briſk and giddy-paced times;
Come, but one verſe.

Cur. He is not here, ſo pleaſe your lordſhip, that ſhould ſing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur.

[1] —*call me* Cut.] i. e. call me a *horſe*. So, Falſtaff in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. "—ſpit in my face, call me *horſe*." That this was the meaning of this expreſſion is aſcertained by a paſſage in *the Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634, Act III. ſc. iv:

"He'll buy me a white *Cut* forth for to ride,
"And I'll go ſeek him through the world that's ſo wide."

Again, in *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600: "But maſter, 'pray ye, let me ride upon *Cut*." *Curtal*, which occurs in another of our author's plays, (i. e. a horſe, whoſe tail has been docked,) and *Cut*, were probably ſynonimous. MALONE.

This contemptuous expreſſion occurs in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612, *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599, and ſeveral times in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know nobody*, 1633, P. II. STEEVENS.

[2] —*recollected*—] Studied. WARBURTON.

I rather think that *recollected* ſignifies, more nearly to its primitive ſenſe, *recalled*, *repeated*,, and alludes to the practice of compoſers, who often prolong the ſong by repetitions. JOHNSON.

Cur. Feſte, the jeſter, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in! he is about the houſe.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* CURIO.—*Muſick.*
Come hither, boy; If ever thou ſhalt love,
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, ſuch as I am, all true lovers are;
Unſtaid and ſkittiſh in all motions elſe,
Save, in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How doſt thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the ſeat
Where Love is thron'd[3].

Duke. Thou doſt ſpeak maſterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtay'd upon ſome favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour[4].

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let ſtill the woman take
An elder than herſelf[5]; ſo wears ſhe to him,

So

[3] —*to the ſeat*
Where Love is thron'd.] i. e. to the heart. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" My boſom's lord [i. e. *Love*] ſits lightly on his *throne*—."
Again, in *Othello*:
" Yield up O *Love*, thy crown, and *hearted throne*—."
So before, in the firſt act of this play:
" ——when liver, brain and *heart*,
" Theſe ſovereign *thrones*, are all ſupply'd and fill'd
" (Her ſweet perfections) with one ſelf-king."
MALONE.
The meaning is (as Mr Heath has obſerved) " It is ſo conſonant to the emotions of the heart, that they echo it back again."

[4] —*favour.*] The word *favour* ambiguouſly uſed.
JOHNSON.

[5] *An elder than herſelf*;] Our author did not in this inſtance follow his own doctrine. His wife was ſeven years older than him. MALONE.

So ſways ſhe level in her huſband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praiſe ourſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worn [6],
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roſes; whoſe fair flower,
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO, *and* Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the ſong we had laſt night:—
Mark it, Ceſario; it is old, and plain:
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free [7] maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do

[6] —*loſt and* worn.] Though *loſt and worn* may mean *loſt and worn out*, yet *loſt and won* being, I think, better, theſe two words coming uſually and naturally together, and the alteration being very ſlight, I would ſo read in this place with Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

The text is undoubtedly right, and *worn* ſignifies *conſumed, worn out*. So Lord Surrey, in one of his Sonnets, deſcribing the ſpring, ſays,

"Winter is *worn*, that was the flowers bale."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

"Theſe few days wonder will be quickly *worn*."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"————————and but infirmity
"Which waits upon worn times,—." MALONE.

[7] —*free*—] is, perhaps, *vacant, unengaged, eaſy in mind.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps *free* means here—not having yet ſurrendered their liberty to man;—unmarried. MALONE.

Free however may only mean *chearful*. So in *Othello*:

"I ſlept the next night well: was *free* and merry."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"Be *free* and jovial with thy gueſts to-night."

"Fair and *free*," Mr. Warton obſerves, is in the metrical romances a common appellation for a lady. Warton's MILT. p. 38. Chaucer, the ſame ingenious writer obſerves, applies

Do uſe to chaunt it; it is ſilly ſooth [8],
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age [9].

Clown. Are you ready, ſir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, ſing. [*Muſick.*

SONG.

Clown. *Come away, come away, death,*
And in ſad cypreſs let me be laid [1];

Fly

applies this epithet to married *women*, which is adverſe to the explication I have given above.

" Riſe up, my wife, my love, my lady *free*."
MARCH. T. v. 1655. URR.

" So Jonſon makes his beautiful Counteſs of Bedford to be fair and *free*, and wife. Epigrams, lxxvi." MALONE.

[8] *—ſilly ſooth,*] It is plain, ſimple truth. JOHNSON.

[9] *And* dallies *with the innocence of love,*
Like the old age.] i. e. ſports and plays with a love ſubject, as they did in old times. EDWARDS.

To *dally* is to play harmleſsly. So, in Act III. " They that *dally* nicely with words." STEEVENS.

The *old age* is the *ages paſt*, the times of ſimplicity.
JOHNSON.

[1] *And in ſad* cypreſs *let me be laid*;] In the books of our author's age the thin tranſparent lawn called *cyprus*, which was formerly uſed for ſcarfs and hatbands at funerals, [See *Supp. to Shakſpeare*, Vol. II. p. 533.] was, I believe, conſtantly ſpelt *cypreſs*. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, edit. 1623:

" *Cypreſſe black* as e'er was crow,—"

where undoubtedly *cyprus* was meant. So again, in the play before us, edit. 1623, (as Mr. Warton has obſerved)

" ——— —— —— a *cypreſſe*, not a boſom,
" Hides my heart."

See alſo Minſheu's *Dict.* in v. " *Cypres* or *Cypreſs*, a fine curled linen."

It is from the context alone therefore that we can aſcertain whether *cyprus* or *cypreſs* was intended by our old writers. Mr. Warton has ſuggeſted in his late edition of Milton's *Poems*, that the meaning here is,—— " Let me be laid in a ſhroud made of *cyprus*, not in a coffin made of *cypreſs* wood." But in a ſubſequent line of this ſong the ſhroud, we find, is *white*. There was indeed white cyprus as well as black; but the epithet *ſad* is inconſiſtent with white, and therefore I ſuppoſe the wood to have been here meant.

Coffins

Fly away, fly away[2], *breath;*
I am ſlain by a fair cruel maid.
My ſhroud of white, ſtuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one ſo true
Did ſhare it[3].

Not a flower, not a flower ſweet,
On my black coffin let there be ſtrown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpſe, where my bones ſhall be thrown:
A thouſand thouſand ſighs to ſave,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true-lover[4] *ne'er find my grave,*
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.
Clown. No pains, ſir; I take pleaſure in ſinging, ſir.
Duke.

Coffins being frequently made of *cypreſs* wood, (perhaps in conſequence of *cyprus* being uſed at funerals) the epithet *ſad* is here employed with ſtrict propriety. "King Richard the Second (ſays Speed) was ſo affected by the death of his favourite Robert de Vere, duke of Ireland, that he commanded the *cypreſs* cheſt wherein his body lay embalmed, to be opened, that he might ſee and handle it." The king attended his funeral. MALONE.

[2] Fly *away*, fly *away*.—] The old copy reads—*Fie* away. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

[3] *My part of death no one ſo true*
Did ſhare it.] Though *death* is a *part* in which every one acts his *ſhare*, yet of all theſe actors no one is *ſo true* as I. JOHNSON.

[4] *Sad true* lover—] Mr. Pope rejected the word *ſad*, and other modern editors have unneceſſarily changed true *lover* to—true *love*. By making *never* one ſyllable, the metre is preſerved. MALONE.

Since this note was written, I have obſerved that *lover* is elſewhere uſed by our poet as a word of one ſyllable. So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"Tie up my *lover's* tongue; bring him ſilently."

Again, in *King Henry VIII.*

"Is held no great good *lover* of the archbiſhop's."

There is perhaps therefore no need of abbreviating the word *never* in this line. MALONE.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleaſure then.

Clown. Truly, ſir, and pleaſure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal[5]!--I would have men of ſuch conſtancy put to ſea, that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent every where[6]; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewel.

[*Exit* Clown.

Duke. Let all the reſt give place.—Once more, Ceſario,

[*Exeunt* CURIO *and Attendants.*

Get thee to yon ſame ſovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in[7], attracts my ſoul.

Vio. But, if ſhe cannot love you, ſir?

Duke. I cannot be ſo anſwer'd[8].

Vio.

[5] —*a very* opal!] The *opal* is a gem which varies its appearance as it is viewed in different lights.

"In the *opal* (ſays P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* b. xxxvii. c. 6.) you ſhall ſee the burning fire of the carbuncles or rubie, the glorious purple of the amethyſt, the green ſea of the emeraud, and all glittering together mixed after an incredible manner." STEEVENS.

[6] —*that their buſineſs might be every thing, and their intent* every *where*;] An intent *every* where, is much the ſame as an intent *no* where, [the reading propoſed by Dr. Warburton] as it hath no one particular place more in view than another. HEATH.

[7] — *But 'tis that* miracle, *and* queen of gems,
That nature pranks *her in*, —] The *miracle and queen of gems* is her beauty. Shakſpeare does not ſay [as Dr. Warburton has aſſerted,] that nature pranks her in a miracle, but in the miracle of gems, that is, in a gem miraculouſly beautiful. JOHNSON.

To *prank* is to deck out, to adorn. See Lye's *Etymologicon*. HEATH.

[8] *I cannot be*, &c.] The folio reads—*It* cannot be, &c.
STEEVENS.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you muſt.
Say, that ſome lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her ſo; Muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's ſides,
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold ſo much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That ſuffer ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt [9];
But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What doſt thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I ſhould your lordſhip.

Duke. And what's her hiſtory?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud [1]

Feed

The correction was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I am not ſure that it is neceſſary, though it has been adopted in the late editions. The Duke may mean, My *ſuit* cannot be ſo anſwered. However, Viola's reply ſtrongly ſupports the emendation. MALONE.

[9] *That ſuffer ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt*;] The Duke has changed his opinion of women very ſuddenly. It was a few minutes before that he ſaid they had more conſtancy in love than men. MASON.

Mr. Maſon would read—ſuffers; but there is no need of change. *Suffer* is governed by *women*, implied under the words "*their* love." The love of women, &c. *who* ſuffer—. MALONE.

[1] —*like a worm i'the bud,*] So, in the 5th ſonnet of Shakſpeare:

"Which,

Feed on her damaſk cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought [2];
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She ſat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief [3]. Was not this love, indeed?

We

" Which, like a *canker* in the fragrant roſe,
" Doth ſpot the beauty of thy budding name."
STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:
" Why ſhould the *worm* intrude the maiden *bud*?"
Again, in *King Richard II*:
" But now will *canker* ſorrow *eat* my *bud*,
" And chaſe the native beauty from his *cheek*."
MALONE.

[2] *She pin'd in* thought;] *Thought* formerly ſignified *melancholy*. So, in *Hamlet*:
" Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of *thought*."
Again, in the *Tragical Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
" The cauſe of this her death was inward care and *thought*." MALONE.

[3] *She ſat like* patience *on a monument*,
Smiling at grief.] So Chaucer:
" And her beſidis wonder diſcreetlie
" Dame *Patience* yſitting there I fonde,
" With facé pale upon a hill of ſonde."
THEOBALD.

This celebrated image was not improbably firſt ſketched out in the old play of *Pericles*: (I think Shakſpeare's hand may be traced in the latter part of it, and there only:)
" ——————thou [*Marina*] doſt look
" Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and ſmiling
" Extremity out of act." FARMER.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:
" So mild, that *Patience ſeem'd to ſcorn his woes*."

In the paſſage in the text, our author perhaps meant to perſonify GRIEF as well as PATIENCE; for we can ſcarcely underſtand " *at* grief" to mean " *in* grief:" as no ſtatuary could, I imagine, form a countenance in which ſmiles and grief ſhould be at once expreſſed. Shakſpeare might have borrowed his imagery from ſome ancient monument on which theſe two figures were repreſented.

The following lines in *the Winter's Tale* ſeem to countenance ſuch an idea:
" I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
" Falſe accuſation bluſh, and TYRANNY
" Tremble *at* PATIENCE."
Again, in *King Richard III*.

" ——————like

We men may ſay more, ſwear more: but, indeed,
Our ſhows are more than will; for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke.

" ——like *dumb ſtatues*, or unbreathing ſtones,
" *Star'd on each other*, and look deadly pale."

I have expreſſed a doubt whether the word *grief* was employed in the ſingular number, in the ſenſe of *grievance*. I have lately obſerved that our author has himſelf uſed it in that ſenſe in *King Henry IV*. P. II.

" ——— ——an inch of any ground
" To build a *grief* on."

Dr. Percy's interpretation, therefore may be the true one.

In *King Lear*, we again meet with the two perſonages introduced in the text:

" *Patience* and *Sorrow* ſtrove,
" Who ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, the ſame kind of imagery may be traced:

" ——————nobly he yokes
" A *ſmiling* with a *ſigh*,
" ——————I do note
" That *Grief* and *Patience*, rooted in him both,
" Mingle their ſpurs together."

I am aware that Homer's δακρυθεν γελασασα, and a paſſage in *Macbeth*,—

" ——————My plenteous joys
" Wanton in fullneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
" In drops of ſorrow—"

may be urged againſt this interpretation; but it ſhould be remembered, that in theſe inſtances it is *joy* which burſts into tears. There is no inſtance, I believe, either in poetry or real life, of *ſorrow* ſmiling in anguiſh. In *pain* indeed the caſe is different: the ſuffering Indian having been known to ſmile in the midſt of torture.—But, however this may be, the ſculptor and the painter are confined to one point of time and cannot exhibit ſucceſſive movements in the countenance.

Dr. Percy however thinks, that "*grief* may here mean *grievance*, in which ſenſe it is uſed in Dr. Powel's *Hiſtory of Wales*, quarto, p. 356. "Of the wrongs and *griefs* done to the noblemen of Stratolyn" &c. In the original, (printed at the end of Wynne's *Hiſtory of Wales*, octavo,) it is *gravamina*, i. e. grievances."—The word is likewiſe often uſed by our author in the ſame ſenſe. (So, in *King Henry IV*. P. I.

——— the king hath ſent to know
The nature of your *griefs*;)

but never, I believe, in the ſingular number.

I

Duke. But dy'd thy ſiſter of her love, my boy?
Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's houſe,
And all the brothers too [4];—and yet I know not:—
Sir, ſhall I to this lady?
Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haſte; give her this jewel; ſay,
My love can give no place, bide no denay [5]. [*Exeunt.*

In ſupport of what has been ſuggeſted, the authority of Mr. Rowe may be adduced, for in his life of Shakſpeare he has thus exhibited this paſſage:

"*She ſat like* Patience *on a monument,*
"*Smiling at* Grief."

In the obſervations now ſubmitted to the reader I had once ſome confidence, nor am I yet convinced that the objection founded on the particle *at*, and on the difficulty, if not impoſſibility, of a ſculptor forming ſuch a figure as theſe words are commonly ſuppoſed to deſcribe, is without foundation. I have therefore retained my note; yet I muſt acknowledge, that the following lines in *K. Richard II.* which have lately occurred to me, render my theory ſomewhat doubtful, though they do not overturn it.

"His face ſtill combating with *tears* and *ſmiles*,
"The badges of his *grief* and *patience*."

Here we have the ſame idea as that in the text; and perhaps Shakſpeare never conſidered whether it could be exhibited in marble. MALONE.

[4] *I am all the daughters of my father's houſe,*
And all the brothers too;] This was the moſt artful anſwer that could be given. The queſtion was of ſuch a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct anſwer, muſt have raiſed ſuſpicion. This has the appearance of a direct anſwer, *that the ſiſter died of her love*; ſhe (who paſſed for a man) ſaying, ſhe was all the daughters of her father's houſe. WARBURTON.

[5] —denay.] *Denay* is *denial*. To *denay* is an antiquated verb ſome times uſed by Holinſhed, and alſo by Warner in his *Albion's England*, 1602. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW ACUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, ſignior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I loſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'ſt thou not be glad to have the niggardly raſcally ſheep-biter come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-beating here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: Shall we not, ſir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my metal of India[6]?

Mar.

[6] —*my* metal *of India?*] My precious girl, my girl of gold. STEEVENS.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. "Lads, boys, *hearts of gold.*" &c.

Again, *ibidem*:

" ——————and as bountiful
" As *mines* of *India.*"

Again in *King Henry VIII.*

" ——————To day the French
" All clinquant, all *in gold*, like heathen gods,
" Shone down the Engliſh; and to-morrow they
" Made Britain *India*; every man that ſtood,
" Shew'd like *a mine.*"

So Lily in his *Euphues and his England*, 1580: I ſaw that *India* bringeth *gold*, but England bringeth goodneſs."

So,

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the ſun, practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow, this half hour: obſerve him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Cloſe, in the name of jeſting! [*The men hide themſelves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that muſt be caught with tickling.

[*Exit* MARIA.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, ſhe did affect me; and I have heard herſelf come thus near, that, ſhould ſhe fancy, it ſhould be one of my complexion. Beſides, ſhe uſes me with a more exalted reſpect, than any one elſe that follows her. What ſhould I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets [7] under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight; I could ſo beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I ſay.

Mal. To be count Malvolio:—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Piſtol him, piſtol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal.

So, in *Wily Beguil'd*, 1606: "Come, my *heart of gold*, let's have a dance at the making up of this match."—The perſon there addreſſed, as in *Twelfth Night*, is a woman.

MALONE.

The old copy has *mettle*. The two words are very frequently confounded in the early editions of our author's plays. The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily changed the word to *nettle*; which all the ſubſequent editors have adopted. MALONE.

[7] —*how he* jets—] To *jet* is to ſtrut, to agitate the body by a proud motion. So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"Is now become the ſteward of the houſe,
"And bravely *jets* it in a ſilken gown."

Again, in *Buſſy D'Ambois*, 1607:

"To *jet* in other's plumes ſo haughtily."

STEEVENS.

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the ſtrachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab.

8 —*the lady of the* ſtrachy—] Here is an alluſion to ſome old ſtory which I have not yet diſcovered. JOHNSON.

Perhaps a letter has been miſplaced, and we ought to read —*ſtarchy*; i. e. the room in which linen underwent the once moſt complicated operation of *ſtarching*. I do not know that ſuch a word exiſts; and yet it would not be unanalogically formed from the ſubſtantive *ſtarch*. In *Harſnett's Declaration*, 1603, we meet with "a yeoman of the *ſprucery*;" i. e. wardrobe; and in the *Northumberland Houſehold Book* *nurſery* is ſpelt, *nurcy*. *Starchy*, therefore, for *ſtarchery*, may be admitted. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the place where *paſte* was made, is called the *paſtry*. The *lady* who had the care of the linen, may be ſignificantly oppoſed to the *yeoman*, i. e. an inferior officer of the wardrobe. While the *five different coloured ſtarches* were worn, ſuch a term might have been current. In the year 1564, a Dutch woman profeſſed to teach this art to our fair country-women. "Her uſual price (ſays Stowe) was four or five pounds to teach them how to *ſtarch*, and twenty ſhillings how to ſeeth *ſtarch*." The alteration was ſuggeſted to me by a typographical error in *The Witch toſs'd at Tennis*, 1620, by Middleton and Rowley; where *ſtraches* is printed for *ſtarches*. I cannot fairly be accuſed of having dealt much in conjectural emendation, and therefore feel the leſs reluctance to hazard a gueſs on this deſperate paſſage. STEEVENS.

The place in which candles were kept, was formerly called the *chandry*; and in B. Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, a gingerbread woman is callled *lady of the baſket*.—The great objection to this emendation is, that from the *ſtarchy* to the *wardrobe* is not what Shakſpeare calls a very "heavy declenſion." In the old copy the word is printed in Italicks, as the name of a place,—*Starchy*.

The *yeoman of the wardrobe* is not an arbitrary term, but was the proper deſignation of the wardrobe-keeper, in Shakſpeare's time. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598. "*Vetturario*, a wardrobe-keeper, or a *yeoman of a wardrobe*."

The ſtory which our poet had in view is perhaps alluded to by Lily in *Euphues and his England*, 1580: "—aſſuring myſelf there was a certain ſeaſon when women are to be won; in the which moments they have neither will to deny, nor wit to miſtruſt. Such a time I have read a young gentleman found to obtain the love of the Dutcheſs of Milaine. Such a time I have heard that a poor *yeoman* choſe to get the faireſt lady in Mantua." MALONE.

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him [8].

Mal. Having been three months married to her, ſitting in my ſtate [*],—

Sir To. O for a ſtone-bow [9], to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed [1], where I have left Olivia ſleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimſtone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of ſtate: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they ſhould do theirs,—to aſk of my kinſman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and ſhackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient ſtart, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch [2], or play with my ſome rich jewel: Toby approaches; court'ſies there to me [3]:

Sir

[8] —*blows him.*] i. e. puffs him up. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——————on her breaſt

" There is a vent of blood, and ſomething *blown*."

STEEVENS.

[*] —*my* ſtate,—] i. e. a ſumptuous chair with a canopy over it. See *Macbeth*, Act III. ſc. iv. " Our hoſteſs keeps her *ſtate*." MALONE.

[9] —*ſtone-bow*,] That is, a croſs-bow, a bow which ſhoots ſtones. JOHNSON.

[1] —*from* a day-bed,] i. e. a couch. MALONE.

[2] —*wind up my watch*,—] In our author's time watches were very uncommon. When Guy Faux was taken, it was urged as a circumſtance of ſuſpicion that a watch was found upon him. JOHNSON.

Again, in the *Alchemiſt*, 1610:

" And I had *lent* my *watch* laſt night to one

" That dines to-day at the ſheriff's." STEEVENS.

Pocket-watches were brought from Germany into England about the year 1580. MALONE.

[3] —court'ſies *there to me*;] In a note on *King Henry IV.* P. I. I have obſerved that the term to *court'ſie* was applied to both ſexes. So again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" The homely villain *court'ſies* to her low—."

MALONE.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our ſilence be drawn from us with cars [4], yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o'the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Couſin Toby, my fortunes having caſt me on your niece give me this prerogative of ſpeech*;—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your drunkenneſs.

Sir To. Out, ſcab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the ſinews of our plot.

Mal. Beſides, you waſte the treaſure of your time with a fooliſh knight;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew:

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here [5]?

[*taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the ſpirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: theſe be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s; and thus makes ſhe her great *P*'s [6]. It is, in contempt of queſtion, her hand.

Sir

[4] *Though our ſilence be drawn from us with* cars,] In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, one of the Clowns ſays, "*I have a miſtreſs, but who that is*, a team of horſes *ſhall not* pluck from me." So, in this play: "*Oxen and wainropes will not bring them together.*" JOHNSON.

It may be worth remarking, perhaps, that the leading ideas of *Malvolio*, in his *humour of ſtate*, bear a ſtrong reſemblance to thoſe of *Alnaſchar* in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*. Some of the expreſſions too are very ſimilar.

TYRWHITT.

[5] *What employment have we here?*] A phraſe of that time equivalent to our common ſpeech of—*What's to* do *here.*

WARBURTON.

[6] —*her great* P's.] In the direction of the letter which Malvolio reads, there is neither a C, nor a P, to be found.

STEEVENS.

Thi

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: Why that?

Mal. [*reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phraſes!—By your leave, wax.—Soft;* and the impreſſure her Lucrece, with which ſhe uſes to ſeal: 'tis my lady: To whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads.*] *Jove knows, I love:*
But who?
Lips do not move,
No man muſt know.

No man muſt know.—What follows? the numbers alter'd! *No man muſt know*: if this ſhould be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock[7]!

This was perhaps an overſight in Shakſpeare; or rather, for the ſake of the alluſion hinted at in the following note, he choſe not to attend to the words of the direction. It is remarkable that in the repetition of paſſages in Letters, which have been produced in a former part of a play, he very often makes his characters deviate from the words before uſed, though they have the paper itſelf in their hands, and though they appear to recite, not the ſubſtance, but the very words. So, in *All's well that ends well*, Act V. Helen ſays,

" —here's your letter; This it ſays;
" *When from my finger you can get this ring,*
" *And are by me with child*;"—

yet in Act III. ſc. ii. ſhe reads this very letter aloud; and there the words are different, and in plain proſe: " When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger, which never ſhall come off, and ſhew me a child begotten of thy body, &c." Had ſhe ſpoken in either caſe from memory, the deviation might eaſily be accounted for; but in both theſe places, ſhe reads the words from Bertram's letter. MALONE.

I am afraid ſome very coarſe and vulgar appellations are meant to be alluded to by theſe capital letters.

BLACKSTONE.

*—*By your leave, wax.*—Soft;] It was the cuſtom in our poet's time to ſeal letters with ſoft wax, which retained its ſoftneſs for a good while. The wax uſed at preſent would have been hardened long before Malvolio picked up this letter. See *Your Five Gallants*, a comedy, by Middleton: " Fetch a pennyworth of *ſoft wax* to ſeal letters." So Falſtaff in *King Henry IV.* P. II. I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him." MALONE.

[7] *—brock!*] i. e. badger. STEEVENS.

Marry,

Mal. *I may command, where I adore:*
But ſilence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodleſs ſtroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, *doth ſway my life.*

Fab. A fuſtian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, ſay I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, doth ſway my life.—Nay, but firſt, let me ſee,—let me ſee,—let me ſee.

Fab. What a diſh of poiſon has ſhe dreſs'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the ſtannyel[8] checks at it!

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, ſhe may command me; I ſerve her, ſhe is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity[9]. There is no obſtruction in this,—And the end;—What ſhould that alphabetical poſition portend? if I could make that reſemble ſomething in me,—Softly;—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that:—he is now at a cold ſcent.

Fab. Sowter[1] will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal.

Marry, hang thee, thou *vain, conceited coxcomb*, thou over-weaning rogue!

Brock, which properly ſignifies a badger, was uſed in this ſenſe in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *The* merrie conceited Jeſts of George Peele, 4to. 1657: "*This ſelf-conceited brock* had George invited," &c. MALONE.

[8] —*ſtannyel*—] The name of a kind of hawk is very judiciouſly put here for a *ſtallion*, by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

Here is one of at leaſt a hundred inſtances of the tranſcribers of theſe plays being deceived by his ear. The eye never could have confounded *ſtannyel* and *ſtallion*. MALONE.

To *check*, ſays Latham in his book of Falconry, is "when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds, coming in view of the hawke, ſhe forſaketh her natural flight, to fly at them." The *ſtannyel* is the common ſtone-hawk which inhabits old buildings and rocks; in the North called *ſtanchil*. I have this information from Mr. Lambe's notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of the battle of Floddon. STEEVENS.

[9] —formal *capacity*.] i. e. any one in his ſenſes, any one whoſe *capacity* is not diſ-arranged, or out of *form*. STEEVENS.

[1] Sowter—] *Sowter* is here, I ſuppoſe, the name of a hound.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio; — *M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I ſay, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequel; that ſuffers under probation: *A* ſhould follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* ſhall end, I hope [3].

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M*, *O*, *A*, *I*;—This ſimulation is not as the former:—and yet, to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of theſe letters are in my name. Soft; here follows proſe.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my ſtars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatneſs: Some are born great* [4], *ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them. And, to inure thyſelf to what thou art like to be, caſt thy humble ſlough, and*

hound. *Sowterly*, however, is often employed as a term of abuſe. A *Sowter* was a cobler. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, This fellow will, notwithſtanding, catch at and be duped by our device, though the cheat is ſo groſs that any one elſe would find it out. Our author, as uſual, forgets to make his ſimile anſwer on both ſides; for it is not to be wondered at that a hound ſhould cry or give his tongue, if the ſcent be as rank as a fox. MALONE.

[3] *And O ſhall end, I hope.*] By *O* is here meant what we now call a *hempen collar*. JOHNSON.

I believe he means only, *it ſhall end in ſighing*, in diſappointment. So, ſomewhere elſe:

" How can you fall into ſo deep an *Oh?*"

Again, in *Hymen's Triumph* by Daniel, 1623:

" Like to an *O*, the character of woe."

STEEVENS.

[4] —*are* born *great*,] The old copy reads—*are* become *great*. STEEVENS.

This neceſſary emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. It is juſtified by a ſubſequent paſſage in which the clown recites from memory the words of this letter. MALONE.

appear freſh. Be oppoſite[5] *with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants: let thy tongue tang arguments of ſtate; put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity: She thus adviſes thee, that ſighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings*[6] *and wiſh'd to ſee thee ever croſs-garter'd*[7]*: I ſay, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo; if not, let me ſee thee a ſteward ſtill, the fellow of ſervants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter ſervices with thee,*

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champian diſcovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle ſir Toby, I will waſh off groſs acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice[8] the very man. I do not now fool myſelf, to let imagination jade me; for every reaſon excites

[5] *Be* oppoſite—] That is, be *adverſe, hoſtile.* An *oppoſite* in the language of our author's age meant an *adverſary.* See a note in *K. Richard III.* Act V. ſc. iv. To be oppoſite *with* was the phraſeology of the time. So, in Sir T. Overbury's *Character of a Preciſian*, 1616: "He will be ſure to be in oppoſition *with* the papiſt" &c. MALONE.

[6] —*yellow ſtockings*;] Before the civil wars, yellow ſtockings were much worn. PERCY.

So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, P. II. 1615: "What *ſtockings* have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not *yellow*, change them."—The yeoman attending the earl of Arundel, lord Windſor, and Mr. Fulke Greville, who aſſiſted at an entertainment performed before Q. Elizabeth, on the Monday and Tueſday in Whitſun-week 1581, were dreſſed in *yellow worſted ſtockings.* The book from which I gather this information, was publiſhed by Henry Goldwell, gent. in the ſame year. STEEVENS.

See alſo B. Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*, Act II. ſc. ii. MALONE.

[7] —*croſs-garter'd*:] It appears, that the ancient puritans affected this faſhion. Thus *Barton Holyday*, ſpeaking of the ill ſucceſs of his TEXNOTAMIA, ſays:

"Had there appear'd ſome ſharp *croſs-garter'd* man,
"Whom their loud laugh might nick-name *puritan*,
"Cas'd up in factions breeches, and ſmall ruffe,
"That hates the ſurplice, and defies the cuffe," &c.

In a former ſcene Malvolio was ſaid to be an affecter of puritaniſm. STEEVENS.

[8] —*I will be* point-de-vice] i. e. with the utmoſt poſſible *exactneſs.* This phraſe is of French extraction;—*a point-deviſez.* STEEVENS.

excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow ſtockings of late, ſhe did praiſe my leg being croſs-garter'd; and in this ſhe manifeſts herſelf to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to theſe habits of her liking. I thank my ſtars, I am happy. I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtockings, and croſs-garter'd, even with the ſwiftneſs of putting on. Jove, and my ſtars be praiſed!—Here is yet a poſtſcript. *Thou canſt not chooſe but know who I am. If thou entertaineſt my love, let it appear in thy ſmiling; thy ſmiles become thee well: therefore in my preſence ſtill ſmile, dear my ſweet, I pr'ythee.*—Jove, I thank thee.—I will ſmile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy [9].

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device;

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And aſk no other dowry with her, but ſuch another jeſt.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou ſet thy foot o'my neck?

Sir And. Or o'mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip [1], and become thy bond-ſlave?

Sir

[9] —*a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the* Sophy.] Alluding, as Dr. Farmer obſerves, to Sir Robert Sherley, who was juſt returned in the character of *Embaſſador from the Sophy*. He boaſted of the great rewards he had received, and lived in London with the utmoſt ſplendour. STEEVENS.

See further on this ſubject in *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. where, ſince the firſt edition of that piece, I had made the ſame remark. MALONE.

[1] —*at* tray-trip,] The following paſſage might incline one to believe that *tray-trip* was the name of ſome game at tables, or draughts. "There is great danger of being taken keepers at *tray-trip*, if the *king* ſweep ſuddenly." Cecil's *Correſpondence*,

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Mar. Nay, but ſay true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ [2] with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhors; and croſs-garter'd, a faſhion ſhe deteſts [3]; and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholy as ſhe is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will ſee it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou moſt excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

Correſpondence, Lett. x. p. 136. B. Jonſon joins *tray-trip* with *mum-chance*. *Alchemiſt*, Act V. ſc. iv. TYRWHITT.

The truth of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture will be eſtabliſhed by the following extract from *Machiavel's Dogge*, a Satire, quarto, 1617:

"But leaving cardes, let's go to dice a while,
"To paſſage, *treitripe*, hazard, or mum-chance."

REED.

2 —*aqua-vitæ* —] is the old name of *ſtrong waters*. JOHNSON.

3 —croſs-garter'd, *a faſhion ſhe deteſts*;] Sir Thomas Overbury, in his character of a *footman* without *gards* on his coat, repreſents him as "more upright than any *croſſe-garter'd* gentleman-uſher." FARMER.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter VIOLA, *and* Clown *with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy muſick: Doſt thou live by thy tabor?

Clown. No, ſir, I live by the church [4].

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clown. No ſuch matter, ſir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my houſe, and my houſe doth ſtand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'ſt ſay, the king lies by a beggar [5], if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church ſtands by thy tabor, if thy tabor ſtand by the church.

Clown. You have ſaid, ſir.—To ſee this age!—A ſentence is but a cheveril glove [6] to a good wit; How quickly the wrong ſide may be turn'd outward!

Vio.

[4] —*by thy tabor?* Clown. *No, ſir, I live by the church.*] The *Clown*, I ſuppoſe, wilfully miſtakes his meaning, and anſwers, as if he had been aſked whether he lived by the *ſign of the tabor*, the ancient deſignation of a muſick ſhop. STEEVENS.

It was likewiſe the ſign of an eating-houſe kept by Tarleton, the celebrated clown or fool of the theatre before our author's time; who is exhibited in a print prefixed to his *Jeſts*, quarto, 1611, with a *tabor*. Perhaps in imitation of him the ſubſequent ſtage-clowns uſually appeared with one. MALONE.

[5] —*the king* lies *by a beggar*,] *Lies* here as in many other places in old books, ſignifies—*dwells, ſojourns*. See *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act. III. ſc. ii. MALONE.

[6] —*a* cheveril *glove*—] i. e. a glove made of *kid* leather: *chevreau*, Fr. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "—a wit of *cheveril*—." Again, in a proverb in Ray's collection: "He hath a conſcience like a *cheverel's* ſkin." STEEVENS.

As full of labour as a wiſe man's art:
For folly, that he wiſely ſhews, is fit;
But wiſe men's folly, fall'n [2], quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.
Vio. And you, ſir.
Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monſieur* [3].
Vio. *Et vous auſſi; votre ſerviteur.*
Sir And. I hope, ſir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir

fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unreclaimed *haggard*, to ſeize all that comes in his way. JOHNSON.

[2] *But wiſe men's folly, fall'n,*] The ſenſe is: *But wiſe men's folly, when it is once fallen into extravagance, overpowers their diſcretion.* HEATH.

I explain it thus: The folly which he ſhews with proper adaptation to perſons and times, *is fit*, has its propriety, and therefore produces no cenſure; but the folly of wiſe men when it *falls* or *happens*, taints their wit, deſtroys the reputation of their judgment. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*taint*; whence Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectures, with great probability, that "Shakſpeare poſſibly wrote—But *wiſe men*, folly-fallen, &c. i. e. wiſe men fallen into folly. Mr. Pope introduced *taints*, which all the ſubſequent editors have adopted. MALONE.

[3] *Sir And.* Dieu vous garde, Monſieur.] Mr. Theobald thinks it abſurd that Sir Andrew, who did not know the meaning of *pourquoi* in the firſt act, ſhould here ſpeak and underſtand French; and therefore has given three of Sir Andrew's ſpeeches to Sir Toby, and *vice verſa*, in which he has been copied by the ſubſequent editors; as it ſeems to me, without neceſſity. The words,—"Save you, gentleman,—" which he has taken from Sir Toby, and given to Sir Andrew, are again uſed by Sir Toby, in a ſubſequent ſcene; a circumſtance which renders it the more probable that they were intended to be attributed to him here alſo.

With reſpect to the improbability that Sir Andrew ſhould underſtand French here, after having betrayed his ignorance of that language in a former ſcene, it appears from a ſubſequent paſſage that he was a picker up of phraſes, and might have learned by rote from Sir Toby the few French words here ſpoken. If we are to believe Sir Toby, Sir Andrew "could ſpeak three or four languages word for word without book." MALONE.

Sir To. Will you encounter the houſe? my niece is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, ſir: I mean, ſhe is the liſt [4] of my voyage.

Sir To. Taſte your legs, ſir [5], put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better underſtand me, ſir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, ſir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own moſt pregnant and vouchſafed ear [6].

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and *vouchſafed:*—I'll get 'em all three all ready [7].

Oli. Let the garden door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* MARIA.

Give

[4] —*the liſt*—] is the *bound, limit, fartheſt point.* JOHNSON.

[5] Taſte *your legs, ſir,*] Perhaps this expreſſion was employed to ridicule the fantaſtick uſe of a verb, which is many times as quaintly introduced in the old pieces, as in this play, or in *The true Tragedies of Marius and Scilla*, 1594:

"A climbing tower that did not *taſte* the wind."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the 21ſt Odyſſey:

"————————he now began

"To *taſte* the bow, the ſharp ſhaft took, tugg'd hard." STEEVENS.

[6] —*moſt* pregnant *and* vouchafed *ear.*] *Pregnant* means *ready*, as in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act I. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

Vouchſafed for *vouch-ſafing*. MALONE.

[7] —*all ready.*] The old copy reads—*already.* For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable. The editor of the third folio reformed the paſſage by reading only —*ready.* But omiſſions ought always to be avoided if poſſible. The repetition of the word *all* is not improper in the mouth of Sir Andrew. MALONE.

Give me your hand, ſir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Ceſario is your ſervant's name, fair princeſs.

Oli. My ſervant, ſir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You are ſervant to the count Orſino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours;
Your ſervant's ſervant is your ſervant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf;—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never ſpeak again of him:
But, would you undertake another ſuit,
I had rather hear you to ſolicit that,
Than muſick from the ſpheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, 'beſeech you[8]: I did ſend,
After the laſt enchantment you did here[9],

A ring

[8] —*'beſeech you.*] This ellipſis occurs ſo frequently in our author's plays, that I do not ſuſpect any omiſſion here. The editor of the third folio reads—*I* beſeech you; which ſupplies the ſyllable wanting, but hurts the metre.

MALONE.

[9] —*you did* here.] The old Copy has —*heare*. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. The two words are very frequently confounded in the old editions of our author's plays, and the other books of that age. See the laſt line of *King Richard III.* quarto, 1613:

"That ſhe may long live *heare*, God ſay amen."

Again, in *The Tempeſt*, folio, 1623, p. 3, l. 10:

"*Heare*, ceaſe more queſtions."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, 1623, p. 139:

"Let us complain to them what fools were *heare*."

Again, in *All's Well that ends well*, 1623, p. 239:

"That hugs his kickſey-wickſey *heare* at home."

Again, in Peck's *Deſiderata Curioſa*, Vol. I. p. 205:

"—to my utmoſt knowledge, *heare* is ſimple truth and verity."

I could add twenty other inſtances, were they neceſſary. Throughout the firſt edition of our author's *Rape of Lucrece*

1594

A ring in chaſe of you; ſo did I abuſe
Myſelf, my ſervant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you, in a ſhameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine honour at the ſtake,
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving [1]
Enough is ſhewn; a cyprus [2], not a boſom,
Hides my heart: So let me hear you ſpeak [3].

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice [4]; for 'tis a vulgar proof *,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to ſmile again:
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [*Clock ſtrikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waſte of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harveſt,
Your

1594, which was probably printed under his own inſpection, the word we now ſpell *here*, is conſtantly written *heare*.

Let me add, that Viola had not ſimply *heard* that a ring had been ſent (if even ſuch an expreſſion as—"After the laſt enchantment, you did *heare*," were admiſſible); ſhe had *ſeen* and *talked* with the bearer of it. MALONE.

[1] *To one of your* receiving] i. e. to one of your *ready apprehenſion*. She conſiders him as an arch page. WARBURTON.

[2] —*a cyprus*,] is a tranſparent ſtuff. JOHNSON.

[3] *Hides my heart: So let me* hear *you ſpeak.*] The word *hear* is uſed in this line, like *tear*, *dear*, *ſwear*, &c. as a diſſyllable. The editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply what he imagined to be a defect in the metre, reads—Hides my *poor* heart; and all the ſubſequent editors have adopted his interpolation. MALONE.

[4] —*a* grice;] is a *ſtep*, ſometimes written *greeſe* from *degrés*, &c.

So, in *Othello*:

"Which, as a *grize* or ſtep, may help theſe lovers."
JOHNSON.

* —*'tis a* vulgar *proof*,] That is, it is a *common* proof. The experience of every day ſhews that, &c. MALONE.

Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due weſt.
Vio. Then weſtward-hoe [5]:
Grace, and good diſpoſition attend your ladyſhip!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'ſt of me.
Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.
Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.
Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wiſh it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of ſcorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt ſhews not itſelf more ſoon
Than love that would ſeem hid: love's night is noon.
Ceſario, by the roſes of the ſpring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that, maugre [6] all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For, that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But, rather, reaſon thus with reaſon fetter:
Love ſought is good, but given unſought is better.
Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſom, and one truth,
And that no woman has [7]; nor never none
Shall miſtreſs be of it, ſave I alone.
And ſo adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

5 *Then* weſtward-hoe:] This is the name of a comedy by T. Decker, 1607. He was aſſiſted in it by Webſter, and it was acted with great ſucceſs by *the children of Pauls*, on whom Shakſpeare has beſtowed ſuch notice in *Hamlet*, that we may be ſure they were rivals to the company patronized by himſelf. STEEVENS.

6 —*maugre*—] i. e. in ſpite of. STEEVENS.

7 *And that no woman has*;] And that *heart* and *boſom* I have never yielded to any woman. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Room in Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reaſon, dear venom, give thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your reaſon, ſir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I ſaw your niece do more favours to the count's ſerving man, than ever ſhe beſtowed upon me; I ſaw't i'the orchard.

Sir To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while[a], old boy; tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an aſs o'me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, ſir, upon the oaths of judgment and reaſon.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, ſince before Noah was a ſailor.

Fab. She did ſhew favour to the youth in your ſight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimſtone in your liver: You ſhould then have accoſted her; and with ſome excellent jeſts, fire-new from the mint, you ſhould have bang'd the youth into dumbneſs. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, and you are now ſail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unleſs you do redeem it by ſome laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir

[a] *Did ſhe ſee* thee *the while,*] *Thee* is wanting in the old copy. It was ſupplied by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Sir And. And't be any way, it muſt be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Browniſt [9], as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the baſis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece ſhall take note of it: and aſſure thyſelf, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's condemnation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, ſir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand [1]; be curſt and brief: it is no matter how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'ſt* him ſome thrice [2], it ſhall not be amiſs; and as

[9] —*as lief be a* Browniſt,] The *Browniſts* were ſo called from Mr. *Robert Browne*, a noted ſeparatiſt in queen Elizabeth's reign. See Strype's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol. III. p. 15, 16, &c. In his life of Whitgift, p. 323, he informs us, that *Browne*, in the year 1589, "went off from the ſeparation and came into the communion of the church." GREY.

The *Browniſts* ſeem, in the time of our author, to have been the conſtant objects of popular ſatire. STEEVENS.

[1] —*in a* martial hand;] *Martial hand*, ſeems to be a careleſs ſcrawl, ſuch as ſhewed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curſt*, is petulant, crabbed. A curſt cur, is a dog that with little provocation ſnarls and bites. JOHNSON.

[2] —*taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou* thou'ſt *him ſome thrice*,] Theſe words ſeem to be directly levelled at the attorney-general Coke, who, in the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, [1603,] attacked him with all the following indecent expreſſions:—"*All that he did was by thy inſtigation*, thou *viper*; *for I* thou *thee*, thou *traytor!*" (Here, by the way, are the poet's *three* thou's.) "*You are an odious man.*"—"*Is he baſe? I return it into thy throat, on his behalf.*"—"*O damnable atheiſt!*" "*Thou art a monſter; thou haſt an Engliſh face, but a Spaniſh heart.*"—"*Thou haſt a Spaniſh heart, and thyſelf art a ſpider of hell.*"—*Go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the confident'ſt traitor that ever came at a bar*, &c. Is not here all the licence of tongue, which the poet ſatyrically preſcribes to ſir Andrew's ink? THEOBALD.

The reſentment of our author, as Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, might likewiſe have been excited by the contemptuous manner

as many lies as will lie in thy ſheet of paper, although the ſheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, ſet 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a gooſe-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where ſhall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo* [*] : Go.

[*Exit Sir* ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, ſir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; ſome two thouſand ſtrong, or ſo.

Fab. We ſhall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never truſt me then; and by all means ſtir on the youth to an anſwer. I think, oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find ſo much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the reſt of the anatomy.

Fab. And his oppoſite [3], the youth, bears in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngeſt wren of nine comes [4]

Mar.

manner in which Lord Coke has ſpoken of players, and the ſeverity he was always willing to exert againſt them. Thus in his *Speech and Charge at Norwich, with a diſcoverie of the abuſes and corruption of officers*, Nath. Butter, quarto, 1607: "Becauſe I muſt haſt unto an end, I will requeſt that you will carefully put in execution the ſtatute againſt *vagrants*; ſince the making whereof I have found fewer theeves, and the gaole leſs peſtered than before.—The abuſe of *ſtage-players*, wherewith I find the country much troubled, may be eaſily reformed; they having no commiſſion to play in any place without leave: and therefore if by your willingneſſe they be not entertained, you may ſoone be rid of them."

STEEVENS.

[*] —*at* the *cubiculo*:] I believe, we ſhould read—at *thy* cubiculo. MALONE.

[3] *And his* oppoſite,] *Oppoſite* in our author's time was uſed as a ſubſtantive, and ſynonymous to *adverſary*.

MALONE.

[4] *Look, where the youngeſt wren of* nine *comes.*] The women's

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleen, and will laugh yourſelves into ſtitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turn'd heathen, a very renegado; for there is no chriſtian, that means to be ſaved by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſneſs. He's in yellow ſtockings.

Sir To. And croſs-garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villainouſly; like a pedant that keeps a ſchool i'the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murtherer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does ſmile his face into more lines, than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not ſeen ſuch a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will ſtrike him; if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

men's parts were then acted by boys, ſometimes ſo low in ſtature, that there was occaſion to obviate the impropriety by ſuch kind of oblique apologies. WARBURTON.

The *wren* generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the laſt hatch'd of all birds are uſually the ſmalleſt and weakeſt of the whole brood. So, in a *Dialogue of the Phœnix*, &c. by R. Cheſter, 1601:

"The little *wren* that *many young ones* brings."

The old copy however reads—wren of *mine*. STEEVENS.

Again, in *Sir Philip Sidney's Ourania*, a poem, by N. Breton, 1606:

"The titmouſe, and the *multiplying wren*."

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

5 —*I know my lady will* ſtrike *him*;] We may ſuppoſe, that in an age when ladies ſtruck their ſervants, the box on the ear which queen Elizabeth is ſaid to have given to the earl of Eſſex, was not regarded as a tranſgreſſion againſt the rules of common behaviour. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my deſire,
More ſharp than filed ſteel, did ſpur me forth;
And not all love to ſee you, (though ſo much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealouſy what might befal your travel,
Being ſkilleſs in theſe parts; which to a ſtranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhoſpitable: My willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of fear,
Set forth in your purſuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other anſwer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks: Oft good turns[6]
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth[7], as is my conſcience, firm,
You ſhall find better dealing. What's to do?

Shall

[6] *And thanks, and ever* thanks: *Oft good turns*—] The ſecond *thanks*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Theobald, to ſupply the metre.—He added at the ſame time the word *and* [*and* oft, &c.] unneceſſarily. *Turns* was, I have no doubt, uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

[7] *But were my* worth,] *Worth* in this place means *wealth* or *fortune*. So, in *the Winter's Tale*:

"————and he boaſts himſelf
"To have a *worthy* feeding."

Again, in Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels*:

"Such as the ſatyriſt paints truly forth,
"That only to his crimes owes all his *worth*."

MASON.

Shall we go ſee the relicks of this town[8]?

Ant. To-morrow, ſir; beſt, firſt, go ſee your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to-night;
pray you, let us ſatisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk theſe ſtreets:
Once, in a ſea-fight 'gainſt the count his gallies[9],
I did ſome ſervice; of ſuch note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.

Seb. Belike, you ſlew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffick's ſake,
Moſt of our city did: only myſelf ſtood out:
For which, if I be lapſed in this place,
I ſhall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, ſir, here's my purſe:
In the ſouth ſuburbs, at the Elephant,
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town; there ſhall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purſe?

Ant. Haply, your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have deſire to purchaſe; and your ſtore,
I think, is not for idle markets, ſir.

Seb.

[8] —*the* relicks *of this town?*] I ſuppoſe he means the *relicks of ſaints*, or the remains of ancient fabricks. STEEVENS.

The words are explained by what follows:

"——let us ſatisfy our eyes
"With the memorials, and the things of fame,
"That do renown this city." MALONE.

[9] —*the* count his *gallies,*] I ſuſpect our author wrote—*county's* gallies, i. e. the gallies of the county, or count; and that the tranſcriber's ear deceived him. However, as the preſent reading is conformable to the miſtaken grammatical uſage of the time, I have not diſturbed the text. MALONE.

Seb. I'll be your purſe-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.
Ant. To the Elephant.—
Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have ſent after him: he ſays, he'll come [1];
How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio?—he is ſad, and civil [*],
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes;—
Where is Malvolio?
Mar. He's coming, madam;
But in very ſtrange manner. He is ſure, poſſeſt, madam.
Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?
Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but ſmile: your ladyſhip were beſt
To have ſome guard about you, if he come,
For, ſure, the man is tainted in his wits.
Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he.

Enter MALVOLIO.

If ſad and merry madneſs equal be.—
How now, Malvolio?
Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*ſmiles fantaſtically.*
Oli. Smil'ſt thou?
I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.

Mal.

[1] *He ſays, he'll come*;] i. e. I ſuppoſe now, or admit now, he ſays he'll come. WARBURTON.

[*] *—he is ſad and* civil,] i. e. ſolemn and grave. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"————Come, *civil* night,
"Thou *ſober-ſuited* matron, all in black," &c.
MALONE.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be ſad: This does make ſome obſtruction in the blood, this croſs-gartering; But what of that? if it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true ſonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.*

Oli. Why, how doſt thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands ſhall be executed. I think, we do know the ſweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, ſweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft [2]?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your requeſt? Yes; Nightingales anſwer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſs before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatneſs:*—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,*—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some atchieve greatneſs,*—

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. *And ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them.*

Oli. Heaven reſtore thee!

Mal. *Remember, who commended thy yellow ſtockings;*—

Oli. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. *And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd.*

Oli. Croſs-garter'd?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo;*—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal.

[2] —*kiſs thy hand ſo oft?*] This fantaſtical cuſtom is taken notice of by Barnaby Riche, in *Faults and nothing but Faults*, quarto, circa 1606, p. 6: "——and theſe *flowers of courteſie*, as they are full of affectation, ſo are they no leſs formall in their ſpeeches, full of fuſtian phraſes, many times delivering ſuch ſentences, as do betray and lay open their maſter's ignorance: and they are ſo frequent with *the kiſs on the hand*, that word ſhall not paſs their mouthes, till they have clapt their fingers over their lippes." REED.

Mal. *If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.*
Oli. Why this is very midſummer madneſs [3].

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orſino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyſhip's pleaſure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit* Serv.] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my couſin Toby? Let ſome of my people have a ſpecial care of him; I would not have him miſcarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worſe man than ſir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: ſhe ſends him on purpoſe, that I may appear ſtubborn to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the letter. *Caſt thy humble ſlough*, ſays ſhe;—*be oppoſite* [4] *with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants,—let thy tongue tang* [5] *with arguments of ſtate,—put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity*;—and, conſequently, ſets down the manner how; as, a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habit of ſome ſir of note, and ſo forth. I have limed her [6], but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when ſhe went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to:* Fellow [7]! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple, no obſtacle, no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance,—What can be ſaid? Nothing, that can be, can come between

[3] —*midſummer madneſs.*] Hot weather often turns the brain, which is, I ſuppoſe, alluded to here. JOHNSON.

'*Tis midſummer moon with you*, is a proverb in Ray's collection, ſignifying, you are mad. STEEVENS.

[4] —*be oppoſite*—] See p. 244, n. 5. MALONE.

[5] —*let thy tongue* tang, &c.] Here the old copy reads—— *langer*; but it ſhould be—*tang*, as I have corrected it from the letter which Malvolio reads in a former ſcene. STEEVENS.

The ſecond folio reads—*tang*. TYRWHITT.

[6] —*I have* limed *her*,] I have entangled or caught her, as a bird is caught with *birdlime*. JOHNSON.

[7] —*Fellow!*] This word, which originally ſignified *companion*, was not yet totally degraded to its preſent meaning; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable ſenſe. JOHNSON.

between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with Sir* TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him,

Fab. Here he is, here he is: How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio; how is't with you? What man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me[8]. What man!

[8] *Ay, Biddy, come with me.*] *Come, Bid, come*, are words of endearment used by children to chickens and other domestick

'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit [9] with Satan: Hang him, foul collier [1]!

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers; good ſir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godlineſs.

Mal. Go, hang yourſelves all! you are idle ſhallow things: I am not of your element; you ſhall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, purſue him now; leſt the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we ſhall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleaſure, and his penance, till our very paſtime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen [2]. But ſee, but ſee.

meſtick fowl. An anonymous writer, with little probability, ſuppoſes the words in the text to be a quotation from ſome old ſong. MALONE.

[9] —cherry-pit—] *Cherry-pit* is pitching cherry-ſtones into a little hole. STEEVENS.

[1] *Hang him, foul* collier!] *Collier* was, in our author's time, a term of the higheſt reproach. STEEVENS.

The devil is called *Collier* for his blackneſs; *Like will to like, ſays the Devil to the Collier.* JOHNSON.

[2] —*finder of madmen.*] If there be any doubt whether a culprit is become *non compos mentis*, after indictment, conviction, or judgment, the matter is tried by a jury; and if he be *found* either an ideot or *lunatick*, the lenity of the Engliſh law will not permit him, in the firſt caſe, to be tried, in the ſecond, to receive judgment, or in the third, to be executed. In other caſes alſo inqueſts are held for the *finding of madmen.* MALONE.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning[3].

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't ſo ſawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*reads.*] *Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow:*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee ſo, for I will ſhew thee no reaſon for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comeſt to the lady Olivia, and in my ſight ſhe uſes thee kindly: but thou lieſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good ſenſe-leſs.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'ſt me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy ſide of the law: Good.

Sir To. Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our ſouls! He may have mercy upon mine[4]; *but my hope is better,*

[3] *More matter for a* May morning.] It was uſual on the firſt of *May* to exhibit metrical interludes of the comick kind, as well as the *morris-dance*, of which a plate is given at the end of the firſt part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's obſervations on it. STEEVENS.

[4] —*He may have mercy upon mine*;[We may read: *He may have mercy upon* thine, *but my hope is better.* Yet the paſſage may well enough ſtand without alteration.

It were much to be wiſhed that Shakſpeare in this and ſome other paſſages, had not ventured ſo near profaneneſs. JOHNSON.

He may have mercy upon my ſoul, in caſe I ſhould be killed by you; but my hope is that I ſhall ſurvive the combat, and that you will fall; ſo look to yourſelf, for on yours he can have no mercy. Such, I ſuppoſe, is the knight's meaning. MALONE.

letter, and ſo look to thyſelf. Thy friend, as thou uſeſt him, and thy ſworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occaſion for't; he is now in ſome commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, ſir Andrew; ſcout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw! and, as thou draw'ſt, ſwear horrible[5]: for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no leſs; therefore this letter, being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clod-pole. But, ſir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; ſet upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, ſkill, fury, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA *and* VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and preſently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a challenge. [*Exeunt Sir* T. FAB. *and* MAR.

Oli. I have ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out[6]:

[5] —*ſwear* horrible:] Adjectives are often uſed by our author and his contemporaries adverbially. MALONE.

[6] —*too unchary* out:] The old copy reads—*on't*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

There's ſomething in me, that reproves my fault;
But ſuch a headſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the ſame 'havour that your paſſion bears,
Go on my maſter's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me[7], 'tis my picture;
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And, I beſeech you, come again to-morrow.
What ſhall you aſk of me, that I'll deny;
That honour, ſav'd, may upon aſking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my maſter.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my ſoul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God ſave thee.

Vio. And you, ſir.

Sir To. That defence thou haſt, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him; I know not; but thy intercepter, full of deſpight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: diſmount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſailant is quick, ſkilful, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake, ſir; I am ſure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwiſe, I aſſure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your oppoſite hath in him what youth, ſtrength, ſkill, and wrath, can furniſh man withal.

Vio. I pray you, ſir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier, and

[7] —*wear this* jewel *for me,*] *Jewel* does not properly ſignify a ſingle *gem*, but any precious ornament or ſuperfluity. JOHNSON.

So, in Markham's *Arcadia*, 1607: "She gave him a very fine *jewel*, wherein was ſet a moſt rich diamond." See alſo Warton's *Hiſt. of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 121. STEEVENS.

and on carpet conſideration[8]; but he is a devil in private brawl: ſouls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction

[8] *He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet conſideration*;] That is, he is no ſoldier by profeſſion, not a knight banneret, dubb'd in the field of battle, but, *on carpet conſideration*, at a feſtivity, or ſome peaceable occaſion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling not on the ground, as in war, but on a *carpet*. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term a *carpet knight*, who was naturally held in ſcorn by the men of war. JOHNSON.

In Francis Markham's *Booke of Honour*, fol. 1625, p. 71. we have the following account of Carpet Knights. "Next unto theſe [i. e. thoſe whom he diſtinguiſhes by the name of *Dunghill or Truck Knights*] in degree, but not in qualitie, (for theſe are truly for the moſt part vertuous and worthie,) is that rank of knights which are called *Carpet Knights*, being men who are by the prince's grace and favour made knights at home and in the time of peace, by the impoſition or laying on of the king's ſword, having by ſome ſpecial ſervice done to the commonwealth—deſerved this great title and dignitie." He then enumerates the ſeveral orders of men on whom this honour was uſually conferred; and adds—"thoſe of the vulgar or common ſort are called *Carpet Knights*, becauſe (for the moſt part) they receive their honour from the king's hand in the court, and upon *carpets*,—*which howſoever acurious envie may wreſt to an ill ſenſe*, yet queſtionleſs there is no ſhadow of diſgrace belonging to it, for it is an honour as perfect as any honour whatever, and the ſervices and merits for which it is received as worthy and well deſerving both of the king and country, as that which hath wounds and ſcarres for his witneſſe." REED.

Greene uſes the term—*Carpet-knights*, in contempt of thoſe of whom he is ſpeaking; and in *The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, it is employed for the ſame purpoſe. In Barret's *Alvearie*, 1580:—"thoſe which do not exerciſe themſelves with ſome honeſt affaires, but ſerve abominable and filthy idleneſs, are as we uſe to call them, *Carpet-Knightes*." B. ante O. STEEVENS.

—*with* unhatch'd *rapier*.] The modern editors read—*unhack'd*. It appears from Cotgrave's Dictionary in v. *hacher*, [to hack, hew, &c.] that to *hatch* the hilt of a ſword, was a technical term.—Perhaps we ought to read—with an *hatch'd* rapier, i. e. with a rapier, the hilt of which was richly *engraved* and ornamented. Our author, however, might have uſed *unhatch'd* in the ſenſe of *unhack'd*; and therefore I have made no change. MALONE.

ſatisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and ſepulcher: hob, nob[9], is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of ſome kind of men, that put quarrels purpoſely on others to taſte their valour; belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itſelf out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his deſire. Back you ſhall not to the houſe, unleſs you undertake that with me, which with as much ſafety you might anſwer him: therefore, on, or ſtrip your ſword ſtark naked; for meddle you muſt[1], that's certain, or forſwear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as ſtrange. I beſeech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

Sir To. I will do ſo. Signior Fabian, ſtay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir* TOBY.

Vio. Pray you, ſir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incenſed againſt you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promiſe, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, ſir, the moſt ſkilful, bloody, and fatal oppoſite that you could poſſibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with ſir prieſt, than ſir knight: I care not who knows ſo much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter

9 —*hob, nob,*] This adverb is corrupted from *hap ne hap*; as *would ne would, will ne will*; that is, *let it happen or not*; and ſignifies at random, at the mercy of chance. See Johnſon's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

So, in Holinſhed's *Hiſt. of Ireland*: "The citizens in their rage—ſhot *habbe or nabbe*, at *random*." MALONE.

1 —*meddle you muſt,*] So afterwards, Sir Andrew ſays, "Pox on't, I'll not *meddle* with him." The vulgar yet ſay "I'll neither *meddle* nor make with it." MALONE.

Re-enter Sir TOBY, *with Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not ſeen ſuch a virago [2]. I had a paſs with him, rapier, ſcabbard, and all, and he gives me the ſtuck-in [3], with ſuch a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the anſwer, he pays you [4] as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on: They ſay, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can ſcarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in fence, I'd have ſeen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and I'll give him my horſe, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good ſhew on't; this ſhall end without the perdition of ſouls: Marry, I'll ride your horſe as well as I ride you. [*Aſide.*

Re-enter

[2] —*I have not ſeen ſuch a* virago.] *Virago* cannot be properly uſed here, unleſs we ſuppoſe ſir Toby to mean, I never ſaw one that had ſo much the look of woman with the proweſs of man. JOHNSON.

Why may not the meaning be more ſimple, "I have never ſeen the moſt furious woman ſo obſtreperous and violent as he is? MALONE.

The old copy reads—*firago*. A *virago* always means a female warrior, or, in low language, a ſcold, or turbulent woman. If Shakſpeare (who knew Viola to be a woman, though ſir Toby did not) has made no blunder, Dr. Johnſon has ſupplied the only obvious meaning of the word. *Firago* may however be a ludicrous term of Shakſpeare's coinage. STEEVENS.

[3] —*the* ſtuck—] The *ſtuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *ſtoccata*, an Italian term in fencing. STEEVENS.

So, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*: "—thy *ſtock*, thy reverſe, thy montánt." MALONE.

[4] —*he* pays *you*—] i. e. he *hits* you. MALONE.

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

I have his horſe [*to* Fab.] to take up the quarrel; I have perſuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him [5]; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, ſir; he will fight with you for his oath ſake: Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now ſcarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the ſupportance of his vow; he proteſts, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aſide.*

Fab. Give ground, if you ſee him furious.

Sir To. Come, ſir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's ſake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello [6] avoid it: but he has promiſed me, as he is a gentleman and a ſoldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do aſſure you, 'tis againſt my will. [*draws.*

Ant. Put up your ſword;—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*drawing.*

Sir To. You, ſir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, ſir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker [7], I am for you. [*draws.*

Enter

[5] *He is as* horribly conceited *of him*;] That is, he has as horrid an idea or conception of him. MALONE.

[6] —*by the* duello—] i. e. by the laws of the *duello*, which, in Shakſpeare's time, were ſettled with the utmoſt nicety. STEEVENS.

[7] *Nay, if you be an* undertaker,] But why was *an undertaker* ſo offenſive a character? I believe this is *a touch upon the times*, which may help to determine the date of this play. At

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good ſir Toby, hold; here come the officers.
Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [*to* Antonio.
Vio. Pray, ſir, put your ſword up, if you pleaſe.
Sir And. Marry, will I, ſir;—and, for that I promiſed you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you eaſily, and reins well.
1. *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.
2. *Off.* Antonio, I arreſt thee at the ſuit
Of count Orſino.
Ant. You do miſtake me, ſir.
1. *Off.* No, ſir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no ſea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.
Ant. I muſt obey.—This comes with ſeeking you;
But there's no remedy; I ſhall anſwer it.
What will you do? Now my neceſſity
Makes me to aſk you for my purſe: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals myſelf. You ſtand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.
2. *Off.* Come, ſir, away.
Ant. I muſt entreat of you ſome of that money.
Vio. What money, ſir?
For the fair kindneſs you have ſhew'd me here,

At the meeting of the parliament in 1614, there appears to have been a very general perſuaſion, or jealouſy at leaſt, that the king had been induced to call a parliament at that time, by certain perſons, who *had undertaken*, through their influence in the houſe of commons, to carry things according to his majeſty's wiſhes. Theſe perſons were immediately ſtigmatized with the invidious name of *undertakers*; and the idea was ſo unpopular, that the king thought it neceſſary, in two ſet ſpeeches, to deny poſitively (how truly, is another queſtion,) that there had been any ſuch *undertaking*. *Parl. Hiſt.* Vol. V. p. 277, and 286. Sir Francis Bacon alſo (then attorney-general) made an artful, apologetical ſpeech in the houſe of commons upon the ſame ſubject; *when the houſe* (according to the title of the ſpeech) *was in great heat, and much troubled about the undertakers*. Bacon's Works, Vol. II. p. 235, quarto edit. TYRWHITT.

And, part, being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you ſomething: my having * is not much;
I'll make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me, now?
Is't poſſible, that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? Do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unfound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babbling drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themſelves!

2. *Off.* Come, ſir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you ſee here,
I ſnatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love,—
And to his image, which, methought, did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.

1. *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou haſt, Sebaſtian, done good feature ſhame.—
In nature there's no blemiſh, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflouriſh'd by the devil[8].

1. *Off.*

* —*my* having—] MALONE.

[8] —*o'erflouriſh'd by the devil.*] In the time of Shakſpeare, trunks, which are now depoſited in lumber-rooms, or other obſcure places, were part of the furniture of apartments in which company was received. I have ſeen more than one of theſe, as old as the time of our poet. They were richly ornamented on the tops and ſides with ſcroll work, emblematical devices, &c. and were elevated on feet. Shakſpeare has the ſame expreſſion in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" ——— your title to him
" Doth *flouriſh* the deceit ——." STEEVENS.

Again,

1. *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him. Come, come, ſir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt* Officers *with* ANTONIO.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from ſuch paſſion fly,
That he believes himſelf; ſo do not I[9].
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whiſper o'er a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſaws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebaſtian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſs; even ſuch, and ſo,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament.
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love! [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his diſhoneſty appears, in leaving his friend here in neceſſity, and denying him; and for his cowardſhip, aſk Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a moſt devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him ſoundly, but never draw thy ſword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's ſee the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

Again, in his 60th Sonnet:

"Time doth transfix the *flouriſh* ſet on youth."

[9] —*ſo do not I.*] This, I believe, means, I do not yet believe myſelf, when, from this accident, I gather hope of my brother's life. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN.

Clown. Will you make me believe, that I am not ſent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

Clown. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not ſent to you by my lady, to bid you come ſpeak with her; nor your name is not maſter Cæſario; nor this is not my noſe neither.—Nothing, that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe; Thou know'ſt not me.

Clown. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney[1].—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy ſtrangeneſs, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, fooliſh Greek[2], depart from me; There's

[1] *I am afraid this great lubber the world* &c.] That is, affectation and foppery will overſpread the world. JOHNSON.

[2] —*fooliſh* Greek,] *Greek*, was as much as to ſay bawd or pander. He underſtood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-houſe was called Corinth, and the frequenters of it Corinthians, which words occur frequently in Shakſpeare, eſpecially in *Timon of Athens*, and *K. Henry IV.* WARBURTON.

Can our author have alluded to St. Paul's Epiſtle to the Romans, Chap. i. v. 23: " ——to the *Grecks fooliſhneſs.*" STEEVENS.

There's money for thee; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clown. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase[3].

Enter Sir ANDREW, *Sir* TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*striking* Sebastian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad? [*striking Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clown. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence.

[*Exit* Clown.

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold. [*holding* Sebastian.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshʼd; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [*draws.*

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*draws.*

Enter

[3] —*get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.*] This seems to carry a piece of satire upon *monopolies*, the crying grievance of that time. The grants generally were for fourteen years; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was suspected that money gained favourable reports from thence. WARBURTON.

This passage may be considered as a further corroboration of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, that *Twelfth-Night* was written in 1614. The grievance of monopolies, though long complained of, had, it should seem, risen to a greater height at that time than ever, for next to *the undertakers*, it was the great

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.
Sir To. Madam?
Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my ſight!
Be not offended, dear Ceſario:
Rudeſby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.
Let thy fair wiſdom, not thy paſſion, ſway
In this uncivil and unjuſt extent[4]
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe;
And hear thou there how many fruitleſs pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up[5], that thou thereby
May'ſt ſmile at this: thou ſhalt not chooſe but go;
Do not deny: Beſhrew his ſoul for me,
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee[6].
Seb.

great ſubject of parliamentary debate, during the ſhort ſeſſion of that year. Mr. Heath however thinks the meaning is, "—purchaſe a good report [or character] at a very extravagant price." MALONE.

[4] *In this uncivil and unjuſt* extent] *Extent* is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are ſeized for the king. It is therefore taken here for *violence* in general. JOHNSON.

[5] *This ruffian hath* botch'd up,] A coarſe expreſſion for *made up*, as a bad taylor is called a *botcher*, and to botch is to make clumſily. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is certainly right. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"————if you'll *patch* a quarrel
"As matter whole you've not to make it with."

Again, in *King Henry V*:

"Do *botch* and bungle up damnation." STEEVENS.

[6] *He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.*] I know not whether here be not an ambiguity intended between *heart* and *hart*. The ſenſe however is eaſy enough. *He that offends thee, attacks one of my hearts*; or, as the ancients expreſſed it, *half my heart*. JOHNSON.

The equivoque ſuggeſted by Dr. Johnſon was, I have no doubt, intended. *Heart* in our author's time was frequently written

Seb. What reliſh is in this[7] ? how runs the ſtream ?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dream :—
Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteep ;
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep !

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee : 'Would, thou'dſt be rul'd by me !

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, ſay ſo, and ſo be ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in OLIVIA'S *Houſe.*

Enter MARIA *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard ; make him believe, thou art ſir Topas[8] the curate ; do it quickly : I'll call ſir Toby the whilſt.

[*Exit* MARIA.

Clown. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble myſelf[9] in't ; and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well[1] ; nor lean enough to be thought

written *hart* ; and Shakſpeare delights in playing on theſe words. MALONE.

[7] *What reliſh is in this ?*] How does this taſte ? What judgment am I to make of it ? JOHNSON.

[8] —ſir Topas *the curate* ;] The name of *ſir Topas* is taken from Chaucer. STEEVENS.

[9] —*I will diſſemble myſelf*—] i. e. diſguiſe myſelf. MALONE.

[1] *I am not* tall *enough to become the function well* ;] This cannot be right. The word wanted ſhould be part of the deſcription of *a careful man*. I ſhould have no objection to read—*pale*. TYRWHITT.

Tall enough, perhaps means *not of ſufficient height to overlook a pulpit*. STEEVENS.

thought a good ſtudent: but to be ſaid, an honeſt man, and a good houſe-keeper, goes as fairly, as to ſay, a careful man[2], and a great ſcholar. The competitors[3] enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bleſs thee, maſter parſon.

Clown. *Bonos dies*, ſir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never ſaw pen and ink, very wittily ſaid to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*[4]: ſo I, being maſter parſon, am maſter parſon; for what is that, but that; and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, ſir Topas.

Clown. What, hoa, I ſay,—Peace in this priſon!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clown. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to viſit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, ſir Topas, good ſir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexeſt thou this man? talkeſt thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well ſaid, maſter parſon.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd; good ſir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkneſs.

Clown. Fye, thou diſhoneſt Sathan! I call thee by the moſt modeſt terms; for I am one of thoſe gentle ones,

[2] —*a* careful *man*,] I believe means a man who has ſuch a regard for his character as to intitle him to ordination. STEEVENS.

[3] *The* competitors—] That is, the confederates or aſſociates. The word *competitor* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *King Richard III.* and in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. MASON.

[4] —*very wittily ſaid—That, that is, is*:] This is a very humorous banter of the rules eſtabliſhed in the ſchools, that all reaſonings are *ex præcognitis & præconceſſis*, which lay the foundation of every ſcience in theſe maxims, *whatſoever is, is*; *and it is impoſſible for the ſame thing to be and not to be*; with much trifling of the like kind. WARBURTON.

ones, that will uſe the devil himſelf with courteſy; Say'ſt thou, that houſe[5] is dark?

Mal. As hell, ſir Topas.

Clown. Why, it hath bay windows[6] tranſparent as barricadoes, and the clear ſtones[7] towards the ſouth-north are as luſtrous as ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, ſir Topas; I ſay to you, this houſe is dark.

Clown. Madman, thou erreſt: I ſay, there is no darkneſs, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I ſay, this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I ſay, there was never man thus abuſed: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any conſtant queſtion[8].

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal.

[5] —*that* houſe—] That manſion, in which you are now confined. The clown gives this pompous appellation to the ſmall room in which Malvolio, we may ſuppoſe, was confined, to exaſperate him. The word *it* in the clown's next ſpeech plainly means Malvolio's chamber, and confirms this interpretation. MALONE.

[6] —*it hath* bay-windows—] A *bay-window* is the ſame as a *bow window*; a window *in a receſs*, or *bay*. See *A. Wood's Life*, publiſhed by T. Hearne, 1730, p. 548 and 553. STEEVENS.

See Minſheu's DICT. in v. "A *bay-window*, — becauſe it is builded in manner of a baie or rode for ſhippes, that is, round. L. *Cavæ feneſtræ*. G. Une feneſtre ſortant hors de la maiſon." MALONE.

[7] —*the clear* ſtones—] The old copy has—*ſtores*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[8] —*conſtant queſtion.*] A ſettled, a determinate, a regular queſtion. JOHNSON.

Rather, in any regular *converſation*, for ſo generally Shakſpeare uſes the word *queſtion*. MALONE.

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown. Fare thee well: Remain thou ſtill in darkneſs: thou ſhalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock[9], leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the ſoul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, ſir Topas,—

Sir To. My moſt exquiſite ſir Topas!

Clown. Nay, I am for all waters[1].

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy beard and gown; he ſees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'ſt him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now ſo far in offence with my niece, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport to the upſhot*. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY *and* MARIA.

Clown.

[9] —*to kill a* woodcock,] The clown mentions a *woodcock* particularly, becauſe that bird was ſuppoſed to have very little brains, and therefore was a proper anceſtor for a man out of his wits. MALONE.

[1] *Nay, I am for all waters.*] I can turn my hand to any thing; I can aſſume any character I pleaſe; like a fiſh, I can ſwim equally well in all waters. Montaigne, ſpeaking of Ariſtotle, ſays, that "he hath *an oar in every water*, and meddleth with all things." Florio's tranſlation, 1603. In Florio's *Second Fruites*, 1591, I find an expreſſion more nearly reſembling that of the text: "I am a *knight for all ſaddles*." The equivoque ſuggeſted in the following note may, however, have been alſo in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

The word *water*, as uſed by jewellers, denotes the colour and luſtre of diamonds and pearls, and from thence is applied, though with leſs propriety, to other precious ſtones. I think that Shakſpeare in this place alludes to this ſenſe of the word *water*. The clown is complimented by Sir Toby for perſonating Sir Topas ſo exquiſitely, to which he replies that he can put on all colours, alluding to the word Topas, which is the name of a jewel, and was alſo that of the curate. MASON.

* —to *the upſhot*.] The word *to* was inſerted by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Clown. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin* [2],
Tell me how thy lady does. [*ſinging.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clown. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clown. *Alas, why is ſhe ſo?*

Mal. Fool, I ſay;—

Clown. *She loves another*—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clown. Maſter Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clown. Alas, ſir, how fell you beſides your five wits [3]?

Mal. Fool, there was never man ſo notoriouſly abuſed: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me [4]; keep me in darkneſs, ſend miniſters to me, aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown. Adviſe you what to ſay; the miniſter is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens reſtore! endeavour thyſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clown.

[2] *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*] This ſong ſhould certainly begin;

" Hey jolly Robin, tell to me
" How does thy lady do?—
" My lady is unkind, perdy.—
" Alas, why is ſhe ſo?" FARMER.

[3] —*your* five wits?] The *Wits*, Dr. Johnſon ſome where obſerves, were reckoned *five* in analogy to the five ſenſes. From Stephen Hawes's poem called *Graunde Amoure*, ch. xxiv. edit. 1554, it appears that the *five wits* were—" common wit, imagination, fantaſy, eſtimation, and memory." *Wit* in our author's time was the general term for the intellectual power. MALONE.

[4] —*property'd me*;] They have taken poſſeſſion of me as of a man unable to look to himſelf. JOHNSON.

Clown. Maintain no words with him [5], good fellow.—Who, I, ſir? not, I, ſir. God b'w'you, good ſir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, ſir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I ſay,—

Clown. Alas, ſir, be patient. What ſay you, ſir? I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you [6].

Mal. Good fool, help me to ſome light, and ſome paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clown. Well-a-day,—that you were, ſir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, ſome ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will ſet down to my lady; it ſhall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clown. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit [7]?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clown.

[5] *Maintain no words with him,*] Here the clown in the dark acts two perſons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himſelf and Sir Topas.—*I will ſir, I will,* is ſpoken after a pauſe, as if, in the mean time, Sir Topas had whiſpered. JOHNSON.

[6] —*I am* ſhent &c.] i. e. *rebuked.* MALONE.

[7] —*tell me true, are you not mad—or do you but counterfeit?*] If he was not mad, what did he counterfeit by declaring that he was not mad? The fool, who meant to inſult him, I think, aſks, *are you mad, or do you but counterfeit?* That is, *you look like a madman, you talk like a madman: Is your madneſs real, or have you any ſecret deſign in it?* This, to a man in poor Malvolio's ſtate, was a ſevere taunt. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon, in my apprehenſion, miſinterprets the words, "—do you but counterfeit?" They ſurely mean, "do you but counterfeit *madneſs*," or in other words, "aſſume the appearance of a madman, though not one."—Our author ought, I think, to have written, either, "—are you *mad* indeed, *or* do you but counterfeit?" or elſe, "—are you not *not* mad indeed, *and* do you but counterfeit?" But I do not ſuſpect any corruption; for the laſt I have no doubt was what he *meant*, though he has not expreſſed his meaning accurately. He is often careleſs in ſuch minute matters. Mr. Maſon ſuppoſes that, "—do you but counterfeit," means "—do you only pretend to be *in your ſenſes?*" This interpretation removes the difficulty; but, conſidering the words that immediately precede, is very harſh, and appears to me inadmiſſible. MALONE.

Clown. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad man, till I ſee his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the higheſt degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clown. *I am gone, ſir,* [*ſinging.*
And anon, ſir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice [8],
Your need to ſuſtain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! *to the devil:*
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad.
Adieu, goodman devil [9]. [*Exit.*

SCENE

[8] *Like to the old* vice,] *Vice* was the fool of the old moralities. Some traces of this character are ſtill preſerved in puppet-ſhows, and by country mummers. JOHNSON.

This character was always acted in a *maſk*; it probably had its name from the old French word *vis*, for which they now uſe *viſage*, though they ſtill retain it in *vis-a-vis*, which is, literally, *face to face*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Adieu, goodman, devil.*] This laſt line has neither rhime nor meaning. I cannot but ſuſpect that the fool tranſlates Malvolio's name, and ſays:

Adieu, goodman, mean-evil. JOHNSON.

We have here another old catch; apparently, I think, not of Shakſpeare. I am therefore willing to receive the common reading of the laſt line: *Adieu goodman* drivel.

The name of *Malvolio* ſeems to have been form'd by an accidental tranſpoſition in the word, *Malivolo*.

I know not whether a part of the preceding line ſhould not be thrown into a queſtion, "pare thy nails, dad?"

In *K. Henry V.* we again meet with "this roaring devil i'th' old play; every one may *pare his nails* with a wooden dagger." FARMER.

In the old tranſlation of the *Mænechmi*, 1595, Menæchmus ſays to Peniculus: "Away filthie mad *drivell*, away! I will talk no longer with thee." STEEVENS.

The

SCENE III.

Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious ſun;
This pearl ſhe gave me, I do feel't, and ſee't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madneſs. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit[1],
That

The laſt two lines of this ſong have, I think, been miſunderſtood. They are not addreſſed in the *firſt* inſtance to Malvolio, but are quoted by the clown, as the words, *ah, ah!* are, as the uſual addreſs in the old Moralities to the Devil. I do not therefore ſuſpect any corruption in the words "goodman *Devil.*" We have in *the Merry Wives of Windſor:*—"No *man* means evil but the *devil*;" and in *Much ado about Nothing*, "God's a good *man.*"

The compound, *good-man*, is again uſed adjectively, and as a word of contempt, in *King Lear:* "Part (ſays Edmund to Kent and the Steward). "With you, (replies Kent) *good-man boy*, if you pleaſe."

The reaſon why the Vice exhorts the Devil to pare his nails, is, becauſe the Devil was ſuppoſed from choice to keep his nails always unpared, and therefore to pare them was an affront. So, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1615:

"I will follow mine own minde and mine old trade;
"Who ſhall let me? *the divel's nailes are unparde.*"

MALONE.

[1] *Yet there he was; and there I found this* credit,] i. e. I found it juſtified, credibly vouched. Whether the word *credit* will eaſily carry this meaning, I am doubtful. The expreſſion ſeems obſcure; and though I have not diſturbed the text, I very much ſuſpect that the poet wrote:

"——— *and there I found this* credent.

He uſes the ſame term again in the very ſame ſenſe in the *Winter's Tale:*

"——— *Then 'tis very* credent,
"*Thou may'ſt cojoin with ſomething*, &c.

THEOBALD.

Perhaps

That he did range the town to ſeek me out.
His counſel now might do me golden ſervice:
For though my ſoul diſputes well with my ſenſe,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſs,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe [2],
That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon, that perſuades me
To any other truſt [3], but that I am mad,
Or elſe the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and give back, affairs, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing,
As, I perceive, ſhe does: there's ſomething in't,
That is deceivable [4]. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA, *and a* Prieſt.

Oli. Blame not this haſte of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that conſecrated roof,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith;
That my moſt jealous and too doubtful ſoul
May live at peace: he ſhall conceal it,
Whiles [5] you are willing it ſhall come to note;

What

Perhaps *credit* is here uſed for *credited*. So in the firſt ſcene of this play, *heat* for *heated*, and in *Hamlet*, *hoiſt* for *hoiſted*. MALONE.

[2] —*all* inſtance, *all* diſcourſe,] *Diſcourſe*, for reaſon. WARBURTON.

Inſtance is *example*. JOHNSON.

[3] *To any other truſt*,] To any other belief, or confidence, to any other fixed opinion. JOHNSON.

[4] —deceivable.] Our author licentiouſly uſes this word for *deceptious*. MALONE.

[5] *Whiles*—] *is until*. This word is ſtill ſo uſed in the northern counties. It is, I think, uſed in the ſenſe in the preface to the Accidence. JOHNSON.

It is uſed in this ſenſe in Tarleton's *News out of Purgatorie*. See the novel at the end of *the Merry Wives of Windſor*. MALONE.

What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you ſay?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having ſworn truth [6], ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And heavens ſo ſhine [7],
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Before Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Clown, *and* Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'ſt me, let me ſee his letter.

Clown. Good maſter Fabian, grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clown. Do not deſire to ſee this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, deſire my dog again.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clown. Ay, ſir; we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; How doſt thou, my good fellow?

Clown. Truly, ſir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Duke.

[6] —truth,] *Truth* is *fidelity.* JOHNSON.

[7] —*heavens ſo ſhine*, &c.] Alluding perhaps to a ſuperſtitious ſuppoſition, the memory of which is ſtill preſerved in a proverbial ſaying: "*Happy is the bride upon whom the ſun ſhines, and bleſſed the corpſe upon which the rain falls.*" STEEVENS.

Duke. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clown. No, ſir, the worſe.

Duke. How can that be?

Clown. Marry, ſir, they praiſe me, and make an aſs of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an aſs: ſo that by my foes, ſir, I profit in the knowledge of myſelf; and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that, concluſions to be as kiſſes, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives [8], why, then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clown. By my troth, ſir, no; though it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me; there's gold.

Clown. But that it would be double-dealing, ſir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counſel.

Clown. Put your grace in your pocket, ſir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double-dealer; there's another.

Clown. *Primo, ſecundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all; the *triplex*, ſir, is a good tripping meaſure; or the bells [9] of St. Bennet [1], ſir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

[8] —concluſions *to be as* kiſſes, *if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,*] One cannot but wonder, that this paſſage ſhould have perplexed the commentators. In Marlowe's *Luſt Dominion*, the Queen ſays to the Moor:

—— "Come, let's kiſſe.

Moor. "Away, away.

Queen. "No, no, ſayes *I*; and *twice away*, ſayes *ſtay*."

Sir Philip Sidney has enlarged upon this thought in the ſixty third ſtanza of his *Aſtrophel and Stella.* FARMER.

[9] —or, *the bells*—] That is, if the other arguments I have uſed are not ſufficient, the bells of St. Bennet, &c. MALONE.

[1] —*bells of St. Bennet,*] When in this play he mentioned the *bed of* Ware, he recollected that the ſcene was in Illyria, and added, *in England*; but his ſenſe of the ſame impropriety could not reſtrain him from the bells of St. Bennet. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare's

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clown. Marry, ſir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, ſir; but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of covetouſneſs: but, as you ſay, ſir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit* Clown.

Enter ANTONIO, *and* Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, ſir, that did reſcue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As black as Vulcan, in the ſmoke of war:
A bawbling veſſel was he captain of,
For ſhallow draught, and bulk, unprizable;
With which ſuch ſcathful[2] grapple did he make
With the moſt noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loſs,
Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1. *Off.* Orſino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy?
And this is he, that did the Tyger board,
When your young nephew Titus loſt his leg:

Here

Shakſpeare's improprieties and anachroniſms are ſurely venial in compariſon with thoſe of contemporary writers. Lodge, in his *True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla*, 1594, has mentioned *the razors of Palermo*, and *St. Paul's ſteeple*, and has introduced a *Frenchman*, named *Don Pedro*, who, in conſideration of receiving *forty crowns*, undertakes to poiſon Marius. Stanyhurſt, the tranſlator of four books of Virgil, in 1582, compares Chorœbus to a *bedlamite*; ſays, that old Priam girded on his ſword *Morglay*; and makes Dido tell Æneas, that ſhe ſhould have been contented had ſhe been brought to bed even of a *cockney*.

Saltem ſi qua mihi de te ſuſcepta fui ſſet
Ante fugam ſoboles———

" ——yf yeet ſoom progenye from me
" Had crawl'd, by the father'd, yf a *cockney* dandiprat
hopthumb." STEEVENS.

[2] *—ſcathful*—] i. e. miſchievous, deſtructive. STEEVENS.

Here in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame, and ſtate [3],
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindneſs, ſir; drew on my ſide;
But, in concluſion, put ſtrange ſpeech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou ſalt-water thief!
What fooliſh boldneſs brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms ſo bloody, and ſo dear,
Haſt made thine enemies?

Ant. Orſino, noble ſir,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake off theſe names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confeſs, on baſe [4] and ground enough,
Orſino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ingrateful boy there, by your ſide,
From the rude ſea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck paſt hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or reſtraint,
All his in dedication: for his ſake,
Did I expoſe myſelf, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverſe town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet:
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,)
Both day and night did we keep company.

[3] —*deſperate of ſhame and ſtate,*] Unattentive to his character or his condition, like a deſperate man. JOHNSON.

[4] —*on* baſe—] *Baſe* is here a ſubſtantive, *baſis*. I give the explication of ſo ſimple a term, leſt any one ſhould ſuppoſe, as I once did, that we ought to read—and on baſe ground enough. MALONE.

Enter OLIVIA, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear [5],
As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out [6],
That e'er devotion tender'd? What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love [7]; a savage jealousy,

That

[5] —*as* fat *and fulsome*—] *Fat* means *dull*; so we say a *fat-headed* fellow; *fat* likewise means *gross*, and is sometimes used for *obscene*. JOHNSON.

[6] —hath *breath'd out*,] Old Copy—*have*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[7] *Like to the* Egyptian thief, *at point of death*,
Kill what I love;] Our author was indebted for this allusion to Heliodorus's Æthiopicks. This *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers

That ſometimes ſavours nobly? But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument,
That ſcrews me from my true place in your ſavour,
Live you, the marble-breaſted tyrant, ſtill;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſter's ſpight.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in miſchief:
I'll ſacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To ſpight a raven's heart within a dove. [*going.*
Vio. And I, moſt jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you reſt, a thouſand deaths would die. [*following.*
Oli. Where goes Ceſario?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love wife:
If I do feign, you witneſſes above,
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ah me, deteſted! how am I beguil'd!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Haſt thou forgot thyſelf? Is it ſo long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*
Duke. Come, away. [*to* Viola.
Oli. Whither, my lord?—Ceſario, huſband, ſtay.
Duke. Huſband?

Oli.

robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in ſuch fears for his miſtreſs, that he had her ſhut into a cave with his treaſure. It was cuſtomary with thoſe barbarians, *when they deſpaired of their own ſafety, firſt to make away with thoſe whom they held dear*, and deſired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, beſetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealouſy, and anger, went to his cave; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, ſo ſoon as he heard himſelf anſwer'd towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the perſon by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (ſuppoſing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his ſword into her breaſt. THEOBALD.

Oli. Ay, husband; Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety[8]:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant, and Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love[9],
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case[1]?

Or

[8] —strangle *thy* propriety:] Suppress or disown thy property. MALONE.

[9] *A contract of eternal bond of love,*] I once suspected we should read—A contract *and* eternal, &c. but I now believe the text is right. The meaning is only, A contract, promising love and eternal *union*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

" The fealing day between my love and me,
" For *everlasting bond of fellowship.*"

In *Troilus and Cressida* we have " a bond of air," for words that *bind* or *tie* the attention of the hearer to the speaker. MALONE.

[1] —case?] *Case* is a word used contemptuously for *skin*. We yet talk of a *fox case*, meaning the stuffed skin of a fox. JOHNSON.

So, in Cary's *Present State of England*, 1626: " Queen Elizabeth asked a knight named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies?—He answered, as I like my silver-haired conies at home; the *cases* are far better than the bodies." MALONE.

Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine own trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do proteſt,—

Oli. O, do not ſwear;
Hold little faith, though thou haſt too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a ſurgeon; ſend one preſently to ſir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head acroſs, and has given ſir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, ſir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Ceſario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Ceſario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you ſpeak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your ſword upon me, without cauſe;
But I beſpake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you ſet nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the* Clown.

Here comes ſir Toby halting, you ſhall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didſt ſee Dick ſurgeon, ſot?

Clown. O he's drunk, ſir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were ſet at eight i'the morning.

Sir

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a paſſy-meaſures pavin[2]: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli.

[2] *Then he's a rogue, and a* paſſy-meaſures pavin:] The old copy has—*panyn*; either, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, "from the u being accidentally reverſed at the preſs," or from the compoſitor's eye deceiving him; for between *n* and *u* in the Mſs. of Shakſpeare's age, there is not the ſmalleſt difference. The ſame miſtake has happened often in theſe plays.

With reſpect to the terms here uſed, there appears to me no difficulty. The author probably did not intend that Sir Toby ſhould on this occaſion utter any thing very profound, or that his enunciation ſhould be very diſtinct and accurate. Hence we have paſſy-meaſures for *paſſing-meaſures*, or *paſſa*-meaſure, a corruption, as Sir John Hawkins ſuppoſes, of *paſſamezzo*, which Florio in his Italian Dictionary, 1598, explains thus: "A *paſſa*-meaſure in dancing, a cinque pace." The *Meaſures*, as may be collected from Beatrice's deſcription, were ſolemn, ſlow dances, "full of ſtate and ancientry." The *pavin*, as appears from Florio, who ſpells the word as Shakſpeare does, was in Italian *Pavana*. It likewiſe, ſays Sir John Hawkins, was "a grave majeſtick dance from *Pavo*, a peacock. The method of dancing it was anciently by gentlemen dreſſed with a cap and ſword, by thoſe of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in their gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance reſembled that of a peacock's tail.—This dance is ſuppoſed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given with the characters for the ſteps in the *Orcheſographia* of Thoinet Arbeau. Every pavan has its galliard a lighter kind of air made out of the former."

From what has been ſtated, I think, it is manifeſt that Sir Toby means only by this quaint expreſſion, that the ſurgeon is a rogue, and a *grave ſolemn coxcomb*. It is one of Shakſpeare's unrivalled excellencies, that his characters are always conſiſtent. Even in drunkenneſs they preſerve the traits which diſtinguiſhed them when ſober. Sir Toby in the firſt act of this play, ſhewed himſelf well acquainted with the various kinds of the dance.

The editor of the ſecond folio, who, when he does not underſtand any paſſage, generally cuts the knot, inſtead of untying it, arbitrarily reads—"*after* a paſſy-meaſures pavin I hate a drunken rogue." In the ſame manner, in the preceding ſpeech, not thinking "an hour agone" good Engliſh, he reads—"O he's drunk, ſir Toby, *above* an hour agone."

There

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, ſir Toby, becauſe we'll be dreſſ'd together.

Sir To. Will you help?—An aſs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave; a thin-faced knave, a gull [3]!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt* Clown, *Sir* TOBY, *and Sir* ANDREW.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am ſorry, madam, I have hurt your kinſman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I muſt have done no leſs, with wit, and ſafety.
You throw a ſtrange regard upon me, and
By that I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, ſweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but ſo late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons;
A natural perſpective, that is, and is not [4]!

There is ſcarcely a page of that copy in which ſimilar interpolations may not be found. MALONE.

It is in character that Sir Toby ſhould expreſs a ſtrong diſlike of *ſerious dances*, ſuch as the *paſſa-mezzo* and the *pavan* are deſcribed to be. TYRWHITT.

[3] —*An aſs-head and a coxcomb*, &c.] I believe, Sir Toby means to apply all theſe epithets either to the ſurgeon or Sebaſtian; and have pointed the paſſage accordingly. It has been hitherto printed, "Will you help an aſs-head," &c. but why ſhould Sir Toby thus unmerciſully abuſe himſelf? MALONE.

[4] *A natural* perſpective, &c.] A *perſpective* ſeems to be taken for ſhows exhibited through a glaſs with ſuch lights as make the pictures appear really protuberant. The Duke therefore ſays, that nature has here exhibited ſuch a ſhow, where ſhadows ſeem realities; where that which *is not* appears like that which is. JOHNSON.

I apprehend this may be explained by a quotation from a duodecimo book called *Humane Induſtry*, 1661, p. 76 and 77: "It is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed or indented, men make one picture to repreſent ſeveral faces—that being viewed from one place or ſtanding, did ſhew

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee?

Ant. Sebaſtian are you?

Seb. Fear'ſt thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made diviſion of yourſelf?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than theſe two creatures. Which is Sebaſtian?

Oli. Moſt wonderful!

Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blind waves and ſurges have devour'd:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*to* Viola.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Meſſaline: Sebaſtian was my father;
Such a Sebaſtian was my brother too,
So went he ſuited to his watry tomb:
If ſpirits can aſſume both form and ſuit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A ſpirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimenſion groſly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goes even,
I ſhould my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And ſay—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And ſo had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my ſoul!
He finiſhed, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my ſiſter thirteen years.

Vio.

ſhew the head of a Spaniard, and from another, the head of an aſs."—"A picture of a chancellor of France preſented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces,—but if one did look on it through a *perſpective*, there appeared only the ſingle pourtraicture of the chancellor himſelf." Thus that, which is, is not, or in a different poſition appears like another thing. This ſeems alſo to explain a paſſage in *King Henry V.* Act V. ſc. ii: "Yes, my lord, you ſee them *perſpectively*, the cities turn'd into a maid." TOLLET.

I believe that Shakſpeare meant nothing more by this natural perſpective, than a reflexion from a glaſs or mirror. MASON.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my maſculine uſurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumſtance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whoſe gentle help
I was preſerv'd, to ſerve this noble count:
All the occurrence * of my fortune ſince
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, [*to* Oli.] you have been miſtook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſs ſeems true,
I ſhall have ſhare in this moſt happy wreck:
Boy, thou haſt ſaid to me a thouſand times, [*to* Viola.
Thou never ſhould'ſt love woman like to me.

Vio. And all thoſe ſayings, will I over-ſwear;
And all thoſe ſwearings keep as true in ſoul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That ſevers day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me ſee thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me firſt on ſhore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon ſome action,
Is now in durance; at Malvolio's ſuit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He ſhall enlarge him: Fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poor gentleman, he's much diſtract.

Re-enter Clown, *with a letter.*

A moſt extracting frenzy [5] of mine own
From

* —*occurrence*—] I believe our author wrote—*occurrents*. MALONE.

[5] *A moſt* extracting *frenzy*—] i. e. a frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object. WARBURTON.
I formerly ſuppoſed that Shakſpeare wrote—*diſtracting*; but

From my remembrance clearly baniſh'd his.—
How does he, ſirrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the ſtaves end, as well as a man in his caſe may do: he has here writ a letter to you, I ſhould have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epiſtles are no goſpels, ſo it ſkills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clown. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,*—

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madneſs: an your ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *vox* [6].

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits [7], is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princeſs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, ſirrah. [*to* Fabian.

Fab. [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: though you have put me into darkneſs, and given your drunken couſin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my ſenſes, as well as your ladyſhip. I have your own letter that induced me to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myſelf much right, or you much ſhame. Think of me as you pleaſe. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and ſpeak out of my injury.*

The madly-uſed Malvolio

Oli. Did he write this?

Clown.

but have ſince met with a paſſage in the *Hiſtorie of Hamblet*, bl. l. 1606. Sig. C. 2. that ſeems to ſupport the reading of the old copy: "—to try if men of great account be *extract* out of their wits." MALONE.

[6] —*you muſt allow* vox.] The clown, we may preſume, had begun to read the letter in a very loud tone, and probably with extravagant geſticulation. Being reprimanded by his miſtreſs, he juſtifies himſelf by ſaying, *If you would have it read in character, as ſuch a* mad *epiſtle ought to be read, you muſt permit me to aſſume a* frantick *tone.* MALONE.

[7] —*but to read his right wits,*] To repreſent his preſent ſtate of mind, is to read a madman's letter, as I now do, like a madman. JOHNSON.

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This ſavours not much of diſtraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,
To think me as well a ſiſter as a wife,
One day ſhall crown the alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you[8],
Here at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Duke. Madam, I am moſt apt to embrace your offer.—
Your maſter quits you; [*to* Viola.] and, for your ſervice done him,
So much againſt the mettle of your ſex[9],
So far beneath your ſoft and tender breeding,
And ſince you call'd me maſter for ſo long,
Here is my hand; you ſhall from this time be
Your maſter's miſtreſs.

Oli. A ſiſter?—you are ſhe.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this ſame:
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal.

[8] *One day ſhall crown the alliance* on't, *ſo pleaſe you*,] Mr. Heath would read, I think without neceſſity,—*an't* ſo pleaſe you. MALONE.

This is well conjectured; but *on't* may relate to the double character of ſiſter and wife. JOHNSON.

[9] *So much againſt the* mettle *of your ſex*,] So much againſt the weak frame and conſtitution of woman. *Mettle* is uſed by our author in many other places for *ſpirit*; and as *ſpirit* may be either high or low, mettle ſeems here to ſignify natural *timidity*, or *deficiency of ſpirit*. Shakſpeare has taken the ſame licence in *All's well that ends well*:

"'Tis only *title* thou diſdain'ſt in her—"

i. e. the *want* of title. Again, in *King Richard III*:

"The *forfeit*, ſovereign, of my ſervant's life—"

that is, the remiſſion of the forfeit. MALONE.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruſe that letter.
You muſt not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phraſe;
Or ſay, 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention:
You can ſay none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of favour;
Bade me come ſmiling, and croſs-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frown
Upon ſir Toby, and the lighter [1] people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd;
Kept in a dark houſe, viſited by the prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious geck [2], and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confeſs, much like the character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me, thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling [3],
And in ſuch forms which here were preſuppos'd [4]
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſs'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cauſe.

Fab. Good madam, hear me ſpeak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs, myſelf, and Toby,
Set this device againſt Malvolio here,

Upon

[1] —*lighter*—] People of leſs dignity or importance. JOHNSON.

[2] —*geck*,] A fool. JOHNSON.
So, in the viſion at the concluſion of *Cymbeline*:
" And to become the *geck* and ſcorn
" Of th' other's villainy." STEEVENS.

[3] —*then cam'ſt in ſmiling*,] i. e. then, *that thou* cam'ſt in ſmiling. MALONE.

[4] —*here were* preſuppos'd] *Preſuppos'd* ſeems to mean previouſly pointed out for thy imitation; or ſuch as it was ſuppoſed thou would'ſt aſſume after thou hadſt read the letter. The *ſuppoſition* was *previous* to *the act*. STEEVENS.

Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him [5]: Maria writ
The letter, at ſir Toby's great importance [6];
In recompence whereof, he hath marry'd her.
How with a ſportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſs'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool [7]! how have they baffled thee [8]?

Clown. Why, *ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thrown upon them.* I was one, ſir, in this interlude; one ſir Topas, ſir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad*;—But do you remember? *Madam* [9], *why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcal? an you ſmile not, he's gagg'd:* And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been moſt notoriouſly abuſed.

Duke. Purſue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents [1],
A ſolemn combination ſhall be made
Of our dear ſouls: Mean time, ſweet ſiſter,

We

[5] *Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts*
We had conceiv'd againſt him:] Surely we ſhould rather read:—*conceiv'd* in him. TYRWHITT.

[6] —*at ſir Toby's great* importance;] *Importance* is *importunacy, importunement.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Alas*, poor fool! This in our author's time was a term of tenderneſs and pity. MALONE.

[8] —*how have they* baffled *thee?*] See Vol. VII. STEEVENS.

[9] —*but do you remember?* Madam,] As the clown is ſpeaking to Malvolio, and not to Olivia, I think this paſſage ſhould be regulated thus: *but do you remember?*—Madam, why laugh you, &c. TYRWHITT.

In all former copies—But do you remember, madam, *Why* &c. I have followed the regulation recommended by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

[1] —convents,] Perhaps we ſhould read—*conſents*. To *convent*, however, is to *aſſemble*; and therefore, the count may mean, when the happy hour *calls us* again *together*. STEEVENS.

We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

SONG.

Clown. *When that I was and a little tiny boy*[2],
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

[2] *When that I was and a little tiny boy,*] Here again we have an old song, scarcely worth correction. 'Gainst *knaves and thieves* must evidently be, 'gainst *knave and thief*—When I was a boy, my folly and mischievous actions were little regarded, but when I came to manhood, men shut their gates against me, as a *knave and a thief*.

Sir Thomas Hanmer rightly reduces the subsequent words, *beds* and *heads*, to the singular number: and a little alteration is still wanting at the beginning of some of the stanzas.

Mr. Steevens observes in a note at the end of *Much ado about Nothing*, that the play had formerly passed under the name of *Benedict* and *Beatrix*. It seems to have been the *court-fashion* to alter the titles. A very ingenious lady, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, Mrs. Askew of Queen's Square, has a fine copy of the second folio edition of Shakspeare, which formerly belonged to King Charles I. and was a present from him to his Master of the Revels, Sir Thomas Herbert. Sir Thomas has altered five titles in the list of the plays, to "*Benedick and Betrice*,—*Pyramus and Thisby*,—*Rosalinde*,—*Mr. Paroles*, and *Malvolio*."

It is lamentable to see how far party and prejudice will carry the wisest men, even against their own practice and opinions. Milton in his Εικωνοκλάστης censures king Charles for reading "one, whom," says he, "we well knew was the closet companion of his solitudes, *William Shakspeare*."

FARMER.

Dr. Farmer might have observed, that the alterations of the titles are in his majesty's own hand-writing, materially differing from Sir Thomas Herbert's, of which the same volume affords more than one specimen. I learn from another manuscript note in it, that *John Lowine* acted *King Henry VIII.* and *Joseph Taylor* the part of *Hamlet*. The book is now in my possession.

To the concluding remark of Dr. Farmer, may be added the following passage from *An Appeal to all rational Men concerning*

But when I came to man's eſtate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainſt knaves and thieves men ſhut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By ſwaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toſs-pots ſtill had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done.
And we'll ſtrive to pleaſe you every day. [*Exit.*

turning King Charles's Trial, by John Cooke, 1649: "Had he but ſtudied ſcripture half ſo much as *Ben Jonſon* or *Shakſpeare*, he might have learnt that when Amaziah was ſettled in the kingdom, he ſuddenly did juſtice upon thoſe ſervants which killed his father Joaſh, &c." With this quotation I was furniſhed by Mr. Malone.

A quarto volume of plays attributed to Shakſpeare, with the cypher of King Charles II. on the back of it, is preſerved in Mr. Garrick's collection. STEEVENS.

This play is in the graver part elegant and eaſy, and in ſome of the lighter ſcenes exquiſitely humorous. Ague-cheek is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great meaſure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a ſatiriſt. The ſoliloquy of Malvolio is truly comick; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of Olivia, and the ſucceeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the ſtage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper inſtruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no juſt picture of life. JOHNSON.

WINTER'S TALE.

WINTER'S TALE.

Perſons Repreſented.

Leontes, *King of* Sicilia:
Mamillius, *his ſon.*
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomenes,
Dion,
} Sicilian *Lords.*
Another Sicilian *Lord.*
Rogero, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia:
Florizel, *his ſon.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita:
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolicus, *a Rogue.*
Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus,
Emilia, *a Lady,*
Two other Ladies,
} *attending the Queen.*
Mopſa,
Dorcas,
} *Shepherdeſſes.*

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, Guards, &c.

SCENE, ſometimes in Sicilia, *ſometimes in* Bohemia.

Persons Represented.

Leontes, King of Sicilia:
Mamillius, his Son.
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomenes,
Dion,
} Sicilian Lords.

Another Sicilian Lord.
Rogero, a Sicilian Gentleman.
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia:
Florizel, his Son.
Archidamus, a Bohemian Lord.
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita:
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, Queen to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, Wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady,
Two other Ladies,
} attending the Queen.
Mopsa,
Dorcas,
} Shepherdesses.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

WINTER'S TALE[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *An Antechamber in* Leontes' *Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO, *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you ſhall chance, Camillo, to viſit Bohemia, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot,

[1] This play, throughout, is written in the very ſpirit of its author: and in telling this homely and ſimple, though agreeable country tale,

"Our *ſweeteſt Shakſpeare, fancy's child,*
"*Warbles his native wood-notes wild.*"

This was neceſſary to obſerve in mere juſtice to the play; as the meanneſs of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had miſled ſome of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards ſentiment and character, is ſcarce inferior to any in the whole collection.

WARBURTON.

At Stationer's Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward White entered "A booke entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Paſtime.*"

STEEVENS.

The ſtory of this play is taken from the *Pleaſant Hiſtory of Duraſtus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene.

JOHNSON.

In

foot, you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Cam.

In this novel, the king of Sicilia, whom Shakſpeare names

Leontes, is called	——	Egiſtus.
Polixenes K. of Bohemia	——	Pandoſto.
Mamillius P. of Sicilia	——	Garinter.
Florizel P. of Bohemia	——	Doraſtus.
Camillo	—— ——	Franion.
Old Shepherd	——	Porrus.
Hermione	—— ——	Bellaria.
Perdita	—— ——	Faunia.
Mopſa	—— ——	Mopſa.

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poet's own invention; but many circumſtances of the novel are omitted in the play. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, by "ſome of great name," means Dryden and Pope. See the Eſſay at the end of the Second Part of the *Conqueſt of Granada*: "Witneſs the lameneſs of their plots; [the plots of Shakſpeare and Fletcher;] many of which, eſpecially thoſe which they wrote firſt, (for even that age refined itſelf in ſome meaſure,) were made up of ſome ridiculous incoherent ſtory, which in one play many times took up the buſineſs of an age. I ſuppoſe I need not name *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, [and here, by the by, Dryden expreſsly names *Pericles* as our author's production,] nor the hiſtorical plays of Shakſpeare; beſides many of the reſt, as the *Winter's Tale*, *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *Meaſure for Meaſure*, which were either grounded on impoſſibilities, or at leaſt ſo meanly written, that the comedy neither cauſed your mirth, nor the ſerious part your concernment." Mr. Pope, in the preface to his edition of our author's plays, pronounced the ſame ill-conſidered judgment on the play before us. "I ſhould conjecture (ſays he) of ſome of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Loſt*, THE WINTER'S TALE, *Comedy of Errors*, and *Titus Andronicus*, that only ſome characters, ſingle ſcenes, or perhaps a few particular paſſages, were of his hand."

None of our author's plays has been more cenſured for the breach of dramatick rules than the *Winter's Tale*. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place —"that Shakſpeare was not ignorant of theſe rules, but diſregarded them,"—it may be obſerved, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once univerſally read and admired, Sir Philip Sidney, who in his *Defence of Poeſy*, 1595, has pointed out the very impropriеties into which

Cam. I think, this coming ſummer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the viſitation which he juſtly owes him.

which our author has fallen in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboducke*, he adds: "But if it be ſo in *Gorboduck*, how much more in all the reſt, where you ſhall have Aſia of the one ſide, and Affricke of the other, and ſo manie other under kingdomes, that the player when he comes in, muſt ever begin with telling where he is, or elſe the tale will not be conceived.—Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverſes ſhe is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is loſt, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres ſpace: which how abſurd it is in ſence, even ſence may imagine."

The Winter's Tale is ſneered at by B. Jonſon, in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "If there be never a ſervant-monſter in the fair, who can help it, *nor a neſt of antiques?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like thoſe that beget TALES, *Tempeſts*, and ſuch like drolleries." By the *neſt of antiques*, the twelve ſatyrs who are introduced at the ſheep ſhearing feſtival, are alluded to.—In his converſation with Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another ſtroke at his *beloved* friend: "He [Jonſon] ſaid, that Shakſpeare wanted art, and ſometimes ſenſe; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, ſaying they had ſuffered ſhipwreck in Bohemia, where is no ſea near by 100 miles." Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonſon, *the Winter's Tale* was not printed. Theſe words therefore are a ſufficient anſwer to Sir T. Hanmer's idle ſuppoſition that *Bohemia* was an error of the preſs for *Bythinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1604. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I.

MALONE.

The *Winter's Tale* may be ranked among the hiſtorick plays of Shakſpeare, though not one of his numerous criticks and commentators have diſcovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn. The addreſs of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The ſubject was too delicate to be exhibited on the ſtage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured ſo home an alluſion on any other ground than compliment. The unreaſonable jealouſy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in conſequence, form a true portrait

Arch. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us, we will be juſtified in our loves[2]: for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beſeech you,—

Arch.

portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the la the engine of his boiſterous paſſions. Not only the gener plan of the ſtory is moſt applicable, but ſeveral paſſages a ſo marked, that they touch the real hiſtory nearer than th fable. Hermione on her trial ſays:

" ———for honour,
" 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
" And only that I ſtand for."

This ſeems to be taken from the very letter of Anna B leyn to the king before her execution, where ſhe pleads for t infant princeſs his daughter. Mamillius, the young princ an unneceſſary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirm the alluſion, as queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a ſtil born ſon. But the moſt ſtriking paſſage, and which had n thing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, i where Paulina, deſcribing the new-born princeſs, and h likeneſs to her father, ſays, " *She has the very trick of h frown.*" There is another ſentence indeed ſo applicabl both to Elizabeth and her father, that I ſhould ſuſpect t poet inſerted it after her death. Paulina, ſpeaking of th child, tells the king:

" ———————'Tis yours;
" And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
" So like you, 'tis the worſe."

The *Winter's Tale* was therefore in reality a ſecond part *Henry the Eighth.* WALPOLE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himſelf much needleſs conce that Shakſpeare ſhould conſider Bohemia as a maritime cou try. He would have us read *Bythinia:* but our author i plicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, w *apt to believe* that *Doraſtus and Faunia* might rather be bo rowed from the play, but I have met with a copy of it, whi was printed in 1588.—Cervantes ridicules theſe geographi miſtakes, when he makes the princeſs Micomicona land Oſſuna.—Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia " delighted navigation, and had never a ſea-port in his dominions;" a my lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines the prime miniſ of France, when he was ambaſſador there, demanded, wh ther Bohemia was an inland country, or lay " *upon ſea.*"—There is a ſimilar miſtake in the *Two Gentlemen Verona*, relative to that city and Milan. FARMER.

[2] *Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us*, &c. Thou we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the conſcio neſs of our good-will ſhall juſtify us. JOHNSON.

Arch. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with ſuch magnificence—in ſo rare—I know not what to ſay. We will give you ſleepy drinks; that your ſenſes, unintelligent of our inſufficience, may, though they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak as my underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chooſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal neceſſities, made ſeparation of their ſociety, their encounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attorney'd [3], with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies; that they have ſeem'd to be together, though abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds [4]. The heavens continue their loves!

We meet with nearly the ſame ſentiment in *Macbeth*:

" ——————Being unprepar'd,
" Our will became the ſervant to defect,
" Which elſe ſhould free have wrought."

MALONE.

[3] —*royally attorney'd*,] Nobly ſupplied by ſubſtitution of embaſſies, &c. JOHNSON.

[4] —*ſhook hands, as over a* vaſt; *and embraced, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds.*] Shakſpeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinſhed, while writing the incantation of the weird ſiſters in *Macbeth*. There is alſo an alluſion to a print of one of the Henries holding a ſword adorned with crowns. In this paſſage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from oppoſite clouds, and joined as in token of friendſhip. HENLEY.

Vaſtum is the ancient term for *waſte* uncultivated land. Over a *vaſt*, therefore means at a great and vacant diſtance from each other. *Vaſt*, however, may be uſed for the *ſea*, as in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

" Thou God of this great *vaſt*, rebuke the ſurges."

STEEVENS.

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greateſt promiſe, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, phyſicks the ſubject [5], makes old hearts freſh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, deſire yet their life, to ſee him a man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuſe why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch. If the king had no ſon, they would deſire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room of ſtate in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watery ſtar have been
The ſhepherd's note, ſince we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thouſands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am queſtion'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abſence: That may blow

No

[5] —*phyſicks the ſubject,*] Affords a cordial to the ſtate; has the power of aſſuaging the ſenſe of miſery. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" The labour we delight in, *phyſicks* pain."

STEEVENS.

No sneaping winds[6] at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly[7]! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then; and in that
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,
Farewel, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd[8]; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—

[6] —That may *blow*
No sneaping winds—] May there blow. JOHNSON.
In an old translation of the famous *Alcoran of the Franciscans*: "St. Francis observing the holiness of friar Juniper, said to the priors, *That* I had a wood of such Junipers!" FARMER.

[7] *This is put forth too truly!*] i. e. to make me say, *I had too good reason for my fears* concerning what might happen in my absence from home. MALONE.

[8] —*this satisfaction*, &c.] We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia. JOHNSON.

Yet of your royal preſence [*to* Polix] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commiſſion,
To let him there a month [9], behind the geſt [1]
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed [2], Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o'the clock [3] behind
What lady ſhe her lord.—You'll ſtay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,
Though you would ſeek to unſphere the ſtars with oaths,
Should yet ſay, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You ſhall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force

[9] —*I'll give him my commiſſion,*
To let him there a month,] "I'll give him my licence of abſence, ſo as to obſtruct or retard his departure for a month, &c." To let *him*, however, may be uſed as many other reflective verbs are by Shakſpeare, for to let or hinder *himſelf*: then the meaning will be, "I'll give him my permiſſion to tarry for a month," &c. Dr. Warburton and the ſubſequent editors read, I think, without neceſſity,—I'll give *you* my commiſſion, &c. MALONE.

[1] —*behind the* geſt] *Geſts*, or rather *giſts*, from the Fr. *giſte*, (which ſignifies both a bed, and a lodging-place,) were the names of the houſes or towns where the king or prince intended to lie every night during his PROGRESS. They were written in a ſcroll, and probably each of the royal attendants was furniſhed with a copy. MALONE.

[2] —*good-deed,*] ſignifies *indeed, in very deed*, as Shakſpeare in another place expreſſes it. *Good-deed* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by the earl of Surry, Sir John Hayward, and Gaſcoigne. STEEVENS.

[3] —*a* jar *o'the clock*—] A *jar* is, I believe, a ſingle repetition of the noiſe made by the pendulum of a clock; what children call the *ticking* of it. STEEVENS.

A *jar* perhaps means a minute, for I do not ſuppoſe that the ancient clocks ticked or noticed the ſeconds. See Holinſhed's *Deſcription of England*, p. 241. TOLLET.

So, in *the Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1610:—"the owle ſhrieking, the toades croaking, the *minutes jerring*, and the clocke ſtriking twelve." MALONE.

Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a gueſt; ſo you ſhall pay your fees,
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner? or my gueſt? by your dread verily,
One of them you ſhall be.

Pol. Your gueſt then, madam:
To be your priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſs eaſy to commit,
Than you to puniſh.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hoſteſs. Come, I'll queſtion you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings [4] then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i'the ſun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd [5]
That any did: Had we purſued that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; the impoſition clear'd,
Hereditary ours [6].

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd ſince.

[4] —*lordings*—] This diminutive of *lord* is often uſed by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

[5] *The* doctrine *of ill doing, nor dream'd*] *Doctrine* is here uſed as a triſyllable. So *children*, *tickling*, and many others. The editor of the ſecond folio inſerted the word *no*, to ſupply a ſuppoſed defect in the metre, [—*no*, nor dream'd] and the interpolation was adopted in all the ſubſequent editions. MALONE.

[6] —*the impoſition clear'd,*
Hereditary ours.] i. e. ſetting aſide *original ſin*; bating the impoſition from the offence of our firſt parents, we might have boldly proteſted our innocence to heaven. WARBURTON.

Pol. O my moſt ſacred lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to us: for
In thoſe unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious ſelf had then not croſs'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no concluſion; leſt you ſay,
Your queen and I are devils [7]: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll anſwer;
If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you ſlipp'd not
With any but with us.
Leon. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll ſtay, my lord.
Leon. At my requeſt, he would not.
Hermione, my deareſt, thou never ſpok'ſt
To better purpoſe.
Her. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What, have I twice ſaid well? when was't
before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praiſe, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueleſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon that,
Our praiſes are our wages: You may ride us
With one ſoft kiſs a thouſand furlongs, ere

With

[7] *Grace to boot!*
Of this make no concluſion; leſt you ſay,
Your queen and I are devils:] She calls for Heaven's grace, to purify and vindicate her own character, and that of the wife of Polixenes, which might ſeem to be ſullied by a ſpecies of argument that made them appear to have led their huſbands into temptation.

Grace or Heaven *help* me!—Do not argue in that manner; do not draw any concluſion or inference from your, and your friend's, having ſince thoſe days of childhood and innocence, become acquainted with your queen and me; for, as you have ſaid that in the period between childhood and the preſent time temptations have been born to you, and as in that interval you have become acquainted with us, the inference or inſinuation would be ſtrong againſt us, as your corrupters, and, "by that kind of chaſe," your queen and I would be devils. MALONE.

With ſpur we heat an acre. But to the goal [8];—
My laſt good deed was, to entreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I ſpoke to the purpoſe: When?
Nay, let me have't: I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had ſour'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyſelf my love [9]; then didſt thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, indeed [1].—
Why, lo you now, I have ſpoke to the purpoſe twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal huſband;

[8] *But to the goal*;] means, I think, but to come to an end or concluſion of this matter. MALONE.

[9] *And* clap *thyſelf my love*;] She open'd her hand, to *clap* the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phraſe—*to clap up a bargain*, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands. So, in *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" —Speak, widow, is't a match?
" Shall we *clap* it up?"

Again, in *King Henry V*:

" —and ſo *clap* hands, and a bargain." STEEVENS.

This was a regular part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, to which Shakſpeare often alludes. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" This is the *hand*, which with a *vow'd contract*
" Was faſt belock'd in thine."

Again, in *King John*:

" *Phil.* It likes us well. Young princes, *cloſe your hands*.
" *Auſt.* And your lips too, for I am well aſſur'd,
" That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd."

So alſo, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a Com. by Middleton, 1657:

" There theſe young *lovers* ſhall *clap hands* together."

I ſhould not have given ſo many inſtances of this cuſtom, but that I know Mr. Pope's reading—" And *clepe* thyſelf my love," has many favourers. The old copy has—*A* clap, &c. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[1] *It is* Grace, *indeed!*] Referring to what ſhe had juſt ſaid—" O, would her name were *Grace!*" MALONE.

The other, for ſome while a friend. [*giving her hand to* Pol
Leo. Too hot, too hot: [*Aſide.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom[2],
And well become the agent: It may, I grant:
But to be padling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd ſmiles,
As in a looking-glaſs;—and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The mort o'the deer[3]; O, that is entertainment
My boſom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. I'fecks?
Why, that's my bawcock[4]. What, haſt ſmutch'd thy noſe?
They ſay, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We muſt be neat[5]; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling[6]
[*obſerving* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
Upon

[2] —*from* bounty, *fertile boſom*,] I ſuppoſe that a letter dropped out at the preſs, and would read—from bounty's fertile boſom. MALONE.

[3] *The mort o'the deer*;] A leſſon upon the horn at the death of the deer. THEOBALD.

[4] *Why, that's my* bawcock.] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq*. It is ſtill ſaid in vulgar language that ſuch a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*. The word has already occurred in *Twelfth Night*, and is one of the titles by which Piſtol ſpeaks of *King Henry the Fifth*. STEEVENS.

[5] *We muſt be neat*;—] Leontes, ſeeing his ſon's noſe ſmutch'd, cries, *we muſt be neat*; then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned* cattle, he ſays, *not neat, but cleanly*. JOHNSON.

[6] —*Still virginalling*] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*. JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very ſmall kind of ſpinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the leſſons in it have proved ſo difficult, as to baffle our moſt expert players on the harpſichord. STEEVENS.

A virginal was ſtrung like a ſpinnet, and ſhaped like a *piano forte*. MALONE.

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that I have [7],
To be full like me [8]:—yet, they ſay, we are
Almoſt as like as eggs; women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing: But were they falſe
As o'er-dy'd blacks [9], as wind, as waters; falſe

As

[7] *Thou want'ſt a rough* paſh, *and the ſhoots that I have,*] Not having met with the ſubſtantive *paſh* in any Engliſh author, I once ſuſpected that Shakſpeare wrote—a rough *plaſh*. A hedge, when it is become too thin, is ſtrengthened by cutting ſome of the long branches, and interweaving them with the *ſhoots* that remain. This proceſs is at this day in ſome places called *plaſhing*, and the branches ſo interwoven (which ſtand out, and conſequently make the hedge *rougher* than it was before,) are termed *plaſhes*. So, in *K. Henry V*:

" —her *hedges* even-*pleach'd*,—
" Like priſoners wildly over-grown with *hair*,
" Put forth *diſorder'd twigs*."

But I have lately learned that *paſh* in Scotland ſignifies a *head*. The old reading therefore may ſtand. Many words that are now uſed only in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole iſland of Great Britain, or at leaſt to the northern part of England. In Turkey *baſch*, and perhaps *paſch* alſo, has the ſame ſignification. Hence *Baſhaw*, or, as it is ſometimes written *Pacha*. The meaning therefore of the preſent paſſage, I ſuppoſe, is this. *You tell me* (ſays Leontes to his ſon) *that you are like me; that you are my calf. I am the* horned *bull: thou wanteſt the* rough head and the horns *of that animal, completely to reſemble your father.*

Sir T. Hanmer ſays, *Paz*, in Spaniſh is a *kiſs*. If he could have ſhewn that *paz* or *paſh*, was an Engliſh noun, and that it ſignified (not a *kiſs*, but) a *face* or *head*, his obſervation might have thrown ſome light on the paſſage before us; which it certainly does not at preſent. MALONE.

[8] *To be* full *like me.*] *Full* is here as in other places, uſed by our author, adverbially;—to be *entirely* like me.
MALONE.

[9] *As o'er-dy'd blacks,*] Sir T. Hanmer underſtands, blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.

It is common with tradeſmen to dye their faded or damaged ſtuffs, black. *Oe'r-dy'd blacks* may mean thoſe which have received a dye over their former colour.

There

As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourn [1] 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To ſay, this boy were like me.—Come, ſir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye [2]: Sweet villain!
Moſt dear'ſt! my collop [3]!—Can thy dam?—may't be?
Affection! thy intention ſtabs the center [4]:

Thou

There is a paſſage in *The old Law* of Maſſinger, which might lead us to offer another interpretation:

" *Blacks* are often ſuch diſſembling mourners,
" There is no credit given to't, it has loſt
" All reputation by *falſe* ſons and widows:
" I would not hear of *blacks*."

It ſeems that *blacks* was the common term for mourning. So, in *A Mad World my Maſters*, 1608:

" ———in ſo many *blacks*
" I'll have the church hung round."

Black, however, will receive no other hue without diſcovering itſelf through it. " *Lanarum nigræ nullum colorem bibunt.*" Plin. *Nat. Hiſt.* lib. viii. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is—as falſe as blacks dyed over with another colour, which they may aſſume for a time, but the *falſehood* will ſoon be diſcovered by the original black appearing.

Mr. Steevens at the end of his note ſuggeſted that this might be the meaning, and the following paſſage in a book which our author had certainly read inclines me to believe that it is the true interpretation. " Truly (quoth Camillo) my wool was *blacke*, and therefore *it could take no other colour.*" Lily's *Eupheus and his England*, 4to. 1580. MALONE.

[1] *No* bourn—] *Bourn* is boundary. STEEVENS.

[2] —welkin-*eye*:] Blue eye; an eye of the ſame colour with the *welkin*, or ſky. JOHNSON.

[3] —*my* collop!] So, in the *Firſt Part of K. Henry VI*:

" God knows, thou art a *collop* of my fleſh."

STEEVENS.

[4] Affection! *thy intention ſtabs the centre*:] *Affection*, I believe, ſignifies *imagination*. Thus, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

" ———— *affections*,
" Maſters of paſſion, ſway it," &c.

i. e *imaginations* govern our *paſſions*. *Intention* is, as Mr. Locke expreſſes it, " when the mind with great earneſtneſs, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, conſiders it on every ſide, and will not be called off by the ordinary ſolicitation of other ideas." This vehemence of the mind ſeems to be what affects Leontes ſo deeply, or in Shakſpeare's language,—*ſtabs him to the center*. STEEVENS.

I think

Thou doſt make poſſible, things not ſo held [5],
Communicat'ſt with dreams;—(How can this be?)—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'ſt nothing: Then, 'tis very credent [6],
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething; and thou doſt;
(And that beyond commiſſion; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hard'ning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He ſomething ſeems unſettled.

Pol. How, my lord?
What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother [7]?

Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much diſtraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord [8]?

Leon. No, in good earneſt.—
How ſometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderneſs; and make itſelf a paſtime

To

I think, with Mr. Steevens, that *affection* means here imagination, or perhaps more accurately, "the diſpoſition of the mind when ſtrongly *affected* or poſſeſſed by a particular idea." And in a kindred ſenſe at leaſt to this, it is uſed in the paſſage quoted from the *Merchant of Venice*, where the original reading is not *affections* but *affection*.—*Intention* is again uſed in the ſame ſenſe as here, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*: "She did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors, with ſuch a greedy *intention*," &c. MALONE.

[5] *Thou doſt make poſſible, things not ſo held,*] i. e. thou doſt make thoſe things poſſible, which are conceived to be impoſſible. JOHNSON.

To expreſs the ſpeaker's meaning, it is neceſſary to make a ſhort pauſe after the word *poſſible*. I have therefore put a comma there, though perhaps in ſtrictneſs it is improper. MALONE.

[6] —*credent*,] i. e. credible. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act V. ſc. v:

"For my authority bears a *credent* bulk." STEEVENS.

[7] *What cheer? how is't with you beſt brother?*] This line, which in the old copy is given to Leontes, has been attributed to Polixenes on the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Steevens. Sir T. Hanmer had made the ſame emendation. MALONE.

[8] *Are you* mov'd, *my lord?*] We have again the ſame expreſſion on the ſame occaſion in *Othello*:

Iago. "I ſee my Lord you are *mov'd*.

Othel. "No, not much *mov'd*, not much." MALONE.

To harder boſoms! [*aſide.*]—Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty three years; and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite its maſter [9], and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh [1], this gentleman:—Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take eggs for money [2]?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon.

[9] —*my dagger muzzled,*
Leſt it ſhould bite *its maſter*, &c.] So, in another place: "I have a ſword will *bite* upon my neceſſity." And, in *King Lear*:

"I have ſeen the day with my good *biting* faulchion
"I would have made them ſkip." HENLEY.

[1] *This* ſquaſh.] MALONE.

[2] *Will you take eggs for money?*] This ſeems to be a proverbial expreſſion, uſed when a man ſees himſelf wronged and makes no reſiſtance. Its original, or preciſe meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a *cuckold* for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's neſt; he therefore that has eggs laid in his neſt, is ſaid to be *cucullatus*, *cuckow'd*, or *cuckold*. JOHNSON.

The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The French have a proverbial ſaying, *A qui vendez vous coquilles?* i. e. whom do you deſign to affront? Mamillius's anſwer plainly proves it. Mam. *No, my lord, I'll fight.* SMITH.

I meet with Shakſpeare's phraſe in a comedy, call'd *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:—"I ſhall have *eggs for my money*; I muſt hang myſelf." STEEVENS.

Leontes ſeems only to aſk his ſon, if he will fly from an enemy. In the following paſſage the phraſe is evidently to be taken in that ſenſe: "The French infantery ſkirmiſheth bravely afarre off, and the cavallery gives a furious onſet at the firſt charge, but after the firſt head *they will take eggs for their money*." Relations of the moſt famous Kingdoms and common wealths thorowout the world, quarto, 1650, p. 154. REED.

This phraſe ſeems to me to have meant originally,—Are you ſuch a poltron as to ſuffer another to uſe you as he pleaſes, to compel you to give him your money and to accept of a thing of ſo ſmall a value as a few eggs in exchange for it? This explanation appears to me perfectly conſiſtent with the paſſage quoted by Mr. Reed. He, who will *take eggs for money* ſeems to be what, in *As you like it*, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame ſnake*.

The

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole[3]—
My brother,
Are you ſo fond of your young prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, ſir,
He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter:
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtateſman, all:
He makes a July's day ſhort as December;
And, with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So ſtands this ſquire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhew in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyſelf, and my young rover, he's
Apparent[4] to my heart.

Her. If you would ſeek us,
We are yours i'the garden: Shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents diſpoſe you: you'll be found,

Be

The following paſſage in Campion's Hiſtory of Ireland, folio 1633, fully confirms my explanation of this paſſage; and ſhews that by the words—*Will you take eggs for money*, was meant, *Will you ſuffer yourſelf to be cajoled or impoſed upon?*—"What my couſin Deſmond hath compaſſed, as I know not, ſo I beſhrew his naked heart for holding out ſo long.—But go to, ſuppoſe hee never bee had; what is Kildare to blame for it, more than my good brother of Oſſory, who, notwithſtanding his high promiſes, having alſo the king's power, is glad *to take eggs for his money*, and to bring him in at leiſure."

Theſe words make part of the defence of the earl of Kildare, in anſwer to a charge brought againſt him by Cardinal Wolſey, that he had not been ſufficiently active in endeavouring to take the earl of Deſmond, then in rebellion. In this paſſage, *to take eggs for his money* undoubtedly means, to *be trifled with*, or *to be impoſed upon*.

"For money" means, *in the place of money*. "Will you give me money, and take eggs inſtead of it?" MALONE.

[3] —*happy man be his* dole!] May his *dole* or *ſhare* in life be to be a *happy man*. JOHNSON.

[4] *Apparent*—] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant. JOHNSON.

Be you beneath the ſky :—I am angling now, [*aſide*
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to! [*obſerving* Polix. *and* Her.
How ſhe holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
To her allowing huſband[5]! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one[6].
[*Exeunt* Polixenes, Hermione, *and Attendants.*
Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this preſent,
Now, while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks ſhe hath been ſluic'd in his abſence,
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates: and thoſe gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their will: Should all deſpair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſick for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thouſand of us
Have the diſeaſe, and feel't not.—How now, boy?
Mam. I am like you, they ſay[8].
Leon. Why, that's ſome comfort.—
What! Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon.

[5] *To her* allowing *huſband!*] *Allowing* in old language is *approving*. Malone.

[6] —*a fork'd one.*] That is, a *horn'd* one; a *cuckold*. Johnson.

So, in *Othello*:

"Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us,
"When we do quicken." Malone.

[8] —they *ſay.*] *They*, which was omitted in the original copy by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber or printer, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honeſt man.—
[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great ſir will yet ſtay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home [9].

Leon. Didſt note it?

Cam. He would not ſtay at your petitions; made
His buſineſs more material [1].

Leon. Didſt perceive it?—
They're here with me already [2]; whiſpering, rounding [3],
Sicilia is a—ſo forth [4]: 'Tis far gone,
When

[9] —*it ſtill came home.*] This is a ſea-faring expreſſion, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold.* STEEVENS.

[1] ——— ——— *made*
His buſineſs more material.] i. e. the more you requeſted him to ſtay, the more urgent he repreſented that buſineſs to be which ſummoned him away. STEEVENS.

[2] *They're here with me already;*] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but caſual obſervers, people accidentally preſent.
THIRLBY.

[3] —*whiſpering, rounding,*] *To round in the ear*, is to *whiſper*, or *to tell ſecretly*. The expreſſion is very copiouſly explained by M. Caſaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.*
JOHNSON.
The word appears to have been ſometimes written *rown*. See Speed's *Hiſt. of Great Britaine*, 1614, p. 906.
MALONE.

[4] Sicilia is a—*ſo forth:*] In regulating this line I have adopted a hint ſuggeſted by Mr. Maſon. I have more than once obſerved that almoſt every abrupt ſentence in theſe plays is corrupted. Theſe words without the break now introduced are to me unintelligible. Leontes means—I think I already hear my courtiers whiſpering to each other, "Sicilia is a *cuckhold*, a tame cuckhold," to which (ſays he) they will add every other opprobrious name and epithet they can think of;" for ſuch, I ſuppoſe, the meaning of the words—*ſo forth*. He avoids naming the word *cuckhold* from a horror of the very ſound. I ſuſpect, however, that our author wrote—Sicilia is—*and* ſo forth. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*: I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, *and ſo following*."
In the *Taming of the Shrew*, a line is printed in the old copy with the ſame inaccuracy which we find here:
"And, when he ſays he *is*, ſay that he dreams."
Again, in *Hamlet*:
"I ſaw

When I ſhall guſt it laſt [5].—How came't, Camillo,
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is ſoaking [6], will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by ſome ſeverals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower meſſes [7],
Perchance, are to this buſineſs purblind: ſay.

Cam. Buſineſs, my lord? I think, moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To ſatisfy your highneſs, and the entreaties
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.

Leon.

" I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
" *(Videlicet*, a brothel) *or ſo forth.*"

Again, more appoſitely, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

" —with a diſh of carraways, AND *ſo forth.*"

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:* " Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, AND *ſo forth*, the ſpice and ſalt that ſeaſon a man?" MALONE.

[5] —*guſt it*—] i. e. taſte it. STEEVENS.

" Dedecus ille domus ſciet ultimus." JUV. *Sat.* 10.
MALONE.

[6] —*is ſoaking*,] Thy conceit is of an *abſorbent* nature, will draw in more, &c. ſeems to be the meaning. STEEVENS.

[7] —lower meſſes,] I believe, *lower meſſes* is only uſed as an expreſſion to ſignify the loweſt degrees about the court. See *Anſtis. Ord. Gart.* i. App. p. 15: " The earl of Surry began the borde in prèſence: the earl of Arundel waſhed with him, and ſat both at the *firſt meſſe*." At every great man's table the viſitants were anciently, as at preſent, placed according to their conſequence or dignity, but with additional marks of inferiority, viz. of ſitting below the great ſaltſeller placed in the center of the table, and of having coarſer proviſions ſet before them.—Inferiority of underſtanding is on this occaſion comprehended in the idea of inferiority of rank. STEEVENS.

Concerning the different *meſſes* in the great families of our ancient nobility, ſee the *Houſhold Book* of the 5th earl of Northumberland, octavo, 1770. PERCY.

Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your miſtreſs?—ſatisfy?—
Let that ſuffice. I have truſted thee, Camillo,
With all the neareſt things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, prieſt-like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my boſom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honeſt: or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honeſty behind [8], reſtraining
From courſe requir'd: Or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant, grafted in my ſerious truſt,
And therein negligent: or elſe a fool;
That ſee'ſt a game play'd home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh, and fearful;
In every one of theſe no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance [9], 'twas a fear

Which

[8] —hoxes *honeſty behind*,] To *hox* is to ham-ſtring. So, in Knolles's *Hiſt. of the Turks*: "—alighted, and with his ſword *hoxed* his horſe." K. James VI. in his 11th Parliament, had an act to puniſh "*hochares*, or ſlayers of horſe, oxen," &c. STEEVENS.

The proper word is, to *hough*, i. e. to cut the *hough*, or hamſtring. MALONE.

[9] *Whereof the execution did cry out*
Againſt the non-performance,] This is one of the expreſſions by which Shakſpeare too frequently clouds his meaning. JOHNSON.

I think we ought to read—"the *now*-performance," which gives

Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe, my lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of. But, 'beſeech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my treſpaſs
By its own viſage: If I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you ſeen, Camillo,
(But that's paſt doubt: you have; or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a viſion ſo apparent, rumour,
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Reſides not in that man, that does not think [1])

My

gives us this very reaſonable meaning:—*At the execution whereof, ſuch circumſtances diſcovered themſelves, as made it prudent to ſuſpend all further proceeding in it.* HEATH.

I have preſerved this note, becauſe I think it a good interpretation of the original text. I have, however, no doubt, that Shakſpeare wrote *non-performance*, he having often entangled himſelf in the ſame manner; but it is clear that he *ſhould* have written, either—"againſt *the performance*," or "*for* the non-performance." In the *Merchant of Venice* our author has entangled himſelf in the ſame manner: "I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no *impediment* to let him *lack* a reverend eſtimation;" where either *impediment* ſhould be *cauſe*, or to *let him lack*, ſhould be, *to prevent his obtaining*. Again, in *King Lear*:

"————————I have hope
"You *leſs* know how to value her deſert,
"Than ſhe to *ſcant* her duty."

Again, in the play before us:

"————————I ne'er heard yet,
"That any of theſe bolder vices *wanted*
"*Leſs* impudence to gain-ſay what they did,
"Than to perform it firſt."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"Fortune *forbid* my outſide have *not* charm'd her!"

MALONE.

[1] ————*(for cogitation*
Reſides not in that man, that does not think)] Mr. Theobald in a Letter ſubjoined to one edition of the *Double Falſhood* has quoted this paſſage in defence of a well-known line in that play: "None but himſelf can be his parallel." "Who does not ſee at once (ſays he) that he who does not think, has no thought in him." In the ſame light this paſſage ſhould ſeem to have appeared to all the ſubſequent editors, who read, with the editor of the ſecond folio, "—that does

My wife is ſlippery? If thou wilt confeſs,
(Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then ſay,
My wife's a hobby-horſe [2]; deſerves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay it, and juſtify it,

Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My ſovereign miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, though true [3].

Leon. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes [4]?
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty:) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web [5], but theirs, theirs only,
That would unſeen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;

The

does not think *it*." But the old reading, I am perſuaded, is right. This is not an abſtract propoſition. The whole context muſt be taken together. Have you not thought (ſays Leontes) my wife is ſlippery (for cogitation reſides not in the man that does not think *my wife is ſlippery*)? The four latter words, though disjoined from the word *think* by the neceſſity of a parentheſis, are evidently to be connected in conſtruction with it: and conſequently the ſeeming abſurdity attributed by Theobald to the paſſage, ariſes only from miſapprehenſion. In this play, from whatever cauſe it has ariſen, there are more involved and parenthetical ſentences, than in any other of our author's, except, perhaps, *King Henry VIII.* MALONE.

[2] —a *hobby-horſe*,] Old Copy—*holy*-horſe. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] ——————*were ſin*
As deep as that, though true.] i. e. your ſuſpicion is as great a ſin as would be that, (if committed,) for which you ſuſpect her. WARB.

[4] —meeting *noſes*? Dr. Thirlby reads *meting noſes*; that is, *meaſuring noſes*. JOHNSON.

[5] —*the* pin *and* web,] Diſorders in the eye. See *K. Lear*, Act III. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

The covering ſky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis moſt dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I ſay, thou lieſt, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a groſs lowt, and mindleſs ſlave;
Or elſe a hovering temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, ſhe would not live
The running of one glaſs[6].

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like his medal[7], hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who,—if I
Had ſervants true about me, that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which

[6] —*of one* glaſs.] i. e. of one *hour*-glaſs. MALONE.

[7] —*like* his *medal*,] The old copy has—*her* medal, which was evidently an error of the preſs, either in conſequence of the compoſitor's eye glancing on the word *her* in the preceding line, or of an abbreviation being uſed in the Mſ. In *As you like it* and *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *her* and *his* are frequently confounded. Theobald, I find, had made the ſame emendation.—In *King Henry VIII.* we have again the ſame thought:

" ———a loſs of her,
" That like *a jewel* has hung twenty years
" About his neck, yet never loſt her luſtre."

It ſhould be remembered that it was cuſtomary for *gentlemen*, in our author's time, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. So, in *Honour in Perfection, or a Treatiſe in commendation of Henrie Earl of Oxenford, Henrie Earl of Southampton*, &c. by Gervais Markham, 4to. 1624, p. 18. —" he hath *hung about the neck* of his noble kinſman, Sir Horace Vere, like a rich *jewel*."—The Knights of the Garter wore the George, in this manner, till the time of Charles I. MALONE.

Which ſhould undo more doing [7]: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip; who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heaven ſees earth, and earth ſees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'ſt be-ſpice a cup,
To give mine enemy a laſting wink [8];
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no raſh potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that ſhould not work
Maliciouſly, like poiſon [9]: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee [1],—

Leon. Make that thy queſtion, and go rot [2]!

Doſt

[7] —*more* doing:] The latter word is uſed here in a wanton ſenſe. MALONE.

[8] —*a laſting* wink;] So, in the *Tempeſt*:

"To the perpetual *wink* for aye might put
"This ancient morſel." STEEVENS.

[9] ——————*with no raſh potion,*—
Maliciouſly, like poiſon:] *Raſh* is *haſty*, as in another place, *raſh gunpowder*. *Maliciouſly* is *malignantly*, with effects *openly hurtful*. JOHNSON.

[1] —————*But I cannot*
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—] The commentators have differed much in explaining this paſſage, and ſome have wiſhed to transfer the words—"I have lov'd thee," from Camillo to Leontes. Perhaps the words "being honourable" ſhould be placed in a parentheſis, and the full-point that has been put in all the editions after the latter of theſe words, ought to be omitted. The ſenſe will then be: *Having ever had the higheſt reſpect for you, and thought you ſo eſtimable, and* honourable *a character, ſo worthy of the love of my miſtreſs, I cannot believe that ſhe has played you falſe, has diſhonoured you.* However, the text is very intelligible as now regulated. Camillo is going to give the king inſtances of his love, and is interrupted. I ſee no ſufficient reaſon for transferring the words, *I have lov'd thee*, from Camillo to Leontes. In the original copy there is a comma at the end of Camillo's ſpeech, to denote an abrupt ſpeech. MALONE.

[2] *Make that thy* queſtion, *and go rot!*] This refers to what Camillo has juſt ſaid, relative to the queen's chaſtity:

————*I cannot*

Doſt think, I am ſo muddy, ſo unſettled,
To appoint myſelf in this vexation?
Sully the purity and whiteneſs of
My ſheets, which to preſerve, is ſleep; which being
Spotted, is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of waſps?
Give ſcandal to the blood o'the prince my ſon,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man ſo blench [3]?

Cam. I muſt believe you, ſir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highneſs
Will take again your queen, as yours at firſt;
Even for your ſon's ſake; and, thereby, for ſealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leon. Thou doſt adviſe me,
Even ſo as I mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'll give no blemiſh to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at feaſts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholeſome beverage,
Account me not your ſervant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon.

——————! cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs—.

Not believe it, replies Leontes; make that (i. e. Hermione's diſloyalty, which is ſo clear a point,) a ſubject of debate or diſcuſſion, and go rot! Doſt thou think, I am ſuch a fool as to torment myſelf, and to bring diſgrace on me and my children, without ſufficient grounds? MALONE.

Queſtion in our author very often ſignifies *converſation*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Could man ſo* blench?] To *blench* is to ſtart off, to ſhrink. So, in *Hamlet*:

" —if he but *blench*,
" I know my courſe."

Leontes means—could any man ſo ſtart or fly off from propriety of behaviour? STEEVENS.

Leon. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt advis'd me.
[*Exit* LEONTES.

Cam. O miſerable lady!—But, for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poiſoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter; one,
Who, in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his, ſo too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thouſands, that had ſtruck anointed kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't[4]: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy ſtar, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is ſtrange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?—
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, moſt royal ſir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me[5]; and
So leaves me, to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

[4] *If I could find example*, &c.] An alluſion to the death of the queen of Scots. The play therefore was written in king James's time. BLACKSTONE.

[5] ——————*when he*
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me;] This is a ſtroke of nature worthy of Shakſpeare. Leontes had but a moment before aſſured Camillo that he would ſeem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealouſy gets the better of his reſolution, and he finds it impoſſible to reſtrain his hatred. MASON.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me[6]? 'Tis thereabouts
For, to yourſelf, what you do know, you muſt;
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which ſhews me mine chang'd too: for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myſelf thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a ſickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the diſeaſe; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the baſiliſk:
I have look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better,
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no leſs adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whoſe ſucceſs we are gentle[7],—I beſeech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not anſwer.

Pol. A ſickneſs caught of me, and yet I well!
I muſt be anſwer'd.—Doſt thou hear, Camillo,
I cónjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the leaſt
Is not this ſuit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm

Is

[6] *Do you know, and dare not*
Be intelligent to me?] i. e. *do you know, and dare not confeſs to me that you know?* TYRWHITT.

[7] *In whoſe ſucceſs we are gentle*, I know not whether *ſucceſs* here does not mean *ſucceſſion*. JOHNSON.

Gentle in the text is evidently oppoſed to *ſimple*; alluding to the diſtinction between the gentry and yeomanry. So, in *The Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1631:

"And make thee *gentle*, being born a beggar."

In whoſe *ſucceſs* we are gentle, may mean in conſequence of whoſe *ſucceſs* in life, &c. STEEVENS.

I think Dr. Johnſon's explanation of *ſucceſs* the true one. MALONE.

Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counſel;
Which muſt be even as ſwiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourſelf and me
Cry, *loſt*, and ſo good-night.
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you[8].
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an inſtrument
To vice you to't[9],—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O, then my beſt blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the beſt[1]!
Turn then my freſheſt reputation to
A ſavour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt noſtril
Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worſe than the great'ſt infection
That e'er was heard, or read!
Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular ſtar in heaven, and
By all their influences[2], you may as well

[8] *I am appointed* Him *to murder you.*] i. e. I am the perſon appointed to murder you. STEEVENS.
So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I.
" *Him* that thou magnify'ſt with all theſe titles,
" Stinking and fly-blown lies there at our feet."
MALONE.

[9] *To* vice *you to't,*] i. e. to draw, perſuade you.
WARBURTON.
The *vice* is an inſtrument well known; its operation is to hold things together. So the bailiff ſpeaking of Falſtaff: " *If he come but within my* vice," &c. STEEVENS.

[1] —his, that did betray *the beſt!*] Perhaps *Judas.* The word *beſt* is ſpelt with a capital letter thus, *Beſt*, in the firſt folio. HENDERSON.

[2] *Swear* his thought *over*
By each particular ſtar in heaven, &c.] *Swear* his thought
over

Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counſel, ſhake,
The fabrick of his folly: whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith[3], and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am ſure, 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,—
That lies encloſed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs;
And will, by twos, and threes, at ſeveral poſterns
Clear them o'the city: For myſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in his face. Give me thine hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine[4]: My ſhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealouſy
Is for a precious creature: as ſhe's rare,

Muſt

over may perhaps mean, *overſwear his preſent perſuaſion*, that is, endeavour to *overcome his opinion*, by ſwearing oaths numerous as the ſtars. JOHNSON.

Swear his thought *over* may mean, Though you ſhould endeavour to *ſwear away* his jealouſy,—though you ſhould ſtrive, by your oaths, to change his preſent thoughts.—The vulgar ſtill uſe a ſimilar expreſſion: "To *ſwear* a perſon *down*." MALONE.

3 ——*whoſe foundation*
Is pil'd upon his faith,] This folly which is erected on the foundation of ſettled *belief*. STEEVENS.

4 ——*and thy* places *ſhall*
Still neighbour mine:] Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—And thy *paces* ſhall, &c. Thou ſhalt be my conductor, and we will both purſue the ſame path.—The old reading however may mean,—wherever thou art, I will ſtill be near thee. MALONE.

Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man which ever
Profeſs'd to him, why, his revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-ſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion[5]! Come, Camillo;
I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the poſterns: Pleaſe your highneſs
To take the urgent hour: come, ſir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1. *Lady.* Why, my ſweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiſs me hard; and ſpeak to me as if

[5] *Good expedition be my friend, and* comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion!] *Comfort* is, I apprehend, here uſed as a verb. Good expedition befriend me, by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen, by removing the object of her huſband's jealouſy;—the queen, who is the ſubject of his converſation, but without reaſon the object of his ſuſpicion!—We meet with a ſimilar phraſeology in *Twelfth Night*: "Do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight, what my offence to him is; it is *ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.*" Dr. Warburton reads—the gracious queen's; i. e. "be expedition my friend, and comfort the queen's friend;" and Dr. Johnſon thinks his emendation juſt. MALONE.

I were a baby ſtill.—I love you better.

2. *Lady.* And why ſo, my lord?

Mam. Not for becauſe
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they ſay,
Become ſome women beſt; ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2. *Lady.* Who taught you this[6]?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?

1. *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have ſeen a lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2. *Lady.* Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new prince,
One of theſe days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1. *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk; Good time encounter her!

Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? Come, ſir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, ſit by us,
And tell us a tale.

Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A ſad tale's beſt for winter[7]:
I have one of ſprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good ſir:
Come on, ſit down:—Come on, and do your beſt
To fright me with your ſprights; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, ſit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it ſoftly;
Yon crickets ſhall not hear it.

Her.

[6] *Who taught* you *this?*] *You*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] *A ſad* tale's *beſt for* winter:] Hence, I ſuppoſe, the title of the play. TYRWHITT.

This ſuppoſition may be countenanced by our author's 98th Sonnet:

"Yet not the lays of birds, &c.
"Could make me any *ſummer's ſtory* tell."

STEEVENS.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and Others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1. *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcour ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.

Leon. How bleſt am I
In my juſt cenſure[8]? in my true opinion?—
Alack, for leſſer knowledge[9]!—How accurs'd,
In being ſo bleſt!—There may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd[1], and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent
The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his ſides,
With violent hefts[2]: I have drunk, and ſeen the ſpider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true, that is miſtruſted:—that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him.
He hath diſcover'd my deſign, and I

[8] *In my juſt* cenſure?] *Cenſure*, in the time of our author, was generally uſed, (as in this inſtance,) for judgment, opinion. So, Sir Walter Raleigh, in his commendatory verſes prefixed to Gaſcoigne's *Steel Glaſſe*, 1576:

"Wherefore, to write my *cenſure* of this book—."

MALONE.

[9] *Alack, for leſſer knowledge!*—] That is, *O that my knowledge were leſs.* JOHNSON.

[1] *A ſpider ſteep'd,*] This was a notion generally prevalent in our author's time. So, in *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet publiſhed in 1632: "—like the *ſpider*, which turneth all things to poiſon which it taſteth." MALONE.

That ſpiders were eſteemed venomous appears by the evidence of a perſon who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair. "The counteſſe wiſhed me to get the *ſtrongeſt poiſon* that I could, &c. Accordingly I bought *ſeven—great ſpiders*, and cantharides." HENDERSON.

[2] —*violent* hefts:] *Hefts* are heavings, what is heaved up. STEEVENS.

Remain a pinch'd thing[3]; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will:—How came the poſterns
So eaſily open?

1. *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd than ſo,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurſe him:
Though he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? ſport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he ſhall not come about her;
Away with him:—and let her ſport herſelf
With that ſhe's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee ſwell thus.

Her. But I'd ſay, he had not,
And, I'll be ſworn, you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay, *ſhe is a goodly lady*, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, ſhe's not honeſt, honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deſerves high ſpeech,) and ſtraight
The ſhrug, the hum, or ha; theſe petty brands,
That calumny doth uſe;—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will ſear

Virtue

3 *He hath diſcover'd my deſign, and I*
Remain a pinch'd thing;] The ſenſe, I think, is, He hath now diſcovered my deſign, and I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they pleaſe. HEATH.

This ſenſe is poſſible, but many other meanings might ſerve as well. JOHNSON.

The ſenſe propoſed by the author of the *Reviſal* may be ſupported by the following paſſage in the *City Match*, by Jaſper Maine, 1639:

"—*Pinch'd* napkins, captain, and laid
"Like fiſhes, fowls, or faces." STEEVENS.

The ſubſequent words—"a very *trick* for them to play at will," appear ſtrongly to confirm Mr. Heath's explanation. MALONE.

Virtue itſelf[4]:—theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's,
When you have ſaid, ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: But be it known,
From him that has moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be,
She's an adultreſs.

Her. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but miſtake[5].

Leon. You have miſtook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Leſt barbariſm, making me the precedent,
Should I like language uſe to all degrees,
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have ſaid,
She's an adultreſs; I have ſaid, with whom:
More, ſhe's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her[6]; and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know herſelf,
But with her moſt vile principal[7], that ſhe's

[4] —*for calumny will* ſear
Virtue itſelf:] That is, will ſtigmatize or brand as infamous. So, in *All's Well that ends Well:*

" ——————my maiden's name
" *Sear'd* otherwiſe." HENLEY.

[5] —*you, my lord,*
Do but miſtake.] Otway had this paſſage in his thoughts, when he put the following lines into the mouth of Caſtalio:

" —Should the braveſt man
" That e'er wore conquering ſword, but dare to whiſper
" What thou proclaim'ſt, he were the worſt of liars:
" My friend may be miſtaken." STEEVENS.

[6] *A* federary *with her*;] A *federary* is a confederate, an accomplice. STEEVENS.

We ſhould certainly read—a *feodary* with her. There is no ſuch word as *federary*. MALONE.

[7] *But with her moſt vile principal,*] One that knows what ſhe ſhould be aſhamed of, even if the knowledge of it reſted only in her own breaſt and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant.—*But*, which is here uſed for *only*, renders this paſſage ſomewhat obſcure. It has the ſame ſignification again in this ſcene:

" He

A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe
That vulgars give bold'ſt titles; ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? Gentle my lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

Leon. No; if I miſtake
In thoſe foundations which I build upon,
The center[8] is not big enough to bear
A ſchool-boy's top.—Away with her to priſon:
He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is far off guilty,
But that he ſpeaks[9].

Her. There's ſome ill planet reigns:
I muſt be patient, till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our ſex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, ſhall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worſe than tears drown: 'Beſeech you all, my lords,
With thoughts ſo qualified as your charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me;—and ſo
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard? [*to the guards.*

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—beſeech your highneſs,

My

" He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is afar off guilty,
" *But* that he ſpeaks." MALONE.

[8] —*if I miſtake*—
The center, &c.] That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not ſupport the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be truſted. JOHNSON.

[9] *He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is afar* off *guilty,*
But that he ſpeaks.] *Far* off *guilty*, ſignifies, *guilty in a remote degree.* JOHNSON.
The ſame expreſſion occurs in *K. Henry V*:
" Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you *far off*
" The dauphin's meaning?"
But that he ſpeaks—means, *in merely ſpeaking.*
MALONE.

My women may be with me; for, you ſee,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools*;
There is no cauſe: when you ſhall know, your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action [1], I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now,
I truſt, I ſhall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

1. *Lord.* 'Beſeech your highneſs, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, ſir; leſt your juſtice
Prove violence: in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Yourſelf, your queen, your ſon.

1. *Lord.* For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, ſir,
Pleaſe you to accept it, that the queen is ſpotleſs
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuſe her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my ſtables where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her [2];

Then

* —*good fools*;] This in our author's time was a term of tenderneſs and pity. MALONE.

[1] —*this* action;] The word *action* is here taken in the lawyer's ſenſe, for *indictment*, *charge*, or *accuſation*. JOHNSON.

We cannot ſay that a perſon *goes on* an indictment, charge, or accuſation. I believe, Hermione only means, "What I am now about to do." MASON. See the latter part of n. 8. p. 350. MALONE.

[2] *If it prove*
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my ſtables where
I lodge my wife, &c.] If Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never truſt my wife out of my ſight; I'll always go in *couples* with her; and, in that reſpect, my houſe ſhall reſemble a ſtable, where dogs are kept in pairs. Though a *kennel* is the place where a *pack* of hounds is kept, every one, I ſuppoſe, as well as our author, has occaſionally ſeen dogs tied up in couples under the manger of a ſtable. A *dog couple* is a term at this day. To this practice perhaps he alludes in *King John*:

"To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
"To *crouch in litter of your ſtable planks.*"

In

Then, when I feel, and ſee her, no farther truſt her [3];
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh, is falſe,
If ſhe be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1. *Lord.* Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for ourſelves:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter-on *,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him [4]: Be ſhe honour-flaw'd,—
I have

In the Teutonick language, *hund-ſtall*, or *dog-ſtable*, is the term for a kennel. *Stables* or *ſtable*, however may mean *ſtation*, *ſtabilis ſtatio*, and two diſtinct propoſitions may be intended. I'll keep my ſtation in the ſame place where my wife is lodged; I'll run every where with her, like dogs that are coupled together. MALONE.

[3] Then, *when I feel, and ſee her*, &c.] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*Than* when, &c. certainly not without ground, for *than* was formerly ſpelt *then*; but here, I believe, the latter word was intended. MALONE.

* —*ſome* putter-on,] Some inſtigator, See *Othello*, Act II. ſc. laſt. MALONE.

[4] *That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain, I would* land-damn *him*:] I am perſuaded that this is a corruption, and that either the printer caught the word *damn* from the preceding line, or the tranſcriber was deceived by ſimilitude of ſounds.—What the poet's word was, cannot now be aſcertained; but the ſentiment was probably ſimilar to that in *Othello*:

"O heaven, that ſuch companions thou'dſt unfold," &c.

I believe, we ſhould read—land-*dam*; i. e. kill him; bury him in earth. So, in *King John*:

"His ears are ſtopp'd with *duſt*; he's *dead*."

Again, ibid:

"And ſtopt his gap of breath with fulſome *duſt*."

Again, in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577:

"The corps clapt faſt in clotter'd *claye*,
"That here engrav'd doth lie—."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Volpone*:

"Speak to the knave?
"I'll ha' my *mouth* firſt *ſtopp'd with earth*."

MALONE.

Land-damn is probably one of thoſe words which caprice brought into faſhion, and which, after a ſhort time, reaſon and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will *rid the country* of him; *condemn* him to quit the *land*. JOHNSON.

I have three daughters; the eldeſt is eleven;
The ſecond, and the third, nine, and ſome five [5];
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they ſhall not ſee,
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myſelf [6], than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.

Leon. Ceaſe; no more.
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's noſe: but I do ſee't, and feel't;
As you feel, doing thus, and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel [7].

Ant.

[5] *The ſecond and the third, nine, and* ſome *five*;] This line appears obſcure, becauſe the word *nine* ſeems to refer to both "*the ſecond and the third.*" But it is ſufficiently clear, *referendo ſingula ſingulis. The ſecond is of the age of nine, and the third is* ſome *five years old.* The ſame expreſſion, as Theobald has remarked, is found in *K. Lear*:

"For that I am, *ſome* twelve or fourteen moonſhines,
"Lag of a brother."

The editor of the ſecond folio reads—*ſons* five; ſtartled probably by the difficulty that ariſes from the ſubſequent lines, the operation that Antigonus threatens to perform on his children, not being commonly applicable to females. But for this, let our author anſwer. Bulwer in his *Artificial Changeling*, 1656, ſhews it may be done. Shakſpeare undoubtedly wrote *ſome*; for were we, with the ignorant editor above-mentioned, to read—*ſons* five, then the ſecond and third daughter would both be of the ſame age; which, as we are not told that they are twins, is not very reaſonable to ſuppoſe. Beſides; daughters are by the law of England co-heirs, but ſons never. MALONE.

[6] *And I had rather* glib *myſelf*,] For *glib*, I think, we ſhould read—*lib*, which in the northern language is the ſame as geld. GREY.

Though *lib* may probably be the right word, yet *glib* is at this time current in many counties, where they ſay, to *glib* a boar, to *glib* a horſe. STEEVENS.

[7] —*but I do ſee't, and feel't*;
As you feel, doing thus, and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel.] I ſee and feel *my diſgrace*, as you, *Antigonus*, *now* feel *me*, *on my* doing thus *to you*, and *as you now* ſee the inſtruments that feel, i. e. my fingers. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"————all the body's members
"Rebell'd againſt the belly, thus accus'd it:—

"That

Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1. *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counſels; but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this: which,—if you (or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo in ſkill,) cannot, or will not,
Reliſh a truth [8], like us; inform yourſelves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wiſh, my liege,
You had only in your ſilent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,
That

" That only like a gulf it did remain, &c.
" ——————where, the other *inſtruments*
" Did ſee, hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, *feel*, &c."

Leontes muſt here be ſuppoſed to lay hold of either the beard or arm, or ſome other part, of Antigonus. See a ſubſequent note in the laſt ſcene of this act. MALONE.

8 ——————*which,—if you—*

Reliſh a *truth*,] Thus the old copy. Our author is frequently inaccurate in the conſtruction of his ſentences, and the concluſion of them do not always correſpond with the beginning. So before, in this play:

" —— *who*,—if I
" Had ſervants true about me,—
" ——————they would do that," &c.

The late editions read—*as* truth, which is certainly more grammatical; but a wiſh to reduce our author's phraſeology to the modern ſtandard, has been the ſource of much errour in the regulations of his text. MALONE.

That lack'd ſight only, nought for approbation [9],
But only ſeeing, all other circumſtances
Made up to the deed,) doth puſh on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt piteous to be wild,) I have diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency [1]: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?

1. *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am ſatisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet ſhall the oracle
Give reſt to the minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free perſon ſhe ſhould be confin'd;
Leſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform [2]. Come, follow us;
We are to ſpeak in publick: for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.

Ant. [*aſide*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. The outer Room of a Priſon.

Enter PAULINA, *and Attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the priſon,—call to him:
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady?
No

[9] —*nought for* approbation,] *Approbation*, in this place, is put for *proof*. JOHNSON.

[1] —*ſtuff'd ſufficiency*;] That is, of abilities more than enough. JOHNSON.

[2] *Leſt that the treachery of the two*, &c.] He has before declared, that there is a *plot againſt his life and crown*, and that Hermione is *federary* with Polixenes and Camillo. JOHNSON.

No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What doſt thou then in priſon? —Now, good ſir,

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Keeper.

You know me, do you not?
Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have expreſs commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honeſty and honour from
The acceſs of gentle viſitors!—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to ſee her women? any of them?
Emilia?
Keep. So pleaſe you, madam, to put
Apart theſe your attendants, I ſhall bring
Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourſelves. [*Exeunt* Attend.
Keep. And, madam, I muſt be preſent
At your conference.
Paul. Well, be it ſo, pr'ythee. [*Exit* Keeper.
Here's ſuch ado to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, *with* EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares your gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, ſomething before her time deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: ſays, *My poor priſoner,*
I am innocent as you.
Paul. I dare be ſworn:—

Theſe

These dangerous unsafe lunes o'the king[3]! beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: If wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,

Having

[3] *These dangerous unsafe* lunes *o'the the king!*] I have no where, but in our author, observed this word adopted in our tongue, to signify *frenzy*, *lunacy*. But it is a mode of expression with the French.—*Il y a de la* lune: (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. "*Lune*, folie. *Les femmes ont des* lunes *dans la tete*. *Richelet*."

THEOBALD.

The old copy has—*i'*the king. This slight correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, ſir:
The child was priſoner to the womb; and is,
By law and proceſs of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the treſpaſs of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon
Mine honour, I will ſtand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no reſt: It is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus; mere weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being;—part o'the cauſe,
She, the adultreſs;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain [4], plot-proof: but ſhe
I can hook to me: Say, that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1. *Atten.* My lord? [*advancing.*

Leon. How does the boy?

1 *Atten.* He took good reſt to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.

Leon. To ſee his nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And

[4] ——— *out of the blank*
And level of my brain,] Beyond the *aim* of any attempt that I can make againſt him. *Blank* and *level* are terms of archery. JOHNSON.

And down-right languiſh'd.—Leave me ſolely [5]: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit* Attend.]—Fye, fye! no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himſelf too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance [6].—Let him be,
Until a time may ſerve: for preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow,
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

1. *Lord.* You muſt not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be ſecond to me
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul;
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1. *Attend.* Madam, he hath not ſlept to-night; commanded
None ſhould come at him.

Paul. Not ſo hot, good ſir;
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you,—
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings,—ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honeſt, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That

[5] —*Leave me* ſolely.] That is, leave me alone.
MASON.

[6] *The very thought of my* revenges *that way,*
Recoil upon me: in himſelf too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance.—] So, in *Doraſtus and Fawnia:* "Pandoſto, although he felt that *revenge* was a ſpur to warre, and that envy always proffereth ſteele, yet he ſaw Egiſthus was not only of great puiſſance and proweſſe to withſtand him, but alſo had many kings of his *alliance* to ayd him, if need ſhould ſerve; for he married the Emperor of Ruſſia's daughter." Our author, it is obſervable, whether from forgetfulneſs or deſign, has made this lady the wife (not of Egiſthus, the Polixenes of this play, but) of Leontes.
MALONE.

That preſſes him from ſleep.

Leon. What noiſe there, ho?

Paul. No noiſe, my lord; but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your highneſs.

Leon. How?—
Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that ſhe ſhould not come about me;
I knew, ſhe would.

Ant. I told her ſo, my lord,
On your diſpleaſure's peril, and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.

Leon. What, can'ſt not rule her?

Paul. From all diſhoneſty, he can: in this,
(Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.

Ant. La you now; you hear!
When ſhe will take the rein, I let her run;
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beſeech you, hear me, who profeſſes
Myſelf your loyal ſervant, your phyſician,
Your moſt obedient counſellor; yet that dares
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils[5],
Than ſuch as moſt ſeem yours:—I ſay, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen! I ſay, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, ſo were I
A man, the worſt about you[6].

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul.

[5] —*in* comforting *your* evils,] To *comfort*, in old language is to *aid and encourage*. It is ſtill ſo uſed in legal proceedings. *Evils* here mean *wicked courſes*. MALONE.

[6] *And would by combat make her good, ſo were I*
A man, the worſt *about you.*] The *worſt* means only the *loweſt*. Were I the meaneſt of your ſervants, I would yet claim the combat againſt any accuſer. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards obſerves, that "The worſt about you" may mean the weakeſt, or leaſt warlike. So a *better man*, the *beſt man* in company, frequently refer to ſkill in fighting, not to moral goodneſs." I think he is right. MALONE.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the child.*

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch [7]! Hence with her, out o'door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so intitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard:—
Thou dotard, [*to* Ant.] thou art woman-tyr'd [8], unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone [9].

Paul.

[7] *A* mankind *witch!*] A *mankind* woman, is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has the same sense in this passage. Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women; therefore Sir Hugh, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, says of a woman suspected to be a witch, "*that he does not like when a woman has a beard.*" JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"Why she is *mankind*, therefore thou may'st strike her."

Again, in A. Fraunce's *Iviechurch*: he is speaking of the golden age:

"Stoordy lyons lowted, noe wolf was knowne to be *mankind*." STEEVENS.

Mankind may signify one of a wicked and pernicious nature, from the Saxon *man*, mischief or wickedness, and *kind*, nature. TOLLET.

[8] —*thou art* woman-tyr'd;] *Woman-tyr'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman. The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakspeare. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"———the vultur *tires*
"Upon the eagle's heart."

Partlet is the name of the hen in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*. STEEVENS.

[9] —*thy* crone.] i. e. the old worn-out woman. A *croan* is an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman. STEEVENS.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt up the princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs [9]
Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere paſt all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A neſt of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himſelf: for he
The ſacred honour of himſelf, his queen's,
His hopeful ſon's, his babe's [1], betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's; and will not
(For, as the cauſe now ſtands, it is a curſe
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or ſtone, was found.

Leon. A callat,
Of boundleſs tongue, who late hath beat her huſband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the iſſue of Polixenes:
Hence with it, and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, noſe, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The

[9] *Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou*
Tak'ſt up the princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the baſtard*; Paulina forbids him to touch the princeſs under that appellation. *Forced* is *falſe*, uttered with violence to truth. JOHNSON.

A *baſe* ſon was a common term in our author's time. So, in *K. Lear*:

" ——— Why brand they us
" With *baſe*? with *baſeneſs*? baſtardy? MALONE.

[1] —*his babe's*,] The female infant then on the ſtage. MALONE.

The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his ſmiles [2];
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddeſs nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours
No yellow in't [3]; leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her huſband's![4]

Leon. A groſs hag!—
And, lozel [5], thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the huſbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourſelf
Hardly one ſubject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A moſt unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon.

[2] —*his* ſmiles;] Theſe two redundant words might be rejected, eſpecially as the child has already been repreſented as the inheritor of its father's *dimples and frowns*. STEEVENS.

Our author and his contemporaries frequently take the liberty of uſing words of two ſyllables, as monoſyllables. So *cleſt*, *higheſt*, *lover*, *either*, &c. *Dimples* is, I believe, employed ſo here; and *of his*, when contracted, or ſounded quickly, make but one ſyllable likewiſe. In this view there is no redundancy. MALONE.

[3] *No* yellow *in't*;] *Yellow* is the colour of jealouſy. JOHNSON.

So, Nym ſays in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, "I will poſſeſs him with *yellowneſs*." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,*
Her children not her huſband's!] In the ardour of compoſition Shakſpeare ſeems here to have forgotten the difference of ſexes. No ſuſpicion that the babe in queſtion might entertain of her future huſband's *fidelity*, could affect the legitimacy of her offſpring. Unleſs ſhe were *herſelf* a "bed-ſwerver," (which is not ſuppoſed), ſhe could have no doubt of his being the father of her children. However painful female jealouſy may be to her that feels it, Paulina, therefore, certainly attributes to it, in the preſent inſtance, a pang that it can never give. MALONE.

[5] *And*, lozel,] A *lozel* is a worthleſs fellow. STEEVENS.

"A *lozel* is one that hath loſt, neglected, or caſt off, his owne good and welfare, and ſo is become lewd and careleſs of credit and honeſty." *Verſtigan's Reſtitution*, 1634. p. 335. REED.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not ſhe, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this moſt cruel uſage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you, do not puſh me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit!—What need theſe hands?—
You, that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you,
So, ſo:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good teſtimony) or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: If thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo;
The baſtard brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, ſir:
Theſe lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.
1. *Lord.* We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You are liars all.
1. *Lord.* 'Beſeech your highneſs give us better credit:
We have always truly ſerv'd you; and beſeech,
So to eſteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear ſervices,
Paſt, and to come,) that you do change this purpoſe;
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue: We all kneel.

Leon.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But, be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither.—You, ſir, come you hither;
[*to* Antigonus.
You, that have been ſo tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To ſave this baſtard's life:—for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey [6],—what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobieneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent: any thing poſſible.

Leon. It ſhall be poſſible: Swear by this ſword [7],
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it (ſee'ſt thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thyſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence; and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,—
On thy ſoul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place [8],

[6] *So ſure as* this *beard's* grey,] The king muſt mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on a former occaſion, it was intended, he ſhould lay hold of. Leontes has himſelf told us that twenty three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled; and of courſe his age at the opening of this play muſt be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard. MALONE.

[7] *Swear by this ſword,*] It was anciently the cuſtom to ſwear by the croſs on the handle of a ſword. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. v. STEEVENS.

[8] —commend *it* ſtrangely *to ſome place,*] Commit it to ſome place, *as a ſtranger*, without more proviſion. JOHNSON.

So

Where chance may nurſe, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I ſwear to do this; though a preſent death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurſes! Wolves, and bears, they ſay,
Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require! and bleſſing[9],
Againſt this cruelty, fight on thy ſide,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loſs[1]! [*Exit, with the child.*

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.

1. *Attend.* Pleaſe your highneſs, poſts,
From thoſe you ſent to the oracle, are come
An hour ſince: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Haſting to the court.

1. *Lord.* So pleaſe you, ſir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been abſent: 'Tis good ſpeed; foretels,
The great Apollo ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a ſeſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal lady: for, as ſhe hath
Been publickly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open trial. While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

So, in *Macbeth*:

" I wiſh your horſes ſwift and ſure of foot,
" And ſo I do *commend* you to their backs."

MALONE.

9 —*and bleſſing*,] i. e, the favour of heaven. MALONE.

1 —*condemn'd to* loſs.] i. e. to expoſure, ſimilar to that of a child whom its parents have *loſt*. I once thought that *loſs* was here licentiouſly uſed for *deſtruction*; but that this was not the primary ſenſe here intended, appears from a ſubſequent paſſage, Act III. ſc. iii:

" ——— Poor wretch,
" That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
" To *loſs*, and what *may follow*!" MALONE.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Street in ſome town.

Enter CLEOMENES, *and* DION *.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air moſt ſweet;
Fertile the iſle [2]; the temple much ſurpaſſing
The common praiſe it bears.
Dion. I ſhall report,
For moſt it caught me [3], the celeſtial habits,
(Methinks, I ſo ſhould term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the ſacrifice!
How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!
Cleo. But, of all, the burſt
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, ſo ſurpriz'd my ſenſe,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the queen,—O, be't ſo!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy,
The time is worth the uſe on't [4].

* —*Cleomenes and Dion.*] Theſe two names, and thoſe of *Antigonus* and *Archidamus*, our author found in North's Plutarch. MALONE.

[2] *Fertile the* iſle;] But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an iſland, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakſpeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an iſland of the Cyclades. WARBURTON.

In the *Hiſt. of Doraſtus and Faunia*, the queen deſires the king to ſend "ſix of his noblemen whom he beſt truſted, to the *iſle* of Delphos," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *For moſt* it *caught me.*] *It* may relate to the whole ſpectacle. JOHNSON.

[4] *The time is worth the* uſe *on't.*] If the event prove fortunate to the queen, *the time which we have ſpent in our journey is worth the trouble it hath coſt us.* In other words, the happy iſſue of our journey will compenſate for the time expended in it, and the fatigue we have undergone. We meet with nearly the ſame expreſſion in Florio's tranſlation of Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, 1603: "The common ſaying is, the *time* we live, is *worth* the *money we pay for it.*" MALONE.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the beſt! Theſe proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the buſineſs: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine ſeal'd up,)
Shall the contents diſcover, ſomething rare.
Even then will ruſh to knowledge.—Go,—freſh horſes;—
And gracious be the iſſue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Court of Juſtice.

LEONTES, *Lords, and Officers, appear properly ſeated.*

Leon. This ſeſſions (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even puſhes 'gainſt our heart: The party try'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in juſtice; which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation [5].—
Produce the priſoner.

Offi. It is his highneſs' pleaſure, that the queen
Appear in perſon here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE *is brought in, guarded;* PAULINA *and Ladies attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *queen to the worthy* Leontes, *king of* Sicilia, *thou art here accuſed and arraigned of high treaſon, in committing adultery with* Polixenes, *king of* Bohemia; *and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our ſovereign lord the king, thy royal huſband: the pretence* [6] *whereof being by*

[5] Even *to the guilt, or the purgation.*—] Mr. Roderick obſerves, that the word *even* is not to be underſtood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, ſignifying *equal* or *indifferent*. STEEVENS.

[6] —*pretence*—] Is, in this place, taken for a *ſcheme laid, a deſign formed:* to *pretend* means to *deſign*, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. JOHNSON.

by circumſtances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true ſubject, didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my accuſation; and
The teſtimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myſelf; it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, *Not guilty:* mine integrity,
Being counted falſehood, ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo receiv'd[7]. But thus,—if powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, and tyranny
Tremble at patience[8].—You, my lord, beſt know,
(Who leaſt[9] will ſeem to do ſo,) my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which[*] is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd, to take ſpectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here ſtanding,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore

[7] —*mine integrity*, &c.] That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedneſs*, my aſſertion of it will paſs for a *lie*. *Falſehood* means both *treachery* and *lie*. JOHNSON.

It is frequently uſed in the former ſenſe in *Othello*, Act V:

" He ſays, thou told'ſt him that his wife was *falſe*."

Again:

" —Thou art raſh as fire
" To ſay that ſhe was *falſe*." MALONE.

[8] ——*If* powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, *and tyranny*
Tremble at patience.] Our author has here cloſely followed the novel of *Doraſtus and Faunia*, 1588: " If the *divine powers* be privie *to human actions*, (*as no doubt they are*,) I hope my *patience* ſhall make fortune *bluſh*, and my unſpotted life ſhall ſtayne ſpiteful diſcredit." MALONE.

[9] Who *leaſt*—] Old Copy—*Whom* leaſt. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[*] —*which*—] That is, which unhappineſs. MALONE.

Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life, I prize it [1]
As I weigh grief, which I would ſpare [2]: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine [3],
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience [4], ſir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd, to appear thus [5]: if one jot beyond

The

[1] —*For* life, *I prize it*, &c.] *Life* is to me now only *grief*, and as ſuch only is conſidered by me; I would therefore willingly diſmiſs it. JOHNSON.

[2] *I would* ſpare:] To *ſpare* any thing is to *let it go, to quit the poſſeſſion of it.* JOHNSON.

[3] *'Tis a derivative from me to mine,*] This ſentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Eccleſiaſticus* chap. iii. verſe 11, cannot be too often impreſſed on the female mind: "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and *a mother in diſhonour, is a reproach unto her children.*" STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *I appeal*
To your own conſcience, &c.] So, in *Doraſtus and Faunia*: "How I have led my life before Egiſthus' coming, I *appeal*, Pandoſto, to the Gods, and *to thy conſcience.*" MALONE.

[5] — —*ſince he came,*
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd to appear thus:] The ſenſe ſeems to be this:—*What ſudden ſlip have I made, that I ſhould catch a wrench in my character?*

"—a noble nature
"May catch a wrench." *Timon.*

An *uncurrent encounter* ſeems to mean an irregular, unjuſtifiable congreſs. The ſenſe would then be:—In what baſe reciprocation of love have I caught this ſtrain? *Uncurrent* is what will not paſs, and is, at preſent, only apply'd to money."

Mrs. Ford talks of—*ſome* ſtrain *in her character.* STEEVENS.

The preciſe meaning of the word *encounter* in this paſſage may be gathered from our author's uſe of it elſewhere:

"Who hath—
"Confeſs'd the vile *encounters* they have had
"A thouſand times in ſecret." *Much ado about Nothing.*

Hero and Borachio are the perſons ſpoken of. Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: "We ſhall adviſe this wronged maid

to

The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of kin,
Cry, Fye upon my grave!
Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of theſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs impudence to gain-ſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt[6].

to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place: if the *encounter* acknowledge itſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence."

Again in *Cymbeline*:

" ———found no oppoſition
" But what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
" Should from *encounter* guard."

As, to paſs or utter money that is not *current*, is contrary to law, I believe our author in the preſent paſſage, with his accuſtomed licence, uſes the word *uncurrent* as ſynonymous to *unlawful*.

I have *ſtrain'd*, may perhaps mean—I have ſwerved or deflected from the ſtrict line of duty. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Nor aught ſo good, but *ſtrain'd* from that fair uſe,
" Revolts—."

Again, in our author's 140th Sonnet:

" Bear thine eyes ſtraight, though thy proud *heart go wide*."

A bed-*ſwerver* has already occurred in this play.

" To appear *thus*," is, to appear in ſuch an aſſembly as this; to be put on my trial.

Mr. Maſon has juſtly obſerved that this ſentence is not interrogative, and that therefore there is no need of the tranſpoſition propoſed by Dr. Johnſon.—" Have I ſtrain'd," &c. The conſtruction is, " I appeal to your own conſcience, with what encounter ſo uncurrent I have ſtrain'd," &c. MALONE.

[6] *I ne'er heard yet,*
That any of theſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs *impudence to gain-ſay what they did,*
Than to perform it firſt.] It is apparent that according to the proper, at leaſt according to the preſent, uſe of words, *leſs* ſhould be *more*, or *wanted* ſhould be *had*. But Shakſpeare is very uncertain in his uſe of negatives. It may be neceſſary once to obſerve, that in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but ſtrengthen the negation. This mode of ſpeech was in time changed, but as the change was made in oppoſition,

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a ſaying, ſir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.
Her. More than miſtreſs of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confeſs,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd [6];
With ſuch a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even ſuch,
So, and no other, as yourſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both diſobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whoſe love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſtes; though it be diſh'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honeſt man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themſelves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon.

oppoſition to long cuſtom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confuſion. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's obſervation on this paſſage is ſo manifeſtly right, and our author's inaccuracy of conſtruction in many paſſages of theſe plays, ſo well known to thoſe who have ſtudied his works, that the foregoing note requires no ſupport. Yet an anonymous *Remarker* conteſts a propoſition which I make no doubt to every other reader will appear ſelf-evident, and ſeems to think here, and in many other places, that by merely *repeating* Shakſpeare's words, he has explained them. If *had* is admiſſible in this inſtance, in the place of *wanted*, (as it certainly is,) *wanted*, which is the reverſe or contrary of *had*, cannot be correct. See p. 332, n. 9. MALONE.

[6] ——*For Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confeſs,
I lov'd *him as in* honour *he requir'd*, &c.] So, in *Doraſtus and Faunia*: "What hath paſſed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will preſently reveale. That I *lov'd* Egiſthus, I cannot denie; that I *honour'd* him, I ſhame not to confeſs.— But as touching laſcivious luſt, I ſay Egiſthus is honeſt, and hope myſelf to be found without ſpot. For Franion,

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his abſence.

Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a language that I underſtand not:
My life ſtands in the level of your dreams [7],
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a baſtard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact are ſo,) ſo paſt all truth [8]:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails [9]: for as
Thy brat hath been caſt out, like to itſelf,
No farther owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage,
Look for no leſs than death.

Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I ſeek.

Franion, [Camillo,] I can neither accuſe him nor excuſe him. I was not privie to his departure. And that this is true which I have here rehearſed, I refer myſelfe to the divine oracle."
MALONE.

[7] *My life ſtands in the level of your dreams,*] To be *in the level* is, by a metaphor from archery, *to be within the reach.*
JOHNSON.

[8] —*As you were* paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact *are ſo,*) *ſo paſt all truth:*] *Thoſe of your fact,* may mean,—thoſe who have done as you do.
STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon would read *pack*, and Dr. Farmer *ſect*; but that *fact* is the true reading, is proved deciſively from the words of the novel, which our author had in his mind, both here, and in a former paſſage [" I ne'er heard yet, That any of theſe bolder vices" &c.]: " And as for her [ſaid Pandoſto] it was her part to *deny* ſuch a monſtrous crime, and to be impudent in forſwearing the *fact*, ſince ſhe had *paſſed all ſhame* in committing the fault."

So alſo in the Continuation of *Hardyng's Chronicle*, 1543. " Whereupon he ſent unto the quene, then beeyng in the ſainctuary, diverſe and ſondry meſſengers, that ſhould excuſe and pourge him of *his fact* afore dooen towardes her." Signat. M m. 6. b. MALONE.

[9] *Which to deny*, concerns *more than* avails:] It is your *buſineſs* to deny this charge, but the mere denial will be uſeleſs; will prove nothing. MALONE.

To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life [1], your favour,
I do give loſt; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My ſecond joy,
And firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd moſt unluckily [2], is from my breaſt
The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet; With immodeſt hatred,
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all faſhion;—Laſtly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit [3]. Now, my liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; miſtake me not;—No! life,
I prize it not a ſtraw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I ſhall be condemn'd

Upon

[1] *The* crown *and* comfort *of my life*,—] The *ſupreme bleſſing* of my life. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" O that huſband!
" My ſupreme *crown* of grief." MALONE.

[2] *Starr'd moſt unluckily*,] i. e. born under an inauſpicious planet. STEEVENS.

[3] *I have got* ſtrength *of* limit.] I know not well how *ſtrength of limit* can mean *ſtrength to paſs the limits* of the child-bed chamber, which yet it muſt mean in this place, unleſs we read, in a more eaſy phraſe, *ſtrength of* limb. *And* now, &c. JOHNSON.

Limit was anciently uſed for *limb*. STEEVENS.

In *Cymbeline* we meet with the word in a ſenſe that may countenance Dr. Johnſon's firſt explanation:

" A priſon for a debtor, that not dares
" To ſtride a *limit*."

I believe the meaning is, before I have got ſtrength enough to move *even in a preſcribed and limited ſpace*. In *Meaſure for Meaſure limit* is uſed for a preſcribed and limited time: " —between the time of the contract and *limit* of the ſolemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at ſea."

The third folio reads—ſtrength of *limbs*; but the emendation derives no authority from thence. MALONE.

Strength of limit is, the limited degree of ſtrength, which is cuſtomary for women to acquire before they are ſuffered to go abroad after child-bearing. MASON.

Upon ſurmiſes; all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law [4].—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1. *Lord.* This your requeſt
Is altogether juſt: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt certain Officers.*

Her. The emperor of Ruſſia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but ſee
The flatneſs of my miſery [5]; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Offi. You here ſhall ſwear upon this ſword of juſtice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd-up oracle by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's prieſt; and that, ſince then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy ſeal,
Nor read the ſecrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we ſwear.

Leon. Break up the ſeals, and read.

Offi. [*reads.*] Hermoine *is chaſte*, Polixenes *blameleſs*, Camillo *a true ſubject*, Leontes *a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe*

[4] ——————*I tell you*,
'Tis rigour, and not law.] This alſo is from the novel: "Bellaria, no whit diſmaid with this rough reply, told her huſband Pandoſto, that he ſpake upon choller, and not conſcience; for her virtuous life had been ſuch as no ſpot of ſuſpicion could ever ſtayne. And if ſhe had borne a friendly countenance to Egiſthus, it was in reſpect he was his friend, and not for any luſting affection: therefore *if ſhe were condemned without any farther proofe, it was rigour and not law.*" MALONE.

[5] *The flatneſs of my miſery*;] That is, how low, how *flat* I am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.

So Milton, *Par. Loſt*, b. ii:

"——Thus repuls'd, our final hope
"Is *flat* deſpair." MALONE.

lake truly begotten; and the king ſhall live without an heir, if that, which is loſt, be not found[6].

Lords. Now bleſſed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praiſed!

Leon. Haſt thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even ſo as it is here ſet down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The ſeſſions ſhall proceed; this is mere falſehood.

Enter a Servant, *haſtily.*

Ser. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the buſineſs?

Ser. O ſir, I ſhall be hated to report it:
The prince your ſon, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's ſpeed[7], is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice. [Her. *faints.*] How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And ſee what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; ſhe will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion:—
'Beſeech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and ladies, with* HERMIONE.

My great profaneneſs 'gainſt thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New-woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being tranſported by my jealouſies

To

[6] *Hermione is chaſte*, &c.] This is almoſt literally from Lodge's novel:

" *The Oracle.*

Suſpicion is no prooſe; jealouſie is an unequal judge; Bellaria is chaſte; Egiſthus blameleſs; Tranion a true ſubject; Pandoſto treacherous; his babe innocent; and the king ſhall dye without an heire, if that which is loſt be not found."

MALONE.

[7] *Of the queen's ſpeed,*] Of the *event* of the queen's trial: ſo we ſtill ſay, he *ſped* well or ill. JOHNSON.

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poiſon
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd
My ſwift command [8]; though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he, moſt humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himſelf commended [9],
No richer than his honour:—How he gliſters
Thorough my ruſt! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker [1]!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; leſt my heart cracking it,
Break too!

1. *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What ſtudied torments, tyrant, haſt for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling?
In

[8] *But that* the good mind *of Camillo tardy'd*
My ſwift command;] Here likewiſe our author has cloſely followed Greene: "—promiſing not only to ſhew himſelf a loyal and a loving huſband; but alſo to reconcile himſelfe to Egiſthus and Tranion; revealing then before them all the cauſe of their ſecret flight, and how treacherouſly he thought to have practiſed his death, if that *the good mind* of his cupbearer had not prevented his purpoſe." MALONE.

[9] ——————*and to the hazard*
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,] In the original copy ſome word probably, of two ſyllables, was inadvertently omitted in the firſt of theſe lines. I believe the word omitted was either *doubtful* or *fearful*. The editor of the ſecond folio endeavoured to cure the defect by reading —the *certain* hazard; the moſt improper word that could have been choſen. How little attention the alterations made in that copy are entitled to, has been ſhewn in the preface to the preſent edition. *Commended* is *committed*. See p. 361, n. 8. MALONE.

[1] *Does my deeds make the blacker!*] This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confeſſion of more crimes than he was ſuſpected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the viciſſitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppreſſed with guilt. JOHNSON.

In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Muſt I receive; whoſe every word deſerves
To taſte of thy moſt worſt? Thy tyranny,
Together working with thy jealouſies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; ſtark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it.
That thou betray'dſt Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but ſhow thee, of a fool, inconſtant,
And damnable ungrateful[2]: nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good Camillo's honour[3],
To have him kill a king; poor treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by: whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't[4]:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whoſe honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive, a groſs and fooliſh fire
Blemiſh'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy anſwer: But the laſt,—O, lords,
When I have ſaid, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The ſweeteſt, deareſt, creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1. *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I ſay, ſhe's dead; I'll ſwear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail

[2] *That did but ſhew thee, of a* fool, *inconſtant,*
And damnable ungrateful:] This, by a mode of ſpeech anciently much uſed, means only, *It ſhew'd thee* firſt *a fool*, then *inconſtant and ungrateful.* JOHNSON.

Damnable is here uſed adverbially. MALONE.

[3] *Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good Camillo's honour,*] How ſhould Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himſelf, while Paulina was abſent, attending on Hermione. The poet ſeems to have forgotten the circumſtance. MALONE.

[4] ——*though a devil*
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:] i. e. a devil would have ſhed tears of pity o'er the damn'd, ere he would have committed ſuch an action. STEEVENS.

Prevail not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture, or luſtre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll ſerve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent theſe things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou can'ſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bittereſt.

1. *Lord.* Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I'the boldneſs of your ſpeech.

Paul. I am ſorry for't[5];
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal ſir, forgive a fooliſh woman;
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is loſt too: take your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.

Leon. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and ſon:
One grave ſhall be for both; upon them ſhall

The

[5] *I am ſorry for't*;] This is another inſtance of the ſudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds.
JOHNSON.

The cauſes of their death appear, unto
Our ſhame perpetual: Once a day I'll viſit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, ſhed there,
Shall be my recreation: ſo long as nature
Will bear up with this exerciſe, ſo long,
I daily vow to uſe it. Come, and lead me
To theſe ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bohemia. *A deſert country near the ſea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with a Child*; *and a* Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then[6], our ſhip hath touch'd upon
The deſerts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the ſkies look grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their ſacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your beſt haſte; and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Beſides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away;
I'll follow inſtantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be ſo rid o'the buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the ſpirits of the dead May

[6] *Thou art* perfect *then,*] *Perfect* is often uſed by Shakſpeare for *certain*, *well aſſured*, or *well informed*. JOHNSON.
It is ſo uſed by almoſt all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

May walk again: if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another;
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow,
So fill'd, and ſo becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes
Became two ſpouts: the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good* Antigonus,
Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted loſt for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle buſineſs,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er ſhall ſee
Thy wife Paulina *more:*—and ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myſelf; and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the iſſue
Of king Polixenes, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well!
[*laying down the child.*
There lie; and there thy character [7]: there theſe;
[*laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty,
And ſtill reſt thine.—The ſtorm begins:—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurs'd am I,

To

[7] —*thy* character:] i. e. the writing afterwards diſcovered with Perdita. "—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they knew to be his *character*. STEEVENS.

To be by oath enjoined to this.—Farewel!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough [8]: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour [9]?—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have scar'd away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of ivy [1]. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne [2]! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure some scape: though I am not

[8] ——*thou art like to have*
A lullaby *too rough*:] So, in *Doraſtus and Faunia*: "Shall thy tender mouth, inſtead of ſweet kiſſes, be nipped with bitter ſtormes? Shalt thou have the *whiſtling winds* for thy *lullaby*, and the ſalt ſeafome, inſtead of ſweet milke?" MALONE.

[9] —*A ſavage* clamour?] This *clamour* was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then ſeeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace*, or, the *animal purſued*. JOHNSON.

[1] —*if any where I have them, 'tis by the* ſea-ſide, brouzing *of* ivy.] This alſo is from the novel: "[The Shepherd] fearing either that the *wolves* or eagles had undone him, (for he was ſo poore as a ſheepe was halfe his ſubſtance,) wand'red downe towards the *ſea cliffes*, to ſee if perchance the *ſheepe* was *brouzing* on the *ſea-ivy*, whereon they doe greatly feed." MALONE.

[2] —*a* barne! *a very pretty* barne!] i. e. child. It is a North Country word. *Barns* for *borns*, things born; ſeeming to anſwer to the Latin *nati*. STEEVENS.

not bookiſh, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the ſcape. This has been ſome ſtair-work, ſome trunk-work, ſome behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my ſon come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art ſo near? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, man?

Clown. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea, and by land;—but I am not to ſay, it is a ſea, for it is now the ſky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I would, you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore! but that's not to the point: O, the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls! ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt;* and anon ſwallow'd with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land ſervice,—To ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and ſaid, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ſhip:—to ſee how the ſea flap-dragon'd it:—but, firſt, how the poor ſouls roar'd, and the ſea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the ſea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep.

* —*now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt.*] So, in *Pericles*: "But ſea-room, and the brine and cloudy *billow kiſs the moon*, I care not." MALONE.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man [3].

Clown. I would you had been by the ſhip ſide, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. [*Aſide.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thyſelf; thou met'ſt with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a ſight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth [4] for a ſquire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's ſee;—It was told me, I ſhould be rich by the fairies: this is ſome changeling [5]:—open't: What's within, boy?

Clown. You're a made old man [6]; if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove ſo: up with it, keep it cloſe; home, home, the next way [7]. We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires nothing but ſecrecy.—Let my ſheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown.

[3] Shep. *'Would I had been by, to have help'd the* old *man.*] I ſuppoſe the ſhepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himſelf; or perhaps Shakſpeare, who was conſcious that he himſelf deſigned Antigonus for an *old* man, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the ſhepherd who had never ſeen him. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the word *old* was inadvertently omitted in the preceding ſpeech: " —nor the bear half dined on the *old* gentleman;" Mr. Steevens's ſecond conjecture, however, is, I believe, the true one. MALONE.

[4] —a bearing-cloth—] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is uſually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY.

[5] —*ſome changeling*:] i. e. ſome child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had ſtolen. STEEVENS.

[6] *You're a* made *old man*;] The old copy reads—*mad.* The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

This emendation is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the novel: " The good man deſired his wife to be quiet: if ſhe would hold peace, they were *made* for ever." FARMER.

[7] —*the next way.*] i. e. the neareſt way. MALONE.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go ſee if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curſt, but when they are hungry[8]: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'ſt diſcern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the ſight of him.

Clown. Marry, will I; and you ſhall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time. I,—that pleaſe ſome, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error[9],—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen years[1], and leave the growth untry'd
Of

[8] *They are never* curſt, *but when they are hungry:*] Curſt, ſignifies *miſchievous.* Thus the adage: *Curſt* cows have ſhort horns. HENLEY.

[9] —*that make, and unfold error,*] *Departed time* renders many facts obſcure, and in that ſenſe is the cauſe of error. *Time to come* brings diſcoveries with it. STEEVENS.

Theſe very comments on Shakſpeare prove, that time can both make and unfold error. MASON.

[1] ——— *that I ſlide*
O'er ſixteen years,] This treſpaſs, in reſpect of dramatick

Of that wide gap [2]; ſince it is in my power [3]
To o'erthrow law, and in one ſelf-born hour

To

tick unity, will appear venial to thoſe who have read the once famous *Lilly's Endymion*, or (as he himſelf calls it in the prologue) his *Man in the Moon*. This author was applauded and very liberally paid by queen Elizabeth. Two acts of his piece comprize the ſpace of forty years. Endymion lying down to ſleep at the end of the ſecond, and waking in the firſt ſcene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconſcionable length. Lilly has likewiſe been guilty of much greater abſurdity than ever Shakſpeare committed; for he ſuppoſes that Endymion's hair, features, and perſon, were changed by age during his ſleep, while all the other perſonages of the drama remained without alteration.

George Whetſtone, in the epiſtle dedicatory, before his *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578, (on the plan of which *Meaſure for Meaſure* is formed,) had pointed out many of theſe abſurdities and offences againſt the laws of the drama. It muſt be owned therefore that Shakſpeare has not fallen into them through ignorance of what they were. "For at this daye, the Italian is ſo laſcivious in his comedies, that honeſt hearts are grieved at his actions. The Frenchman and Spaniard follow the Italian's humour. The German is too holy; for he preſents on everye common ſtage, what preachers ſhould pronounce in pulpits. The Engliſhman in this quallitie, is moſt vaine, indiſcreete, and out of order. He firſt grounds his worke on impoſſibilities: then in three houres ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monſters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell," &c. This quotation will ſerve to ſhew that our poet might have enjoyed the benefit of literary laws, but like Achilles, denied that laws were deſigned to operate on beings confident of their own powers, and ſecure of graces beyond the reach of art. STEEVENS.

In *The Pleaſant Comedie of Patient Griſſel*, 1603, written by Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton, Griſſel is in the firſt act married, and ſoon afterwards brought to bed of twins, a ſon and a daughter; and the daughter in the fifth act is produced on the ſcene as a woman old enough to be married. MALONE.

[2] —*and leave the* growth *untry'd*
Of that wide gap;] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is ſomewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progreſſion of the time which filled up the *gap* of the ſtory between Perdita's

birth

To plant and o'erwhelm cuſtom: Let me paſs
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt order was,
Or what is now received: I witneſs to
The times that brought them in; ſo ſhall I do
To the freſheſt things now reigning; and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my tale
Now ſeems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs; and give my ſcene ſuch growing,
As you had ſlept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealouſies; ſo grieving,
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a ſon o'the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her enſues,
I liſt not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a ſhepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,

Is

birth and her ſix'teenth year. *To leave this growth untried*, is *to leave the paſſages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have choſen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation of *growth* is confirmed by a ſubſequent paſſage:

" I turn my glaſs; and give my ſcene ſuch *growing*,
" As you had ſlept between."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*

" Whom our faſt-*growing* ſcene muſt find
" At Tharſus."

Gap, the reading of the original copy, which Dr. Warburton changed to *gulph*, is likewiſe ſupported by the ſame play, in which old Gower, who appears as Chorus, ſays,

" —learn of me, who ſtand i'the *gaps* to teach you
" The ſtages of our ſtory." MALONE.

3 —*ſince it is in my power*, &c.] The reaſoning of *Time* is not very clear; he ſeems to mean, that he who has broke ſo many laws may now break another; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in her ſixteenth year; and he intreats that he may paſs as of old, before any *order* or ſucceſſion of objects, ancient or modern, diſtinguiſhed his periods. JOHNSON.

Is the argument of time [4]: Of this allow [5],
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now;
If never yet, that Time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a ſickneſs, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years [6], ſince I ſaw my country: though I have, for the moſt part, been aired abroad, I deſire to leave my bones there. Beſides the penitent king, my maſter, hath ſent for me: to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo; which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol. As thou loveſt me, Camillo, wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me buſineſſes, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thyſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done: which if I have not enough conſider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, ſhall be my

[4] *Is the* argument *of time:*] *Argument* is the ſame with *ſubject.* JOHNSON.

[5] —*Of this* allow,] To *allow* in our author's time ſignified to *approve.* MALONE.

[6] *It is* fifteen *years,*] We ſhould read—*ſixteen. Time* has juſt ſaid:

——— *that I ſlide*
O'er ſixteen *years*——.

Again, in Act V. ſc. iii: "Which lets go by ſome *ſixteen* years."

Again, *ibid.* "Which *ſixteen* winters cannot blow away."
STEEVENS.

my ſtudy; and my profit therein, the heaping friendſhips [7]. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee ſpeak no more: whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled king, my brother; whoſe loſs of his moſt precious queen, and children, are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the prince Florizel my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, ſince I ſaw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, miſſingly, noted [8], he is of late much retired from court; and is leſs frequent to his princely exerciſes, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have conſider'd ſo much, Camillo; and with ſome care; ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, ſir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. That's likewiſe part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle [9] that plucks our ſon thither. Thou ſhalt

[7] —*to be more thankful to thee, ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein, the heaping friendſhips.*] That is, I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I ſhall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I ſhall heap friendſhips, as I confer favours on thee I ſhall increaſe the friendſhip between us. JOHNSON.

Friendſhip is, I believe here uſed, with ſufficient licence, merely for *friendly offices*. MALONE.

[8] *but I have*, miſſingly, *noted*,] I have obſerved him at *intervals*; not conſtantly or regularly, but occaſionally. STEEVENS.

[9] *But, I fear the* angle—] *Angle* in this place means a *fiſhing-rod*, which he repreſents as drawing his ſon, like a fiſh, away. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"——he

accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have ſome queſtion[1] with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſy to get the cauſe of my ſon's reſort thither. Pr'ythee, be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt Camillo!—We muſt diſguiſe ourſelves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS[2], *ſinging.*

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
*Why, then comes in the ſweet o'the year;**
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale[3].

The

" ——he did win
" The hearts of all that he did *angle* for."

Again, in *All's Well that end's Well:*

" She knew her diſtance, and did *angle* for me."

STEEVENS.

Angle anciently ſignified a fiſhing-rod. So in Lily's *Sapho and Phao*, 1591: Thine *angle* is ready, when thine oar is idle, and as ſweet is the fiſh which thou getteſt in the river, as the fowl which other buy in the market." MALONE.

[1] —*ſome* queſtion—] i. e. ſome talk. MALONE.

[2] —Autolycus—] *Autolycus* was the ſon of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father:

" *Non fuit Autolyci tam piceata manus.*" Martial.

STEEVENS.

* *Why then comes in the ſweet of the year;*] Autolicus, I think, calls the *ſpring* the *ſweet of the year*, becauſe in that ſeaſon maidens put out their ſheets to bleach on the hedges; and " his traffick (as he afterwards tells us) is in ſheets." The ſong at the end of *Love's Labour's Loſt* may throw ſome little light on the paſſage before us; there, it is obſervable, SPRING mentions as deſcriptive of that ſeaſon, that then " —maidens *bleach* their ſummer *ſmocks.*" MALONE.

[3] *For the red blood reigns in the* winter's pale.] The meaning

The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the ſweet birds, O, how they ſing!—
Doth ſet my pugging tooth [4] *on edge;*
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chaunts [5],—
With, hey! with, hey [6]*! the thruſh and the jay:—*
Are ſummer ſongs for me and my aunts [7],
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

ing is, the red, the *ſpring* blood now *reigns o'er* the parts lately under the *dominion of winter*. The *Engliſh pale*, the *Iriſh pale*, were frequent expreſſions in Shakſpeare's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were choſen for the ſake of the *antitheſis*. FARMER.

[4] —pugging *tooth*—] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read,—progging *tooth*. It is certain that *pugging* is not now underſtood. But Dr. Thirlby obſerves, that it is the cant of gypſies. JOHNSON.

The word *pugging* is uſed by Green in one of his pieces. And a *puggard* was a cant name for ſome particular kind of thief. So, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

" Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foiſts, *puggards*, curbers."

See to *prigge* in *Minſheu*. STEEVENS.

[5] *The lark that* tirra lirra *chaunts*,] So in an ancient poem entitled, *The Silke Worms and their Flies*, 1599:

" Let Philomela ſing, let Progne chide,
" Let *Tyry-tyry-leerers* upward flie—."

In the margin the author explains *Tyryleerers* by its ſynonyme, *larks*. MALONE.

La gentille allouette avec ſon *tire lire*
Tire lire a lirè et tire lirant tire, &c.
Du Bartas.

Ecce ſuum *tirile tirile*, ſuum *tirile* tractat.
Linnæi Fauna Suecica.
T. H. W.

[6] *With, hey!* with, hey!] The two latter words, which are not in the old copy, were introduced, for the ſake of the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[7] —*my* aunts,] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *bawd*. In Middleton's comedy, called, *A Trick*

I have ſerv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile [8]; but now I am out of ſervice:

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go moſt right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-ſkin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the ſtocks avouch it.

My traffick is ſheets [9]; when the kite builds, look to leſſer linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſidered trifles [1]: With die, and drab,

Trick to catch the old one, 1616, is the following confirmation of its being uſed in that ſenſe: "It was better beſtow'd upon his uncle than one of his *aunts*, I need not ſay *bawd*, for every one knows what *aunt* ſtands for in the laſt tranſlation'"

STEEVENS.

[8] —*wore* three-pile;] i. e. rich velvet. STEEVENS.

[9] *My traffick is ſheets*;] i. e. I am a vender of ſheet ballads, and other publications that are ſold unbound. From the word *ſheets* the poet takes occaſion to quibble.

"Our fingers are lime-twigs, and barbers we be,
"To catch *ſheets* from hedges moſt pleaſant to ſee."
Three Ladies of London, 1584.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has miſtaken the meaning of this paſſage. Autolycus does not yet appear in the character of a ballad-ſinger, which he aſſumed afterwards occaſionally, in order to have an opportunity of exerciſing his real profeſſion, that of thievery and picking of pockets. He means here merely to ſay that his practice was to ſteal ſheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the ſmaller pieces for the kites to build with. He ſays in the preceding ſong,

"The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge
"Doth ſet my pugging tooth on edge;"

and afterwards, that "his revenue was thievery."

MASON.

[1] *My father named me, Autolycus*, &c.] This whole ſpeech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's

drab, I purchaſed this capariſon [2]; and my revenue is the ſilly cheat [3]: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way [4]: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I ſleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Let me ſee:—Every 'leven wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd ſhilling [5]: fifteen hundred ſhorn.—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the ſpringe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aſide.*

poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from ſeveral places of his works. It is from his *diſcourſe on judicial aſtrology*, where Autolycus talks much in the ſame manner; and 'tis only on this account that he is called the ſon of Mercury by the ancients, namely, becauſe he was born under that planet. And as the infant was ſuppoſed by the aſtrologers to communicate of the nature of the ſtar which predominated, ſo Autolycus was a thief. WARBURTON.

This piece of Lucian, to which Dr. Warburton refers, was tranſlated long before the time of Shakſpeare. I have ſeen it, but it had no date. STEEVENS.

[2] *With die, and drab, I purchaſed this capariſon;*] i. e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myſelf to this ſhabby dreſs. PERCY.

[3] —*my revenue is the* ſilly cheat:] The *ſilly cheat* is one of the *technical* terms belonging to the art of *coney-catching* or *thievery*, which Greene has mentioned among the reſt, in his treatiſe on that ancient and honourable ſcience. I think it means *picking pockets*. STEEVENS.

[4] —*Gallows and knock*, &c.] The reſiſtance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the puniſhment which he ſuffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the ſilly cheat and petty theft. JOHNSON.

[5] *Every* 'leven *wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd ſhilling:*] Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that to *tod* is uſed as a verb by dealers in wool; thus, they ſay, "twenty ſheep ought to *tod* fifty pounds of wool," &c. The meaning therefore of the clown's words, is, "Every eleven wether *tods*; i. e. *will produce a tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool; every

Clown. I cannot do't without counters.*—Let me ſee; what am I to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt? *Three pound of ſugar*; *five pound of currants*; *rice*—What will this ſiſter of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty noſe-gays for the ſhearers: three-man ſong-men all[6], and very good ones; but they are moſt of them means and baſes[7]: but one puritan among them, and he ſings pſalms to horn-pipes. I muſt have *ſaffron*, to colour the warden-pies[8]; *mace*,—*dates*,—none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs, ſeven*; *a race, or two, of ginger*;—but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes, and as many raiſins o'the ſun.*

Aut. O, that ever I was born! [*groveling on the ground.*

Clown. I'the name of me[9],—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off theſe rags; and then, death, death!

Clown.

every tod yields a pound and ſome odd ſhillings; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield?"

The occupation of his father furniſhed our poet with accurate knowledge on this ſubject; for two pounds and a half of wool is, I am told, a very good produce from a ſheep at the time of ſhearing. About thirty ſhillings a tod is a high price at this day. It is ſingular, as Sir Henry Englefield remarks to me, that there ſhould be ſo little variation between the price of wool in Shakſpeare's time and the preſent.—In 1425, as I learn from Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*, a tod of wool ſold for nine ſhillings and ſix pence. MALONE.

A *tod* is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

* *I cannot do't without* counters.] This was the uſual mode by which the illiterate formerly reckoned. MALONE.

[6] —*three-man ſong-men all*,] i. e. ſingers of catches in three parts. *A ſix man ſong* occurs in the *Tournament of Tottenham*. See *The Rel. of Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 24. PERCY.

Florio renders *Berlengozzo*, by "a *drunken* ſong, a three-mens ſong." Italian Dict. 1598. MALONE.

[7] —means *and baſes*: A mean in muſick is the *tenor*. STEEVENS.

[8] —warden-*pies*;] *Wardens* are a ſpecies of large pears. The French call this pear the *poire de garde*. STEEVENS.

[9] *I'the name of me*,—] This is a vulgar invocation, which I have often heard uſed. So, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek:—"Before *me*, ſhe's a good wench." STEEVENS.

Clown. Alack, poor ſoul; thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

Aut. O, ſir, the loathſomeneſs of them offends me, more than the ſtripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, ſir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, ſweet ſir, a foot-man.

Clown. Indeed, he ſhould be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horſe-man's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O! good ſir, tenderly, oh!

Clown. Alas, poor ſoul.

Aut. O, good ſir, ſoftly, good ſir: I fear, ſir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear ſir; [*picks his pocket.*] good ſir, ſoftly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Doſt lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet ſir; no, I beſeech you, ſir: I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I ſhall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart [1].

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, ſir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames [2]: I knew him once a ſervant of the

[1] *that* kills my heart.] MALONE.

[2] —*with* trol-my-dames:] *Trou-madame*, French. WARBURTON.

In Dr. Jones's old treatiſe on *Buckſtone bathes*, he ſays: "The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, into the which to troule pummits, either wyolent

prince; I cannot tell, good ſir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cheriſh it, to make it ſtay there; and yet it will no more but abide *.

Aut. Vices I would ſay, ſir. I know this man well: he hath been ſince an ape-bearer; then a proceſs-ſerver, a bailiff; then he compaſs'd a motion of the prodigal ſon [3], and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettled only in rogue: ſome call him Autolycus.

Clown. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig [4]: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, ſir; he, ſir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, ſir, I am no fighter: I am falſe of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you know?

Aut. Sweet ſir, much better than I was; I can ſtand, and

wyolent or ſofte, after their own diſcretion: the paſtyme *troule in madame* is termed." FARMER.

The old Engliſh title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, reſemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove-houſe*. STEEVENS.

* —abide.] To *abide*, here, muſt ſignify, to *ſojourn*, to live for a time without a ſettled habitation. JOHNSON.

To *abide* is again uſed in *Macbeth*, in the ſenſe of *tarrying for a while*:

" I'll call upon you ſtraight; *abide* within."

MALONE.

[3] —motion *of the prodigal ſon*,] i. e. the *puppet-ſhew*, then called *motions*: a term frequently occurring in our author. WARBURTON.

[4] —Prig, *for my life*, prig:] To *prig* is to *filch*. MALONE.

In the canting language *Prig* is a thief or pick-pocket; and therefore in the *Beggars Buſh*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knaviſh beggar. WHALLEY.

and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my kinſman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced ſir; no, ſweet ſir.

Clown. Then fare thee well; I muſt go buy ſpices for our ſheep-ſhearing.

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet ſir!—[*Exit* Clown.] Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your ſpice. I'll be with you at your ſheep-ſhearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the ſhearers prove ſheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue[5]!

Jog on, jog on,† the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the ſtile-a[6]*:*
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a.* [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. Theſe your unuſual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no ſhepherdeſs; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your ſheep-ſhearing

[5] —*let me be unroll'd, and my name put in the book of virtue!*] Begging gypſies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had ſomething of the ſhew of an incorporated body. From this noble ſociety he wiſhes he may be unrolled, if he does not ſo and ſo. WARBURTON.

† Theſe lines are part of a catch printed in *An Antidote againſt Melancholy, made up in pills compounded of witty ballads, jovial ſongs, and merry catches*, 1661, 4to. p. 69. REED.

[6] *And merrily* hent *the ſtile-a:*] To *hent* the ſtile, is to take hold of it. STEEVENS.

* —tires—] is uſed here as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

er. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me[7];
O, pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o'the land[8], you have obſcur'd
With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up[9]: But that our feaſts
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it[1] with a cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attired; ſworn, I think,
To ſhew myſelf a glaſs[2].

Flo.

[7] —*your extremes,*] That is, your *exceſſes*, the *extravagance* of your praiſes. JOHNSON.

By his *extremes* Perdita does not mean his *extravagant praiſes*, but the extravagance of his conduct in obſcuring himſelf, in "a ſwain's wearing," while he "pranked her up moſt goddeſs-like." The following words, *O, pardon, that I name them*, prove this to be her meaning. MASON.

[8] —*The gracious* mark *o'the land,*] The *object* of all men's *notice* and expectation. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"He was the *mark* and glaſs, copy and book,
"That faſhion'd others." MALONE.

[9] —prank'd *up*:] To *prank* is to dreſs with oſtentation. STEEVENS.

[1] *Digeſt* it—] The word *it* was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] ———*ſworn, I think,*
To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.] i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a ſhepherd, you had ſworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glaſs, you ſhew me how much below yourſelf you muſt deſcend before you can get upon a level with me. WARBURTON.

I think ſhe means only to ſay, that the prince, by the *ruſtick* habit that he wears, ſeems as if he had ſworn to ſhew her a glaſs, in which ſhe might behold how ſhe *ought* to be attired, inſtead of being "moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up." The paſſage quoted above, from *King Henry IV.* P. II. confirms this interpretation. In *Love's Labour's Loſt*, a foreſter having given the princeſs a true repreſentation of herſelf, ſhe addreſſes him,—"Here, good my *glaſs*."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"———I, your *glaſs*,
"Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf,
"That of yourſelf," &c.

Again,

Flo. I bleſs the time,
When my good falcon made her flight acroſs
Thy father's ground [3].

Per. Now Jove afford you cauſe!
To me, the difference forges dread [4]; your greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vilely bound up [5]? What would he ſay? Or how
Should I, in theſe my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The ſternneſs of his preſence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themſelves,

Humbling

Again, more appoſitely in *Hamlet*:

" ———he was indeed the *glaſs*,
" Wherein the noble youth did *dreſs* themſelves."

Florizel is here Perdita's glaſs. Sir T. Hanmer reads *ſwoon*, inſtead of *ſworn*. There is in my opinion no need of change; and the words " to *ſhew* myſelf" appear to me inconſiſtent with that reading.

Sir Thomas Hanmer probably thought the ſimilitude of the words *ſworn* and *ſwoon* favourable to his emendation; but he forgot that *ſwoon* in the old copies of theſe plays is always written *ſound* or *ſwound*. MALONE.

[3] *When my good* falcon *made her flight acroſs*
Thy father's ground.] This circumſtance is likewiſe taken from the novel: " —And as they returned, it fortuned that Doraſtus (who all that day had been *hawking*, and killed ſtore of game,) incountered by the way theſe two maides." MALONE.

[4] *To me, the* difference *forges dread*;] Meaning the difference between his rank and hers. So, in *the Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth,
" But either it was *different* in blood—." MASON.

[5] *—his work, ſo noble,*
Vilely bound up?] It is impoſſible for any man to rid his mind of his profeſſion. The authorſhip of Shakſpeare has ſupplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would loſe it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind paſſed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor. JOHNSON.

Humbling their deities to love[6], have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way ſo chaſte:* ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honour; nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, ſir[7],

Your

This alluſion occurs more than once in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" This precious *book of love*, this *unbound lover*,
" To beautify him only lacks a *cover*."

Again:

" That book in many eyes doth ſhare the glory,
" That in *gold claſps* locks in the golden ſtory."

STEEVENS.

6 ——*The gods themſelves*,
Humbling their deities to love;] This is taken almoſt literally from the novel: " The gods above diſdaine not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne; Jupiter Io; and why not I then Fawnia? One ſomething inferior to theſe in birth, but far ſuperior to them in beauty; born to be a ſhepherdeſſe, but worthy to be a goddeſſe." Again: " And yet, Doraſtus, ſhame not thy ſhepherd's weed.—The heavenly gods have ſometime earthly thought; Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo, a ſhepherd: they gods, and yet in love;—thou a man, appointed to love."

MALONE.

* *Nor in a way ſo chaſte*:] It muſt be remembered that the transformations of Gods were generally for illicit amours; and conſequently were not " in a way ſo chaſte" as that of Florizel, whoſe object was to marry Perdita. A. C.

7 *O but, ſir*,] The editor of the ſecond folio reads—O but, *dear* ſir, to complete the metre. But the addition is unneceſſary; *burn* in the preceding hemiſtich being uſed as a diſſyllable. Perdita in a former part of this ſcene addreſſes Florizel in the ſame reſpectful manner as here: " *Sir*, my precious lord," &c. I formerly, not adverting to what has been now ſtated, propoſed to take the word *your* from the ſubſequent line; but no change is neceſſary. MALONE.

Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by the power o'the king:
One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeak; that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deareſt Perdita,
With theſe forc'd thoughts[8], I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feaſt: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am moſt conſtant,
Though deſtiny ſay, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are coming:
Liſt up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auſpicious!

Enter Shepherd, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, *diſguiſed*; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and Others.*

Flo. See, your gueſts approach:
Addreſs yourſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and ſervant: welcom'd all; ſerv'd all:
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his ſhoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing, ſhe took to quench it,
She would to each one ſip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting: Pray you, bid

These

[8] *With theſe* forc'd *thoughts*,] That is, thoughts far fetched, and not ariſing from the preſent objects.

MASON.

Theſe unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes; and preſent yourſelf
That which you are, miſtreſs o'the feaſt[9]: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.

Per. Sir, welcome! [*to* Pol.
It is my father's will, I ſhould take on me
The hoſteſsſhip o'the day:—You're welcome, ſir!
[*to* Cam.
Give me thoſe flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend ſirs,
For you there's roſemary, and rue; theſe keep
Seeming, and ſavour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both[1],
And welcome to our ſhearing!

Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the faireſt flowers o'the ſeaſon
Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gilly-flowers,
Which ſome call, nature's baſtards: of that kind
Our ruſtick garden's barren; and I care not
To get ſlips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per.

[9] *That which you are,* miſtreſs o'the feaſt:] From the novel: "It happened not long after this, that there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters of Sicilia, whither Fawnia was alſo bidden as *miſtreſs of the feaſt.*"
MALONE.

[1] *Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,*] *Rue* was called *herb of grace. Roſemary* was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unleſs becauſe it was carried at funerals.
JOHNSON.

Roſemary was anciently ſuppoſed to ſtrengthen the memory, and is preſcribed for that purpoſe in the books of ancient phyſick. STEEVENS.

Ophelia diſtributes the ſame plants, and accompanies them with the ſame documents: "There's *roſemary*, that's for *remembrance*.—There's *rue* for you; we may call it herb of *grace*."—The qualities of retaining *ſeeming* and *ſavour*, appear

Per. For I have heard it ſaid,
There is an art, which, in their piedneſs, ſhares
With great creating nature[2].

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: ſo, o'er that art,
Which, you ſay, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentler cyon to the wildeſt ſtock;
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itſelf is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers[3],
And

pear to be the reaſon why theſe plants were conſidered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance*. HENLEY.

[2] *There is an art*, &c.] This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of ſome of the old books that treat of cookery, &c. but being utterly impracticable is not worth exemplification. STEEVENS.

[3] —*in* gilly-flowers,] There is ſome further conceit relative to *gilly-flowers* than has yet been diſcovered. In a *Woman never vex'd*, 1632, is the following paſſage: A lover is behaving with freedom to his miſtreſs as they are going into a garden, and after ſhe has alluded to the quality of many herbs, he adds: "You have fair roſes, have you not?" "Yes, ſir, (ſays ſhe) but no *gilly flowers*." Meaning perhaps that we ſhould not be treated like a *gill-flirt*, i. e. a wanton, a word often met with in the old plays, but written *flirt-gill* in *Romeo and Juliet*. I ſuppoſe *gill-flirt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gilliflower* or carnation, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phraſe, to *run* from its colours, and change as often as a wanton woman.

Prior, in his *Solomon*, has taken notice of the ſame variability in this ſpecies of flowers:

"————the fond carnation loves to ſhoot
"Two various colours from one parent root."

In Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, ſome ſorts of *gilliflowers* are called *ſmall honeſties*, *cuckoo gilloflers*, &c. And in *A. W's Commendation of Gaſcoigne and his Poſies*, is the following remark on this ſpecies of flower:

"Some

And do not call them baſtards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble[4] in earth to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay, 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, ſavory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the ſun,
And with him riſes weeping: theſe are flowers
Of middle ſummer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my faireſt friend,
I would, I had ſome flowers o'the ſpring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proſerpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted, thou let'ſt fall
From Dis's waggon[5]! daffodils,
That come before the ſwallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But ſweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes[6],

Or

"Some thinke that *gilliflowers do yield a gelous ſmell.*" See Gaſcoigne's Works, 1578. STEEVENS.

The following line in *The Paradiſe of Daintie Deviſes*, 1578, may add ſome ſupport to the firſt part of Mr. Steevens's note:

"Some jolly youth the *gilly-flower* eſteemeth for his joy." MALONE.

4 —*dibble*—] An inſtrument uſed by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in *Minſheu*. STEEVENS.

5 ——*O Proſerpina,*
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall
From Dis's waggon!—] So, *Ovid*:
"——*ut ſumma veſtem laxavit ab ora,*
"*Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remiſſis.*" STEEVENS.

6 —— ——*violets dim,*
But ſweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,] I ſuſpect that our

Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroſes,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his ſtrength,* a malady
Moſt incident to maids; bold oxlips[7], and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one! O, theſe I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my ſweet friend,
To ſtrow him o'er and o'er.

Flor. What? like a corſe?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corſe: or if,—not to be buried,

But

our author miſtakes Juno for Pallas, who was the *goddeſs of blue eyes*. Sweeter than an *eye-lid* is an odd image: but perhaps he uſes *ſweet* in the general ſenſe, for *delightful*.

JOHNSON.

It was formerly the faſhion to kiſs the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary tenderneſs. I have ſomewhere met with an account of the firſt reception one of our kings gave to his new queen, where he is ſaid to have *kiſſed her fayre eyes*. The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as thoſe of Pallas.

— βοωπις ποτνια Ηρη. *Homer.* STEEVENS.

So, in Marſton's *Infatiate Counteſs*, 1613.

" ——That *eye* was *Juno's*,
" Thoſe lips were hers that won the golden ball,
" That virgin bluſh Diana's."

Spenſer, as well as our author, has attributed beauty to the *eye-lid*:

" Upon her eye-*lids* many graces ſate,
" Under the ſhadow of her even brows."

Faery Queen, B. II. c. iii. ſt. 25.

Again, in his 40th *Sonnet*:

" When on each *eye-lid* ſweetly do appear
" An hundred graces, as in ſhade they ſit."

MALONE.

* ——*pale* primroſes,
That die unmarried, *ere they can behold*
Bright Phœbus in his ſtrength,] So Milton, in his Lycidas, 4to. 1638:

" And the rathe *primroſe, that unwedded dies.*"

The reaſon why the primroſe is ſaid to die unmarried, is, according to Mr. Warton, " becauſe it grows in the ſhade, uncheriſhed or unſeen by the ſun, who was ſuppoſed to be in love with ſome ſort of flowers." Warton's MILT. p. 25.

MALONE.

[7] —*bold* oxlips,] The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible ſtalk like the *cowſlip*, but erects itſelf *boldly* in the face of the ſun. Wallis, in his *Hiſt. of Northumberland*, ſays, that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high. STEEVENS.

But quick, and in mine arms[8]. Come, take your flow-
ers:
Methinks, I play as I have ſeen them do
In Whitſun' paſtorals: ſure, this robe of mine
Does change my diſpoſition.
Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, ſweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
Pray ſo; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To ſing them too: When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o'the ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo, and own
No other function: Each your doing[9],
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are queens.
Per. O Doricles,
Your praiſes are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through it[1],
Do

[8] —— *not to be buried,*
But quick, and in mine arms.] So, Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1513:
" *Iſab.* Heigh ho, you'll *bury me*, I ſee.
" *Rob.* In the ſwan's down, and *tomb thee in my arms.*"
Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*; 1609:
" ——O come, be *buried*
" A ſecond time *within theſe arms.*" MALONE.

[9] —*Each your doing*, &c.] That is, your manner in each act crowns the act. JOHNSON.

[1] —*but that your youth,*
And the true blood *which* peeps *fairly through it,*] So, Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*:
" Through whoſe white ſkin, ſofter than ſoundeſt ſleep,
" With damaſke eyes *the* ruby-*blood doth peep.*"
The part of this poem that was written by Marlowe, was publiſhed, I believe, in 1593, but certainly before 1598, a Second Part or Continuation of it by H. Petowe having been printed in that year. It was entered at Stationers' Hall in September 1593, and is often quoted in a Collection of verſes entitled *England's Parnaſſus*, printed in 1600. From that collection it appears, that Marlowe wrote only the firſt two Seſtiads, and about a hundred lines of the third, and that the remainder was written by Chapman. MALONE.

Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the falſe way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little ſkill to fear[2], as I have purpoſe
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettieſt low-born laſs, that ever
Ran on the green-ſward: nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her ſomething,
That makes her blood look out[3]: Good ſooth, ſhe is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clown. Come on, ſtrike up.

Dor. Mopſa muſt be your miſtreſs: marry, garlick,
To mend her kiſſing with.—

Map. Now, in good time!

Clown. Not a word, a word; we ſtand upon our manners[4].—
Come, ſtrike up. [*Muſick.*

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what
Fair ſwain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boaſts himſelf[5]

To

[2] *I think, you have*
As little ſkill *to fear*,—] You as little *know* how to fear that I am falſe, as, &c. MALONE.

He tells her ſomething,
That makes her blood look out:] That makes her bluſh.
THEOBALD.
The old copy has *on't*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.
MALONE.

[4] —*we ſtand*, &c.] That is, we are now on our behaviour.
JOHNSON.

[5] —and *he boaſts himſelf*] The old copy reads—*and* boaſts himſelf; which cannot, I think, be right. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*'a* boaſts himſelf. MALONE.

To have a worthy feeding[6]: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like ſooth[7]: He ſays, he loves my daughter;
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiſs to chooſe,
Who loves another beſt.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So ſhe does any thing; though I report it,
That ſhould be ſilent: if your Doricles
Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O maſter, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bag-pipe could not move you: he ſings ſeveral tunes, faſter than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better: he ſhall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily ſet down[8], or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath ſongs, for man, or woman, of all ſizes;

[6] —*a worthy* feeding:] I conceive *feeding* to be a *paſture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a tract of paſturage not inconſiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is juſt. So, in Drayton's *Moon-calf*:

" Finding the *feeding* for which he had toil'd
" To have kept ſafe, by theſe vile cattle ſpoil'd."
STEEVENS.

Worthy ſignifies *valuable*, *ſubſtantial*. So Antonio ſays in *Twelfth Night*:

" But were my *worth* as is my conſcience firm,
" You ſhould find better dealing." MALONE.

[7] *He looks like* ſooth:] *Sooth* is truth. Obſolete. STEEVENS.

[8] —doleful *matter* merrily *ſet down*,—] This ſeems to be another ſtroke aimed at the title page of Preſton's *Cambiſes*, " A *lamentable* Tragedy, mixed full of pleaſant *mirth*, &c." STEEVENS.

ſizes; no milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with gloves[9]: he has the prettieſt love-ſongs for maids; ſo without baudry, which is ſtrange; with ſuch delicate burdens of *dildos*[1], and *fadings*[2]: *jump her and thump her*; and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd raſcal would, as it were, mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to anſwer, *Whoop do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*[3].

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares[4]?

Ser.

[9] —*no milliner can ſo fit* his *cuſtomers with gloves*:] In the time of our author, and long afterwards, the trade of a milliner was carried on by men. MALONE.

[1] —*of* dildos,—] "With a hie *dildo* dill" is the burthen of *the Batchelor's Feaſt*, an ancient ballad, and is likewiſe called the tune of it. STEEVENS.

See alſo *Choice Drollery*, 1656, p. 31:

"A ſtory ſtrange I will you tell,
"But not ſo ſtrange as true,
"Of a woman that danc'd upon the rope,
"And ſo did her huſband too:
"With a *dildo, dildo, dildo,*
"With a *dildo, dildo, dee.*"

MALONE.

[2] —*fadings*:] An Iriſh dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonſon, in *The Iriſh Maſque at Court*, Vol. V. p. 421, 2:

"———and daunſh a *fading* at te wedding."

TYRWHITT.

Again, in *The Knight of the burning Peſtle*, 1613: "I will have him dance *fading*. *Fading* is a fine jig, I'll aſſure you, gentlemen."

It is likewiſe the burthen of a clown's ſong in *Sportive Wit*, p. 58; of which the following is the firſt ſtanza:

"The courtier ſcorns us country clowns,
"We country clowns do ſcorn the court,
"We can be as merry upon the downs,
"As you at midnight with all your ſport;
"With a *fading*, with a *fading*." MALONE.

[3] —*Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*] This was the name of an old ſong. In the famous hiſtory of *Fryar Bacon* we have a ballad *to the tune of* "*Oh! do me no harme good man.*" FARMER.

[4] —*unbraided wares?*] I believe by *unbraided wares*, the Clown means, has he any thing beſide *laces*, which are *braided*,

Ser. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle[5], though they come to him by the groſs; inkles, caddiſſes[6], cambricks, lawns: why, he ſings them over, as they were gods or goddeſſes: you would think, a ſmock were a ſhe-angel; he ſo chants to the ſleeve-hand[7], and the work about the ſquare on't.

Clown.

ed, and are the principal commodity ſold by ballad-ſinging pedlars. Yes, replies the ſervant, *he has ribbons*, &c. which are things *not braided*, but *woven*. The drift of the Clown's queſtion, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly ſold by ſuch vagrants; any thing worthy to be preſented to his miſtreſs: or, as probably, by enquiring for ſomething which pedlars uſually have not, to eſcape laying out his money at all. The following paſſage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, however, leads me to ſuppoſe that there is here ſome alluſion which I cannot explain: "She ſays that you ſent ware which is not warrantable, *braided* ware, and that you give not London meaſure." STEEVENS.

The clown is perhaps inquiring not for ſomething better than common, but for ſmooth and plain goods. Has he any plain wares, not twiſted into braid? Mr. Maſon is likewiſe of this opinion. Ribands, cambricks, and lawns, all anſwer to this deſcription. MALONE.

[5] —points, *more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle*,] The *points* that afford Autolycus a ſubject for this quibble, were laces with metal tags to them. *Aiguilettes*, Fr. MALONE.

[6] *Caddiſſes*,] *Caddis* is, I believe, a narrow worſted galloon. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow ſlight ſerge of this name now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape alſo. MALONE.

[7] —*ſleeve*-hand,—] In Cotgrave's Dict. "*Poignet de la chemiſe*" is Engliſhed "the wriſt-band, or gathering at the *ſleeve-hand* of a ſhirt." Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. IV. p. 293, king James's "ſhurt was broded with thred of gold;" and in p. 341, the word *ſleeve-hand* occurs, and ſeems to ſignify the cuffs of a ſurcoat, as here it may mean the cuffs of a ſmock. I conceive, that the *work about the ſquare on't*, ſignifies the work or embroidery about the boſom part of a ſhift, which might then have been of a ſquare form, or might have a ſquare tucker, as Anne Bolen and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illuſtrious perſons. So, in Fairfax's tranſlation of *Taſſo*, b. xii. ſt. 64:

"Between

Clown. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him, that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in his tunes.

Clown. You have of theſe pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, ſiſter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *ſinging.*

Lawn, as white as driven ſnow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as ſweet as damaſk roſes;
Maſks for faces, and for noſes;
Bugle bracelet, neck-lace amber[8],
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-ſticks of ſteel[9],

What

" Between her breaſts the cruel weapon rives
" Her curious *ſquare*, emboſs'd with ſwelling gold."
TOLLET.

The following paſſage in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577, may likewiſe tend to the ſupport of the ancient reading—ſleeve-*hand*. In a poem called *The Paynting of a Curtizan*, he ſays:
" Their ſmockes are all bewrought about their necke and *hande*." STEEVENS.

The word *ſleeve-hand* is likewiſe uſed by P. Holland, in his Tranſlation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 19: "—in his apparel he was noted for ſingularity, as who uſed to goe in his ſenatour's purple ſtudded robe, trimmed with a jagge or frindge at the *ſleeve-hand*." MALONE.

[8] —*necklace-amber*,] Mr. Warton juſtly obſerves, (Milton's POEMS, octavo, p. 238,) that there ſhould be only a comma after *amber*. " Autolycus is puffing his female wares, and ſays that he has got among his other rare articles for ladies, ſome *necklace-amber*, an amber of which necklaces are made, commonly called *bead-amber*, fit to perfume a lady's chamber. So, in *the Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. ſc. iii. Petruchio mentions *amber-bracelets*, beads, &c. MALONE.

[9] —poking-ſticks of *ſteel*,] Theſe *poking-ſticks* were heated in the fire, and made uſe of to adjuſt the plaits of ruffs. So, in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602: " Your ruff muſt ſtand in print, and for that purpoſe get *poking ſticks* with fair long handles, leſt they ſcorch your hands."

What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or elſe your laſſes cry:
Come, buy, &c.

Clown. If I were not in love with Mopſa, thou ſhould'ſt take no money of me: but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promiſed them againſt the feaſt; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promiſed you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promiſed you: may be, he has paid you more; which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they ſhould bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole[1], to whiſtle off theſe ſecrets; but you muſt be tittle-tattling before all our gueſts? 'Tis well they are whiſpering: Clamour your tongues[2], and not a word more.

Mop.

hands." Stowe informs us, that "about the ſixteenth yeere of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of ſteele *poking-ſtickes*, and untill that time all lawndreſſes uſed ſetting ſtickes made of wood or bone." STEEVENS.

[1] —kiln-*hole*,] The mouth of the oven. The word is ſpelt in the old copy *kill*-hole, and I ſhould have ſuppoſed it an intentional blunder, but that Mrs. Ford in *the Merry Wives of Windſor* deſires Falſtaff to "creep into the *kiln-hole*;" and there the ſame falſe ſpelling is found. Mrs. Ford was certainly not intended for a blunderer. MALONE.

[2] Clamour *your tongues*,] The phraſe is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to ceaſe them, the repetition of the ſtrokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. WARBURTON.

Perhaps the meaning is, *Give one grand peal, and then have done.* "A good *Clam*" (as I learn from Mr. Nichols) in ſome villages is uſed in this ſenſe, ſignifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. I ſuſpect that Dr. Warburton's aſſertion is a mere *gratis dictum*.

In a note on *Othello*, Dr. Johnſon ſays, that "to *clam* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and

Mop. I have done. Come, you promiſed me a tawdry lace[3], and a pair of ſweet gloves[4].

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, ſir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

and hinders the ſound." If this be ſo, it affords an eaſy interpretation of the paſſage before us.

To *clamour* is uſed by Bacon as a verb active, but in a ſenſe that will not ſuit this paſſage:—" let them not come in multitudes or in a tribunitious manner, for that is, to *clamour* councils, not to inform them." *Eſſays*, 4to. 1625. MALONE.

[3] —*you promiſed me a* tawdry lace,] *Tawdry lace* is thus deſcribed in *Skinner*, by his friend Dr. Henſhawe: " *Tawdrie lace*, aſtrigmenta, timbriæ, ſeu faſciolæ, emtæ, Nundinis Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis: Ut recte monet Doc. Thomas Henſhawe." Etymol. in *voce*. We find it in Spenſer's *Paſtorals*, Aprill:

" And gird in your waſt,
" For more fineneſſe, with a *tawdrie lace*."

T. WARTON.

It may be worth while to obſerve that theſe *tawdry laces* were not the ſtrings with which the ladies faſten their ſtays, but were worn about their heads, and their waiſts. So, in *The Four P's*, 1569:

" Brooches and rings, and all manner of beads,
" *Laces round and flat for women's heads*."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong the ſecond:

" Of which the Naides and the blew Nereides make
" Them *tawdries* for their necks."

In a marginal note it is obſerved that *tawdries* are a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches. STEEVENS.

[4] —*and a pair of ſweet gloves.*] Perfumed gloves are frequently mentioned by Shakſpeare, and were very faſhionable in the age of Elizabeth and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the ſong juſt preceding this paſſage, offers to ſale

" *Gloves as ſweet as damaſk roſes*."

Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the Engliſh could not " make any coſtly waſh or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queen [Elizabeth,] the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, ſweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleaſant thinges: and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roſes, of cullered ſilke. The queene took ſuch pleaſure in thoſe gloves, that ſhee was pictured with thoſe gloves upon her hands: and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume*." *Stowe's Annals* by Howes, edit. 1614, p. 868, col. 2. T. WARTON.

Clown. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, ſir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What haſt here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy ſome: I love a ballad in print, a'-life[5]; for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a uſurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money-bags at a burden; and how ſhe long'd to eat adder's heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marrying a uſurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one miſtreſs Taleporter; and five or ſix honeſt wives that were preſent: Why ſhould I carry lies abroad[6]?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by: And let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fiſh[7], that appear'd upon

[5] *I love a ballad in print, a'-life:*] Theobald reads, as it has been hitherto printed,—*or* a life. The text, however, is right; only it ſhould be printed thus:—a'life: So, it is in B. Jonſon:

" ——————thou *lov'ſt* a'-life
" Their perfum'd judgment."

This is the abreviation, I ſuppoſe, of—*at life*; as *a'work* is, of *at work*. TYRWHITT.

The reſtoration is certainly proper. So, in the *Iſle of Gulls*, 1606: " Now in good deed I love them, *a'*-life too" *A life* is the reading of the only ancient copy of *the Winters Tale*, fol. 1623. STEEVENS.

[6] *Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?*] Perhaps Shakſpeare remembered the following lines, which are found in Golding's Tranſlation of Ovid, 1587, in the ſame page in which he read the ſtory of Baucis and Philemon, to which he has alluded in *Much ado about Nothing*. They conclude the tale:

" Theſe things did ancient men report of credite very good,
" *For why, there was no cauſe that they ſhould lie.*
As I there ſtood, &c. MALONE.

[7] *—a ballad, Of a fiſh,—*] Perhaps in latter times proſe has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meaneſt departments; for all dying ſpeeches, confeſſions, narratives of murders, executions, &c. ſeem anciently to have been written in verſe. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry

upon the coaſt, on Wedneſday the fourſcore of April, forty thouſand fathom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, ſhe was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh[8] with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five juſtices' hands at it; and witneſſes, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a paſſing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man:* there's ſcarce a maid weſtward, but ſhe ſings it; 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

a merry or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occaſionally beſtowed on theſe compoſitions) was immediately entered on the books of the company of Stationers. Thus, in a ſubſequent ſcene of this play: "Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that *ballad makers* cannot be able to expreſs it." STEEVENS.

—*Of a* fiſh *that appeared upon the coaſt,—it was thought ſhe was a* woman,] In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, "A ſtrange reporte of a monſtrous *fiſh* that appeared in the form of a *woman*, from her waiſt upward, ſeene in the ſea." To this it is highly probable that Shakſpeare alludes.

In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, which contains a regiſter of all the ſhews of London from 1623 to 1642, I find "a licence to Francis Sherret, to ſhew a *ſtrange fiſh* for a yeare, from the 10th of Marche, 1635." In that age as at preſent not only beaſts and fiſhes, but human creatures, were exhibited, and the defects of nature turned to profit; for in a ſubſequent year the following extraordinary entry occurs, which aſcertains a fact that has been doubted:

"A licence for ſix months granted to Lazaras, an Italian, to ſhew his brother Baptiſta, that grows out of his navell, and carryes him at his ſyde. In confirmation of his Majeſty's warrant, granted unto him to make publique ſhewe. Dated the 4. Novemb. 1637." MALONE.

[8] —for *ſhe would not exchange fleſh*—] *For* has here the ſignification of *becauſe*. So, in *Othello*: "Haply, *for* I am black." MALONE.

Aut. I can bear my part; you muſt know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. *Get you hence, for I muſt go;*
Where, it fits not you to know.
D. *Whither?* M. *O, whither?* D. *Whither?*
M. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell:
D *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'ſt to the grange, or mill:*
D. *If to either, thou doſt ill.*
A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither?* A. *Neither.*
D. *Thou haſt ſworn my love to be;*
M. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then, whither go'ſt? ſay, whither?

Clown. We'll have this ſong out anon by ourſelves: My father and the gentlemen are in ſad[9] talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both;—Pedler, let's have the firſt choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you ſhall pay well for 'em. [*Aſide.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any ſilk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a[1].

[*Exeunt* Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, *and* MOPSA.
Enter

[9] —*ſad*—] For *ſerious.* JOHNSON.

[1] *That doth* utter *all men's ware-a.*] To *utter.* To *bring out*, or *produce.* JOHNSON.

To *utter* is a legal phraſe often made uſe of in law proceedings and acts of parliament, and ſignifies, to vend by retail. From many inſtances I ſhall ſelect the firſt which occurs. Stat. 21. Jac. I. c. 3, declares that the proviſions therein contained ſhall not prejudice certain letters patent or commiſſion granted to a corporation "concerning the licenſing of the keeping

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Maſter, there is three carters, three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, three ſwine-herds, that have made themſelves all men of hair[2]; they call themſelves, ſaltiers[3]: and they have a dance which the wenches ſay is a gallimaufry of gambols, becauſe they are not in't; but they themſelves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling[4],) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, ſir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe that refreſh us: Pray, let's ſee theſe four threes of herdſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, ſir, hath

S 3

keeping of any tavern or taverns, or ſelling, *uttering*, or retailing of wines to be drunk or ſpent in the manſion-houſe of the party ſo ſelling or *uttering* the ſame." REED.

See Minſheu's DICT. 1617: "An *utterance*, or ſale." MALONE.

[2] —*all men of hair*;] *Men of hair*, are *hairy men*, or *ſatyrs*. A dance of ſatyrs was no unuſual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great feſtival celebrated in France, the king and ſome of the nobles perſonated ſatyrs dreſſed in cloſe habits, tufted or ſhagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and ſet fire to his ſatyr's garb, the flame ran inſtantly over the looſe tufts, and ſpread itſelf to the dreſs of thoſe that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly ſcorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguiſh them. The king had ſet himſelf in the lap of the dutcheſs of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and ſaved him. JOHNSON.

[3] —*they call themſelves* ſaltiers:] He means *Satyrs*. Their dreſs was perhaps made of goat's ſkin. Cervantes mentions in the preface to his plays that in the time of an early Spaniſh writer, Lopè de Rueda, "all the furniture and utenſils of the actors conſiſted of four ſhepherds' jerkins, made of the ſkins of ſheep with the wool on, and adorned with gilt leather trimming: four beards and periwigs, and four paſtoral crooks;—little more or leſs." Probably a ſimilar ſhepherd's jerkin was uſed in our author's theatre. MALONE.

[4] —bowling,)—] *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of ſmooth motion without great exertion of agility. JOHNSON.

The alluſion is not to a ſmooth dance, but to the ſmoothneſs of a bowling green. MASON.

hath danced before the king; and not the worſt of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the ſquire[5].

Shep. Leave your prating; ſince theſe good men are pleaſed, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they ſtay at door, ſir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, *with twelve ruſticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter[6]. Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.— He's ſimple, and tells much. [*Aſide.*]—How now, fair ſhepherd?
Your heart is full of ſomething, that does take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd
The pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty: you were ſtraited
For a reply, at leaſt, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old ſir, I know,
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are:
The gifts, ſhe looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient ſir, who, it ſhould ſeem[7],
Hath ſometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd ſnow[8],
That's bolted by the northern blaſts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—

How

5 —*by the* ſquire.] i. e. by the foot-rule: *Eſquierre*, Fr. MALONE.

6 *O, father*, &c.] This is an anſwer to ſomething which the Shepherd is ſuppoſed to have ſaid to Polixenes during the dance. MASON.

7 —who, *it ſhould ſeem*,] Old Copy—*whom*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

8 —*or the fann'd ſnow*,] So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" That pure congealed white, high Taurus' *ſnow*,
" *Fann'd* by the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow,
" When thou hold'ſt up thy hand." STEEVENS.

How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But, to your proteſtation; let me hear
What you profeſs.
Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch,
Thereof moſt worthy; were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This ſhews a ſound affection.
Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—
And, friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that muſt be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.
Shep. Come, your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, ſwain, a while, 'beſeech you;
Have you a father?
Flo. I have: But what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor ſhall.
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid

With age, and altering rheums? Can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate[9]?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?

Flo. No, good ſir?
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reaſon, my ſon,
Should chooſe himſelf a wife; but as good reaſon,
The father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for ſome other reaſons, my grave ſir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He ſhall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he muſt not.

Shep. Let him, my ſon; he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not:
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young ſir, [*diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call; thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a ſcepter's heir,
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am ſorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force[1], muſt know
The royal fool thou cop'ſt with;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol.

[9] —*diſpute his own eſtate?*] Does not this allude to the next heir ſuing for the eſtate in caſes of imbecility, lunacy, &c. CHAMIER.

Theſe words, I believe, only mean,—Can he maintain his right to his own property? MALONE.

[1] —*who, of force,*] Old Copy—*whom.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy ſtate.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou doſt but ſigh,
That thou no more ſhalt never ſee this knack, (as never
I mean thou ſhalt,) we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than[2] Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdſman; yea, him too,
That makes himſelf, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
Theſe rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body[3] more with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it.

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard[4]: for once, or twice,
I was about to ſpeak; and tell him plainly,
The ſelf-ſame ſun, that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike[5].—Wilt pleaſe you, ſir, be gone?
[*to* Florizel.
I told

[2] Far *than*—] I think for *far than* we ſhould read *far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin even ſo far off as Deucalion, the common anceſtor of all. JOHNSON.

The old reading *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true one. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. See the *Gloſſaries* to Robt. of Gloceſter and Robt. of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was ſoftened into *ferre*.

"But er I bere thee moche *ferre*." *H. of Fa. B.* 2. v. 92.

"Thus was it depeinted, I can ſay no *ferre*." *Knights Tale*, 2062. TYRWHITT.

[3] *Or* hoop *his body*—] The old copy has—*hope*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[4] *I was not much afeard*, &c. The character is here finely ſuſtained. To have made her quite aſtoniſhed at the king's diſcovery of himſelf, had not become her birth; and to have given her preſence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education. WARBURTON.

[5] *I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,*
The ſelf-ſame ſun, *that ſhines upon his* court,
Hides

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beſeech you,
Of your own ſtate take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou dieſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, ſir,
[*to* Florizel.
You have undone a man of fourſcore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie cloſe by his honeſt bones: but now
Some hangman muſt put on my ſhroud, and lay me
Where no prieſt ſhovels in duſt.[6]—O curſed wretch!
[*to* Perdita.
That knew'ſt this was the prince, and would'ſt adventure
To

Hides not his viſage from our cottage, *but*
Looks on alike.] So, in NOSCE TEIPSUM, a poem by Sir John Davies, 1599:

" Thou, like the *ſunne*, doſt, with indifferent ray,
" Into the *palace* and the *cottage* ſhine."

Again, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597:

" The ſunne on rich and poor alike doth ſhine."

I am now convinced that my ſuſpicion was ill founded, and that there is no omiſſion in the text. It is ſupported by a paſſage in *K. Henry VIII.*

" ———No, my lord,
" You know no more than others, but you blame
" Things that are known *alike*."

i. e. that are known alike *by all.*

To *look upon*, without any ſubſtantive annexed, is a mode of expreſſion, which, though now unuſual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" He is my prize; I will not *look upon*."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

" Why ſtand we here—
" And *look upon*, as if the tragedy
" Were play'd in jeſt by counterfeited actors."

MALONE.

Looks on alike is ſenſe; but I ſuſpect that a word was omitted at the preſs, and that the poet wrote, either—Looks on *both* alike, or, Looks on *all* alike. MALONE.

[6] Where no *prieſt ſhovels in duſt.*] This part of the *prieſt's* office might be remembered in Shakſpeare's time: it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. FARMER.

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper[7]: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature crush the sides o'the earth together,
And mar the seeds within[8]!—Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy[9]: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,

Not

[7] *You know* your *father's temper*:] The old copy reads—— *my* father's. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

[8] *And mar the seeds within*!] So, in *Macbeth*:
"And nature's *germins* tumble all together."
STEEVENS.

[9] —*and by my* fancy:] It must be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*. JOHNSON.

Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To ſee him any more,) caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion; Let myſelf, and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver,—I am put to ſea
With her, whom here [1] I cannot hold on ſhore;
And, moſt opportune to our need [2], I have
A veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.— [*takes her aſide.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*to* Camillo.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Reſolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to ſerve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchaſe the ſight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſs, that
I leave out ceremony. [*going.*

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor ſervices, i'the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: it is my father's muſick,
To ſpeak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,

If

[1] —whom *here*—] Old Copy—*who*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] *And, moſt opportune to* our *need*,] The old copy has—*her* need. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

If you may pleaſe to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and ſettled project
May ſuffer alteration,) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your highneſs; where you may
Enjoy your miſtreſs; (from the whom, I ſee,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,)
Your diſcontenting father ſtrive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking[3].

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almoſt a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And, after that, truſt to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do[4]; ſo we profeſs

Ourſelves

[3] *And (with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,)*
Your diſcontenting father ſtrive to qualify,
And bring him to liking,] And where you may, by letters, intreaties, &c. endeavour to ſoften your incenſed father, and reconcile him to the match; to effect which, my beſt ſervices ſhall not be wanting during your abſence. Mr. Pope, without either authority or neceſſity, reads—*I'll* ſtrive to qualify;—which has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors.

Diſcontenting is in our author's language the ſame as *diſcont nted*. MALONE.

[4] *But as the unthought-on accident is* guilty
To *what we wildly do*;] Guilty *to*, though it ſounds harſh to our ears, was the phraſeology of the time, or at leaſt of Shakſpeare: and this is one of thoſe paſſages that ſhould caution us not to diſturb his text merely becauſe the language appears different from that now in uſe. See the *Comedy of Errors*, Vol. II, p. 171, n. 5:

"But leſt myſelf be *guilty to* ſelf-wrong,
"I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the mermaid's ſong."

MALONE.

The *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected diſcovery made by Polixenes. MASON.

Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of chance [5], and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then liſt to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpoſe,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;
And there preſent yourſelf, and your fair princeſs,
(For ſo, I ſee, ſhe muſt be,) 'fore Leontes;
She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I ſee
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: aſks thee, the ſon [6], forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i'the father's perſon: kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh princeſs: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindneſs and his kindneſs; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Fatter than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father,
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which ſhall point you forth, at every ſitting [7],
What you muſt ſay; that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your father's boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.

Cam. A courſe more promiſing
Than a wild dedication of yourſelves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd ſhores; moſt certain,
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you;
But,

[5] *Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of* chance,] As *chance* has driven me to theſe extremities, ſo I commit myſelf to *chance* to be conducted through them. JOHNSON.

[6] —*aſks thee*, the *ſon*,] The old copy reads—thee *there* ſon. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

[7] —*at every* ſitting,] Every ſitting means at every audience you ſhall have of the king and council: the council-days being, in our author's time, called in common ſpeech, *the ſittings*. WARBURTON.

Howel, in one of his letters, ſays: "My lord preſident hopes to be at the next *ſitting* in York." FARMER.

But, as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certain, as your anchors; who
Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you
Where you'll be loth to be: Beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love;
Whoſe freſh complexion and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of theſe is true:
I think, affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind[8].

Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not, at your father's houſe, theſe ſeven years,
Be born another ſuch.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i'the rear of birth[9].

Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis pity
She lacks inſtructions; for ſhe ſeems a miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.

Per. Your pardon, ſir, for this;
I'll bluſh you thanks[1].

Flo. My prettieſt Perdita.—
But, O, the thorns we ſtand upon!—Camillo,—
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The medicin of our houſe!—how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like Bohemia's ſon;
Nor ſhall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if

The

[8] *But not* take in *the mind.*] To *take in* anciently meant to *conquer*, to *get the better of.* So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra:*

"He could ſo quickly cut the Ionian ſeas,
"And *take in* Toryne." STEEVENS.

[9] —*i'the rear* of *birth*] Old copy—i'th'rear *our* birth. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The two redundant words in this line, *She is*, ought perhaps to be omitted. I ſuſpect that they were introduced by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the preceding line. MALONE.

[1] *Your pardon ſir, for this;*
I'll bluſh you thanks.] Perhaps this paſſage ſhould be rather pointed thus:

Your pardon, ſir; for this
I'll bluſh you thanks. MALONE.

The ſcene you play, were mine. For inſtance, ſir,
That you may know you ſhall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aſide.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honeſty is! and truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman! I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, not a riband, glaſs, pomander [2], brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt; as if my trinkets had been hallow'd [3], and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and, what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember'd. My clown, (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man,) grew ſo in love with the wenches' ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket [4], it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purſe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my ſir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy I pick'd and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub againſt his daughter and the king's ſon, and ſcared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA, *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that doubt.

Flo. And thoſe that you'll procure from king Leontes,—

Cam. Shall ſatisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All, that you ſpeak, ſhews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?— [*ſeeing* Autolycus.
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing

[2] —pomander,] A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. GREY.

[3] —*as if my trinkets had been hallowed,*] This alludes to beads often ſold by the Romaniſts, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of ſome relick. JOHNSON.

[4] —*a* placket,] See *King Lear*, Act. III. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why hanging. [*Aſide.*

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why ſhakeſt thou ſo? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, ſir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill; here's nobody will ſteal that from thee: Yet, for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange: therefore, diſcaſe thee inſtantly, (thou muſt think, there's neceſſity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot [5].

Aut. I am a poor fellow, ſir:—I know ye well enough. [*Aſide.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, diſpatch: the gentleman is half flea'd already.*

Aut. Are you in earneſt, ſir?—I ſmell the trick of it.— [*Aſide.*

Flo. Diſpatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earneſt; but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.— [*Flor. and* Autol. *exchange garments.*

Fortunate miſtreſs,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you muſt retire yourſelf
Into ſome covert: take your ſweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Diſmantle you; and as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own ſeeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you [6],) to ſhip-board

Get

5 —*boot.*] That is, *ſomething over and above*, or as we now ſay, *ſomething to boot.* JOHNSON.

* *He is half-*flead *already.*] I ſuppoſe Camillo means to ſay no more, than that Florizel is half ſtripped already.

He may however at the ſame time intend to inſinuate that his friend is either half covered with vermin already, or half excoriated by their bite. In *Coriolanus* the verb is uſed in its original ſenſe, and was anciently written to *flea*, though *flay* ſeems more proper.

" ——————Who's yonder,
" That does appear as he were *flead*?"

MALONE.

6 —*over* you,)] *You*, which ſeems to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Get undeſcry'd.

Per. I ſee, the play ſo lies,
That I muſt bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have no hat:—
Come, lady, come.—Farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, ſir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converſe apart.*

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be, to tell the king
Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail,
To force him after: in whoſe company
I ſhall review Sicilia; for whoſe ſight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us!—
Thus we ſet on, Camillo, to the ſea-ſide.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better.

[*Exeunt* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* CAMILLO.

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for the other ſenſes. I ſee, this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore.* The prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity; ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't[7]: I hold

[7] *If I thought it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't:* &c.] The reaſoning of Autolycus is obſcure, becauſe ſomething is ſuppreſſed. The prince, ſays he, is about a bad action, he is ſtealing away from his father: If I thought it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king, I would not do it, becauſe that would be inconſiſtent with my profeſſion of a knave; *but I know that the betraying the prince to the king would be a piece of knavery with reſpect to the* prince, *and therefore I might, conſiſtently with my character, reveal that matter to the king,* though *a piece of*

I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I conſtant to my profeſſion.

Enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aſide, aſide;—here's more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every ſhop, church, ſeſſion, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, ſee; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king ſhe's a changeling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clown. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the king; and, ſo, your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Shew thoſe things you found about her; thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe has with her: This being done, let the law go whiſtle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his ſon's pranks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the fartheſt off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce[8].

Aut. Very wiſely; puppies! [*Aſide.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this farthel, will make him ſcratch his beard.

Aut.

of honeſty to him: however, I hold it a *greater* knavery to conceal the prince's ſcheme from the king, than to betray the prince; and therefore, in concealing it, I am ſtill conſtant to my profeſſion.—Sir T. Hanmer and all the ſubſequent editors read—If I thought it were *not* a piece of honeſty, &c. I *would* do it: but words ſeldom ſtray from their places in ſo extraordinary a manner at the preſs: nor indeed do I perceive any need of change. MALONE.

[8] —*and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.*] I ſuſpect that a word was omitted at the preſs. We might, I think, ſafely read—by I know *not* how much an ounce. Sir T. Hanmer, I find, had made the ſame emendation. MALONE.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my maſter.

Clown. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement [9].—How now, ruſticks? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worſhip.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having*, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, diſcover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, ſir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradeſmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with ſtamped coin, not ſtabbing ſteel; therefore they do not give us the lie [1].

Clown. Your worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourſelf with the manner†.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, ſir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'ſt thou not the air of the court, in theſe enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the meaſure of the court? § receives not thy noſe court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baſeneſs, court-contempt? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, and toze [2] from thee thy buſineſs, I am therefore

[9] —*pedler's* excrement.] Is pedler's beard. JOHNSON.

So, in *the Comedy of Errors*: "Why is time ſuch a niggard of his hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?" STEEVENS.

* —*of what* having,] i. e. fortune, eſtate. MALONE.

[1] —*therefore they do not* give *us the lie.*] The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lye, they *ſell* it us. JOHNSON.

† —*with the manner.*] In the fact. MALONE.

§ —*hath not my gait in it the* meaſure *of the court?*] i. e. the ſtately tread of courtiers. See *Much ado about Nothing*, Vol. II. p. 225.—"the wedding mannerly modeſt, as a *meaſure*, full of *ſtate* and ancientry." MALONE.

[2] —*inſinuate* and *toze*—] The old copy reads—*at* toaze. For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable.

To

fore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either puſh on, or pluck back thy buſineſs there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My buſineſs, ſir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate haſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the court-word for a pheaſant[3]; ſay, you have none.

Shep. None, ſir; I have no pheaſant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bleſs'd are we, that are not ſimple men!
Yet nature might have made me as theſe are;
Therefore I will not diſdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handſome.

Clown. He ſeems to be the more noble in being fantaſtical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth[4].

Aut.

To *inſinuate*, I believe, means here to cajole, to talk with condeſcenſion and humility. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" With death ſhe humbly doth *inſinuate*, &c.

The word *touze* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" ——We'll *touze* you joint by joint,
" But we will know this purpoſe."

To *touſe*, ſays Minſhieu, is, to *pull*, to *tug*. MALONE.

To *teaze*, or *toze*, is to diſentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraſeology which he ſuppoſes to be intelligible to the clown, who would not have underſtood the word *inſinuate*, without ſuch a comment on it. STEEVENS.

[3] *Advocate's the court-word for a pheaſant*;] As he was a ſuitor from the country, the clown ſuppoſes his father ſhould have brought a preſent of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus aſks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheaſant*. STEEVENS.

[4] *—a great man—by the picking on's teeth.*] It ſeems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of ſome pretenſion to greatneſs or elegance. So, the Baſtard, in *King John*, ſpeaking of the traveller, ſays:

" He and *his pick-tooth* at my worſhip's meſs."

JOHNSON.

" If you find not a *courtier* here, (ſays Sir Thomas Overbury) you ſhall in Paules, with a *pick-tooth* in his hat, a cape cloak, and a long ſtocking." *Characters*, 1616.

MALONE.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'the farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies ſuch ſecrets in this farthel, and box, which none muſt know but the king; and which he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to the ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why, ſir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ſhip to purge melancholy, and air himſelf: For, if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid, ſir; about his ſon, that ſhould have married a ſhepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clown. Think you ſo, ſir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, ſhall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old ſheep-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some ſay, he ſhall be ſtoned; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I: Draw our throne into a ſheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a ſon, ſir, do you hear, an't like you, ſir?

Aut. He has a ſon, who ſhall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, ſet on the head of a waſp's neſt; then ſtand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua vitæ, or ſome other hot infuſion: then, raw as he is, and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims[s], ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the ſun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown

[s] —*the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims,*] That is, *the hotteſt day foretold in the almanack.* JOHNSON.

Almanacks were in Shakſpeare's time publiſhed under this title. "An Almanack and *Prognoſtication* made for the year of our Lord God, 1595." See Herbert's Typograph. Antiq. II. 1029. MALONE.

blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmiled at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men,) what you have to the king: being ſomething gently conſidered [6], I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, beſides the king, to effect your ſuits, here is man ſhall do it.

Clown. He ſeems to be of great authority: cloſe with him, give him gold; and though authority be a ſtubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold: ſhew the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, ſtoned, and flay'd alive.

Shep. An't pleaſe you, ſir, to undertake the buſineſs for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, ſir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this buſineſs?

Clown. In ſome ſort, ſir: but though my caſe be a pitiful one, I hope I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown. Comfort, good comfort: We muſt to the king, and ſhew our ſtrange ſights: he muſt know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my ſiſter; we are gone elſe Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the buſineſs is perform'd; and remain, as he ſays, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you. Walk before toward the ſea-ſide; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clown We are bleſs'd in this man, as I may ſay, even bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt* Shepherd, *and* Clown.

Aut.

[6] —*being ſomething* gently conſidered,] means, *I having a gentleman like conſideration given me*, i. e. a bri e, *will bring you*, &c. So, in the *Iſle of Gulls*, 1606: "Thou ſhalt be well *conſidered*, there's twenty crowns in earneſt."

STEEVENS.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee, fortune would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion; gold, and a means to do the prince my maſter good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring theſe two moles, theſe blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to ſhore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being ſo far officious; for I am proof againſt that title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: To him will I preſent them; there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of* Leontes.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, *and Others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done treſpaſs: At the laſt,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourſelf.

Leon. Whilſt I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them; and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf: which was ſo much,
That heirleſs it hath made my kingdom; and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord[7]:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,

Or,

[7] True, *too true, my Lord.*] The firſt of theſe words, in the old copy, makes part of Leontes' ſpeech. The preſent regulation (which is certainly right) was made by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

Or, from the all that are, took ſomething good[8],
To make a perfect woman; ſhe, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think ſo. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did ſo: but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have ſpoken a thouſand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

Paul. You are one of thoſe,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the ſtate, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſovereign name; conſider little,
What dangers, by his highneſs' fail of iſſue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well[9]?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,—
To bleſs the bed of majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Reſpecting her that's gone. Beſides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes;

[8] *Or, from the all that are, took ſomething good,*] This is a favourite thought; it was beſtowed on Miranda and Roſalind before. JOHNSON.

[9] *—the former queen is* well?] i. e. at reſt; dead. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, this phraſe is ſaid to be peculiarly applicable to the dead:

" *Meſſ.* Firſt, madam, he is *well*?
" *Cleo.* Why there's more gold; but ſirrah, mark;
" We uſe to ſay, *the dead are well*; bring it to that,
" The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
" Down thy ill-uttering throat."

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Balthazar ſpeaking of Juliet, whom he imagined to be *dead*, ſays:

" Then ſhe is *well*, and nothing can be ill."

MALONE.

For has not the divine Apollo ſaid,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes ſhall not have an heir,
Till his loſt child be found? which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our human reaſon,
As my Antigonous to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel,
My lord ſhould to the heavens be contrary,
Oppoſe againſt their wills.—Care not for iſſue; [*to* Leon.
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who haſt the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treaſure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth.
No more ſuch wives; therefore, no wife: one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her ſainted ſpirit
Again poſſeſs her corps; and, on this ſtage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) ſoul'd-vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me?*[1]

Paul.

[1] (*Where we offenders now appear,*) *ſoul-vex'd,*
Begin, And why to me?] The old copy reads—*And begin,* why to me? The tranſpoſition now adopted was propoſed by Mr. Steevens. Mr. Theobald reads

——and on this ſtage
(Where we *offend her* now) appear ſoul-vex'd, &c.

Mr. Heath would read—(*Were* we offenders now) appear, &c. "—that is, if we ſhould now at laſt ſo far offend her." Mr. Maſon thinks that the ſecond line ſhould be printed thus:

And begin, why? to me.

"that is, begin to call me to account." There is ſo much harſh and involved conſtruction in this play, that I am not ſure but the old copy, perplexed as the ſentence may appear, is right. Perhaps the author intended to point it thus:

Again

Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt cauſe[2].
Leon. She had; and would incenſe * me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the ghoſt that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You choſe her: then I'd ſhriek, that even your ears
Shou'd riſt to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*
Leon. Stars, ſtars,
And all eyes elſe, dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; ſo be bleſs'd my ſpirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witneſs to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unleſs another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,

Again poſſeſs her corps, (and on this ſtage
Where we offenders now appear ſoul-vex'd,)
And begin, *why to me?*

Why to me *did you prefer one leſs worthy*, Leontes inſinuates would be the purport of Hermione's ſpeech. There is, I think, ſomething awkward in the phraſe—Where we offenders now *appear*. By removing the parentheſis, which in the old copy is placed after *appear*, to the end of the line, and applying the epithet *ſoul-vex'd* to Leontes and the reſt who mourned the loſs of Hermione, that difficulty is obviated. MALONE.

[2] *Had ſhe* ſuch *power*,
She had juſt cauſe.] The old copy reads—She had juſt *ſuch* cauſe. But there is nothing to which the word *ſuch* can be referred. It was, I have no doubt, inſerted by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the preceding line. The metre is perfect without this word, which confirms the obſervation.—Since the foregoing remark was printed in the SECOND APPENDIX to my SUPP. to SHAKSP. 1783, I have obſerved that the editor of the third folio made the ſame correction. MALONE.

* —*incenſe*—] is generally uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe of *inſtigate*. MALONE.

Affront his eye[3].

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done[4].

Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, ſir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chooſe you a queen: ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch,
As, walk'd your firſt queen's ghoſt, it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We ſhall not marry, till thou bid'ſt us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your firſt queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himſelf prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princeſs, (ſhe
The faireſt I have yet beheld,) deſires
Acceſs to your high preſence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatneſs: his approach,
So out of circumſtance, and ſudden, tells us,
'Tis not a viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And thoſe but mean.

Leon. His princeſs, ſay you with him?

Gent. Ay; the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the ſun ſhone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every preſent time doth boaſt itſelf
Above a better, gone; ſo muſt thy grave
Give way to what's ſeen now[5]. Sir, you yourſelf
Have

[3] Affront *his eye.*] To *affront*, is *to meet*. JOHNSON.

[4] Paul. *I have done.*] Theſe three words in the old copy make part of the preceding ſpeech. The preſent regulation, which is clearly right, was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[5] —*ſo muſt thy* grave
Give way to what's ſeen now.] *Thy grave* here means—thy

Have ſaid, and writ ſo[6], (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme[7],) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verſe
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay, you have ſeen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almoſt forgot; (your pardon)
The other, when ſhe has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe; make proſelytes
Of who ſhe but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourſelf, aſſiſted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis ſtrange,

[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, Lords, *and* Gentleman.

He thus ſhould ſteal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; ceaſe; thou know'ſt,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure,
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that, which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon.—They are come.—

thy beauties, which are buried in the grave; the continent for the contents. EDWARDS.

[6] ——*Sir, you yourſelf*
Have ſaid, and writ ſo,] The reader muſt obſerve, that *ſo* relates not to what precedes, but to what follows; that, *ſhe had not been—equall'd.* JOHNSON.

[7] *Is colder than that* theme:] i. e. than the lifeleſs body of Hermione, the *theme* or *ſubject* of your writing. MALONE.

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and Attendants.*

Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, prince;
For ſhe did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him; and ſpeak of ſomething, wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome!
And your fair princeſs, goddeſs!—O, alas!
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have ſtood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I loſt
(All mine own folly) the ſociety,
Amity too, of your brave father! whom,—
Though bearing miſery, I deſire my life,
Once more to look on him[8].

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend[9],
Can ſend his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd ability, he had himſelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me ſay ſo) more than all the ſcepters,
And thoſe that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, ſtir
Afreſh

[8] ——————————whom,—
Though bearing miſery, I deſire my life,
Once more to look on him.] For this incorrectneſs our author muſt anſwer. There are many others of the ſame kind to be found in his writings. Mr. Theobald with more accuracy, but without neceſſity, omitted the word *him*, and to ſupply the metre, reads in the next line—"*Sir*, by his command," &c. in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[9] —*that a king* at *friend*,] Thus the old copy; but having met with no example of ſuch phraſeology, I ſuſpect our author wrote—*and* friend. *At* has already been printed for *and* in the play before us. MALONE.

Afreſh within me, and theſe thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſs!—Welcome hither,
As is the ſpring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful uſage
(At leaſt, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much leſs
The adventure of her perſon?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Moſt royal ſir, from thence; from him, whoſe daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her[1]: thence
(A proſperous ſouth-wind friendly) we have croſs'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For viſiting your highneſs: My beſt train
I have from your Sicilian ſhores diſmiſs'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to ſignify
Not only my ſucceſs in Libya, ſir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in ſafety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The bleſſed gods[2]
Purge all infection from our air, whilſt you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; againſt whoſe perſon,
So ſacred as it is, I have done ſin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me iſſue-leſs; and your father's bleſs'd
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a ſon and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

[1] —*parting with her*:] i. e. at parting with her. MALONE.

[2] —*The bleſſed gods*—] Unleſs both the words *here* and *where* were employed in the preceding line as diſſyllables, the metre is defective. We might read——The *ever*-bleſſed gods—; but whether there was any omiſſion, is very doubtful, for the reaſon already aſſigned. MALONE.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt noble ſir,
That, which I ſhall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof ſo nigh. Pleaſe you, great ſir,
Bohemia greets you from himſelf, by me:
Deſires you to attach his ſon; who has
(His dignity and duty both caſt off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A ſhepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? ſpeak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I ſpeak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my meſſage. To your court
Whiles he was haſt'ning, (in the chaſe, it ſeems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this ſeeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whoſe honour, and whoſe honeſty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't ſo, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, ſir; I ſpake with him; who now
Has theſe poor men in queſtion[3]. Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake: they kneel, they kiſs the earth;
Forſwear themſelves as often as they ſpeak:
Bohemia ſtops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven ſets ſpies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, ſir, nor are we like to be;
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the valleys firſt:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo.

[3] —*in* queſtion. i. e. in talk; under examination.
MALONE.

Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my wife.
Leon. That once, I ſee, by your good father's ſpeed
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry,
Moſt ſorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as ſorry,
Your choice is not ſo rich in worth as beauty [4],
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, viſible an enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath ſhe, to change our loves.—'Beſeech you, ſir,
Remember ſince you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now [5]: with thought of ſuch affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your requeſt,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.
Leon. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious miſtreſs,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,
Even in theſe looks I made.—But your petition [*to* Flo.
Is yet unanſwer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your deſires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

[4] *Your choice is not ſo rich in* worth *as beauty,*] *Worth* ſignifies any kind of *worthineſs*, and among others that of high deſcent. The king means that he is ſorry the prince's choice is not in other reſpects as worthy of him as in beauty.
JOHNSON.
Our author often uſes *worth* for *wealth*; which may alſo, together with high birth, be here in contemplation.
MALONE.

[5] *Remember ſince you ow'd no more to time*, &c.] Recollect the period when you were of my age. MALONE.

SCENE II.

The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beſeech you, ſir, were you preſent at this relation?

1. *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

1. *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs;—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they ſeemed almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes; there was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd: A notable paſſion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if the importance[6] were joy, or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2. *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's ſteward, he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, ſir? this news, which is call'd true, is ſo like an old tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpicion: Has the king found his heir?

3. *Gent.*

[6] —*the importance*—] here ſignifies *import*. MALONE.

3. *Gent.* Moſt true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumſtance: that, which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione's;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleneſs [7], which nature ſhews above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two kings?

2. *Gent.* No.

3. *Gent.* Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another: ſo, and in ſuch manner, that, it ſeem'd, ſorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himſelf for joy of his fond daughter; as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then aſks Bohemia forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her [8]: now he thanks the old ſhepherd, which ſtands by, like a weather-bitten conduit [9] of many kings' reigns. I never heard

[7] —*the* affection *of nobleneſs*—] *Affection* here perhaps means *diſpoſition* or *quality*. The word ſeems to be uſed nearly in the ſame ſenſe in the following title: "The firſt ſet of Italian Madrigalls engliſhed; not to the ſenſe of the original ditty, but to the *affection* of the noate." &c. By Thomas Watſon, quarto, 1590. *Affection* is uſed in *Hamlet* for *affectation*, but that can hardly be the meaning here.

Perhaps both here and in *K. Henry IV.* *affection* is uſed for *propenſity*:

"———in ſpeech, in gait,
"In diet, in *affections* of delight,
"In military exerciſes, humours of blood,
"He was the mark and glaſs," &c. MALONE.

[8] —*with* clipping *her*:] i. e. embracing her. So, *Sidney*:

"He, who before ſhun'd her, to ſhun ſuch harms,
"Now runs and takes her in his *clipping* arms."

STEEVENS.

[9] —*the old ſhepherd, which ſtands by, like a* weather-bitten conduit—

heard of ſuch another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it [1].

2. *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3. *Gent.* Like an old tale ſtill; which will have matter to rehearſe, though credit be aſleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon; who has not only his innocence (which ſeems much) to juſtify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1. *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3. *Gent.* Wreck'd, the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death; and in the view of the ſhepherd: ſo that all the inſtruments, which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and ſorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loſs of her huſband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the princeſs from the earth; and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1. *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by ſuch was it acted.

3. *Gent.*

conduit—] Conduits repreſenting a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather beaten*, ſtill exiſts at Hodſdon in Herts. Shakſpeare refers again to the ſame ſort of imagery in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" How now? a *conduit*, girl? what, ſtill in tears?
" Evermore ſhowering? HENLEY.

Weather-bitten was in the third folio changed to weather-*beaten*; but there does not ſeem to be any neceſſity for the change. MALONE.

Hamlet ſays: " The air *bites* ſhrewdly;" and the Duke, in *As you like it*:—" when it *bites* and blows." *Weather-bitten*, therefore, may mean, *corroded* by the weather. STEEVENS.

[1] —*I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which* lames *report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.*] We have the ſame ſentiment in *the Tempeſt*:

" For thou wilt find, ſhe will *outſtrip* all praiſe,
" And make it *halt* behind her."

Again, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

" ——————a face
" That *overgoes my blunt invention* quite,
" Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace."

MALONE.

3. *Gent.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fiſh,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, (bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter: till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did, with an *alas!* I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for, I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble there [2], changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrow'd: if all the world could have ſeen it, the woe had been univerſal.

1. *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3. *Gent.* No: The princeſs hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian maſter, Julio Romano [3]; who, had he himſelf

[2] —*moſt* marble *there*,] I think, *marble* here means, *hard-hearted, unfeeling*. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

" —Hearts of moſt hard temper
" Melt, and lament for him." MALONE.

Mr. Steevens conceives that it means " moſt petrified with wonder." MALONE.

Mr. Malone's explanation may be right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——now from head to foot
" I am *marble* conſtant." STEEVENS.

[3] —*that rare Italian maſter, Julio Romano*,] This excellent artiſt was born in the year 1492, and died in 1546. Fine and generous, as this tribute of praiſe muſt be owned, yet it was a ſtrange abſurdity, ſure to thruſt it into a tale, the action of which is ſuppoſed within the period of heatheniſm, and whilſt the oracles of Apollo were conſulted. This, however, was a known and wilful anachroniſm. THEOBALD.

By *eternity* Shakſpeare means only *immortality*, or that part of eternity which is to come; ſo we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may ſubſiſt without *divinity*, and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimick nature. JOHNSON.

I wiſh we could underſtand this paſſage, as if *Julio Romano* had only painted the ſtatue carved by another. Ben Jonſon makes Doctor Rut in the *Magnetic Lady*, Act V. ſc. viii. ſay:

" ——all city ſtatues muſt be *painted*,
" Elſe they be worth nought i'their ſubtil judgments."

Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of Architecture*, mentions the faſhion of colouring even regal ſtatues for the ſtronger expreſſion

ſelf eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her cuſtom [4], ſo perfectly he is her ape: he ſo near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they ſay, one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer: thither with all greedineſs of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to ſup.

2. *Gent.* I thought, ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand; for ſhe hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever ſince the death of Hermione, viſited that removed houſe [5]. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1. *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs [6]? every wink of an eye, ſome new grace will be

preſſion of affection, which he takes leave to call an Engliſh barbariſm. Such, however, was the practice of the time: and unleſs the ſuppoſed ſtatue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddineſs upon her lip, nor could the veins *verily ſeem to bear blood*, as the poet expreſſes it afterwards. TOLLET.

Our author expreſsly ſays, in a ſubſequent paſſage, that it was painted; and without doubt meant to attribute *only* the painting to Julio Romano:

" The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
" You'll mar it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
" With *only painting*." MALONE.

Sir H. Wotton could not poſſibly know what has been lately proved by Sir William Hamilton in the Mſ. accounts which accompany ſeveral valuable drawings of the diſcoveries made at *Pompeii*, and preſented by him to our Antiquary Society, viz. that it was uſual to colour ſtatues among the ancients. In the chapel of Iſis in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddeſs had been painted over, as her robe is of a purple hue. Mr. Tollet has ſince informed me, that Junius, on the painting of the ancients, obſerves from Pauſanias and Heroſtotus, that ſometimes the ſtatues of the ancients were coloured after the manner of pictures. STEEVENS.

4 — *of her cuſtom*,] That is, *of her trade*,—would draw her cuſtomers from her. JOHNSON.

5 —*that* removed *houſe*.] *Removed* is *remote*; *retired*. MALONE.

6 *Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs?*] It was, I ſuppoſe, only to ſpare his own labour that the poet put this whole ſcene into narrative, for though part of the tranſaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be ſhewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the ſtage, and after the examination of the old ſhepherd, the young lady might have been recogniſed in ſight of the ſpectators. JOHNSON.

be born: our abſence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the daſh of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the ſhepherd's daughter, (ſo he then took her to be,) who began to be much ſea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this myſtery remained undiſcovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

Enter Shepherd, *and* Clown.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my will, and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy, I am paſt more children; but thy ſons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clown. You are well met, ſir: You denied to fight with me this other day, becauſe I was no gentleman born: See you theſe clothes? ſay, you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no gentleman born: you were beſt ſay, theſe robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie: do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, ſir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, boy.

Clown. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's ſon took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princeſs, my ſiſter, call'd my father, father; and ſo we wept: and there was the firſt gentleman-like tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

Clown. Ay; or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo preposterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, ſir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worſhip, and to give me your good report to the prince my maſter.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worſhip.

Clown. Give me thy hand: I will ſwear to the prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clown. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins ſay it[7], I'll ſwear it.

Shep. How if it be falſe, ſon?

Clown. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll ſwear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands[8], and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it: and I would, thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, ſir, to my power.

Clown. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou dareſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to ſee the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good maſters*.

[*Exeunt.*

[7] —franklins *ſay it,*] Franklin is a *freeholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*. JOHNSON.

[8] —tall *fellow of thy hands,*] *Tall*, in that time, was the word uſed for *ſtout*. JOHNSON.

A *man of his hands* had anciently two ſignifications. It either meant an *adroit fellow, who handled his weapon well*, or a *fellow ſkilful in thievery*. STEEVENS.

I think in old books it generally means *a ſtrong ſtout fellow*. MALONE.

* *Come follow us; we'll be* thy good maſters] The clown conceits himſelf already a man of conſequence at court. It was the faſhion for an inferior or ſuitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be *good maſter* to him. Many letters written at this period run in this ſtyle.

Thus Fiſher, Biſhop of Rocheſter, when in priſon, in a letter to Cromwell, to relieve his want of clothing: "Furthermore I beſeeche you to be *gode maſter* unto one in my neceſſities, for I have neither ſhirt nor ſute, nor yet other clothes, that are neceſſary for me to wear. WHALLEY.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Paulina's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, ſovereign ſir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my ſervices,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchſaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor houſe to viſit;
It is a ſurplus of your grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To ſee the ſtatue of our queen: your gallery
Have we paſs'd through, not without much content
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The ſtatue of her mother.

Paul. As ſhe liv'd peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart[9]: But here it is: prepare

To

[9] ——*therefore I keep it*
Lonely, *apart*:] The old copy reads—*lovely*, either by the compoſitor miſtaking the Mſ. or the inverſion of the letter *n* at the preſs. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. In the Mſs. of our author's time *u* and *n* are undiſtinguiſhable. The ſame error is found in many other places in the firſt folio. In *King Richard III.* we find this very error:

" Advantaging their *loue* with intereſt
" Often times double."

Here we have *loue* inſtead of *lone*, the old ſpelling of *loan*. Again, in *All's well that ends well*. MALONE.

Lonely, in the old angular writing, cannot be diſtinguiſhed from *lovely*. To ſay, that *I keep it alone, ſeparate from the reſt*, is a pleonaſm which ſcarcely any nicety declines.
JOHNSON.

To ſee the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still ſleep mock'd death: behold; and ſay, 'tis well.
[Paulina *undraws a curtain, and diſcovers a ſtatue.*
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhews off
Your wonder: But yet ſpeak;—firſt, you, my liege,
Comes it not ſomething near?

Leon. Her natural poſture!—
Chide me, dear ſtone; that I may ſay, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this ſeems.

Pol. O, not by much,

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years, and makes her
As ſhe liv'd now.

Leon. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. O, thus ſhe ſtood,
Even with ſuch life of majeſty, (warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands,) when firſt I woo'd her!
I am aſham'd: Does not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it?—O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majeſty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the ſpirits,
Standing like ſtone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not ſay, 'tis ſuperſtition, that
I kneel, and then implore her bleſſing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiſs.

Paul. O, patience[1];
The ſtatue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your ſorrow was too ſore laid on;
Which ſixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many ſummers, dry: ſcarce any joy
Did ever ſo long live; no ſorrow,

But

[1] *O patience;*] That is, *Stay a while, be not ſo eager.* JOHNSON.

But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cauſe of this, have power
To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the ſtone is mine*,)
I'd not have ſhew'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't; leſt your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—[2]
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Maſterly done:
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't[3],
As we are mock'd with art[4].

Paul.

* —(*for the* ſtone *is mine*,)] So afterwards Paulina ſays, "—be *ſtone* no more." So alſo Leontes: "Chide me, dear *ſtone*." MALONE.

[2] *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already*—] The ſentence completed is:—*but that, methinks, already I converſe with the dead.* But there his paſſion made him break off. WARBURTON.

[3] *The* fixure *of her eye has motion in't*,] So, in our author's 88th Sonnet:

"—Your ſweet hue, which methinks *ſtill doth ſtand*,
"Hath *motion*, and mine eye may be deceived."

MALONE.

The meaning is, though her eye be fixed, [as the eye of a ſtatue always is,] yet it ſeems to have motion in it: that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living perſon, how much ſoever one endeavour to fix it. EDWARDS.

The word *fixure*, which Shakſpeare has uſed both in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, and *Troilus and Creſſida*, is likewiſe employed by Drayton in the firſt canto of the *Barons' Wars*:

Whoſe glorious *fixure* in ſo clear a ſky."

STEEVENS.

[4] As *we are mock'd with art.*] *As* is uſed by our author here, as in ſome other places, for "as *if*." Thus, in *Cymbeline*:

"He

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon, it lives
Leon. O ſweet Paulina,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together;
No ſettled ſenſes of the world can match
The pleaſure of that madneſs. Let's alone.
Paul. I am ſorry, ſir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you: but I could afflict you further.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still methinks,
There is an air comes from her: What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not theſe twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit preſently the chapel; or reſolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the ſtatue move indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I proteſt againſt,) I am aſſiſted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as eaſy
To make her ſpeak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith: Then, all ſtand ſtill;
Or, thoſe[5], that think it is unlawful buſineſs

I am

"He ſpake of her, *as* Dian had hot dreams,
"And ſhe alone were cold."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"*As* they had ſeen me with theſe hangman's hands
"Liſt'ning their fear." MALONE.

[5] Or, *thoſe*,] The old copy reads—*On*: thoſe, &c. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;
No foot ſhall ſtir.

Paul. Muſick; awake her: ſtrike.— [*Muſick.*
'Tis time; deſcend; be ſtone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: ſtir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbneſs, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, ſhe ſtirs:
[Hermione *comes from the pedeſtal.*
Start not: her actions ſhall be holy, as,
You hear, my ſpell is lawful: do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay, preſent your hand:
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is ſhe become the ſuitor.

Leon. O, ſhe's warm! [*Embracing her.*
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or, how ſtol'n from the dead?

Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, ſhe lives,
Though yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.—
Pleaſe you to interpoſe, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's bleſſing.—Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
[*Preſenting* Perdita, *who kneels to* Hermione.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your ſacred vials pour your graces [6]
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou ſhalt hear, that I,—
Knowing

[6] *And from your* ſacred vials *pour your graces*—] The expreſſion ſeems to have been taken from the ſacred writings: "And I heard a great voice out of the temple, ſaying to the angels, go your ways, and *pour out the vials* of the wrath of God upon the earth." Rev. xvi. 1. MALONE.

Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being,—have preſerv'd
Myſelf, to ſee the iſſue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all [7]; your exultation
Partake to every one [8]: I, an old turtle [9],
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament, till I am loſt.

Leon. O peace, Paulina;
Thou ſhould'ſt a huſband take by my conſent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou haſt found mine;
But how, is to be queſtion'd: for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable huſband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whoſe worth, and honeſty,
Is richly noted; and here juſtify'd
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That

[7] *You precious winners all*;] You who by this diſcovery have *gained* what you deſired, may join in feſtivity, in which I, who have loſt what never can be recovered, can have no part. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*your exultation*
Partake *to every one*:] *Partake* here means *participate*. It is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the old play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. MALONE.

[9] ——*I, an old turtle,*
Will wing me to ſome wither'd *bough, and there*
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am loſt.] So, Orpheus, in the exclamation which Johannes Secundus has written for him, ſpeaking of his grief for the loſs of Eurydice, ſays:

"Sic gemit *arenti* viduatus ab arbore turtur."

So, in Lodge's *Roſolynde*, 1592:

"A *turtle* ſat upon a *leaveleſs* three,
"Mourning her abſent *pheere*,
"With ſad and ſorry cheere:
"And whilſt her plumes ſhe rents,
"And for her love *laments*," &c. MALONE.

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill ſuſpicion.—This your ſon-in-law,
And ſon unto the king, (whom heavens directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter [1].—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd: Haſtily lead away [2]. [*Exeunt.*

[1] —*This your ſon-in-law,*
And ſon unto the king, (whom *heavens* directing,)
Is troth-plight to your daughter.] *Whom heavens directing* is here in the abſolute caſe, and has the ſame ſignification as if the poet had written—" *him* heavens directing." So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
" A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
" Out of his charity, *(who being* then appointed
" Maſter of the deſign,) did give us."

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" Or as the ſnail (*whoſe* tender horns *being* hurt)
" Shrinks backwards to his ſhelly cave with pain."

Here we ſhould now write—" *his* tender horns," &c.

See alſo a paſſage in *King John*, Act II. ſc. ii. " *Who having* no external thing to loſe," &c. and another in *Coriolanus*, which are conſtructed in a ſimilar manner. In the note on the latter paſſage this phraſeology is proved not to be peculiar to Shakſpeare. MALONE.

[2] This play, as Dr. Warburton juſtly obſerves, is, with all its abſurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is very naturally conceived, and ſtrongly repreſented. JOHNSON.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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